

UNFADING TREASURES

A COMPILATION OF

SACRED SONGS
AND HYMNS

EDITORS:
W. J. Kirkpatrick,
John R. Sweney AND *T. C. O'Kane.*

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UNFADING TREASURES.



A COMPILATION OF

Sacred Songs and Hymns,

ADAPTED FOR USE BY

SUNDAY-SCHOOLS,
EPWORTH LEAGUES, ENDEAVOR SOCIETIES,
PASTORS,
EVANGELISTS, CHORISTERS, Etc.

EDITORS:

W. J. KIRKPATRICK, JNO. R. SWENEY,
AND T. C. O'KANE.

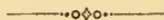
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PREFACE.



IN the vast field of Sacred Song, to which numerous additions are annually made, of a truth it may be said, "Many are called, but few chosen." While the vast majority of these hymns and tunes either fall flat entirely, or have at the best but a brief existence, yet occasionally there are some which seem to be born with something of immortality in them, and they become what we may appropriately designate as "UNFADING TREASURES."

Many of these have come down to us through the hallowed days of the past, while others, though of more modern origin and inspiration, yet possess the same spirit that "brightened Isaiah's vivid page."

From the former, and the latter, through the kindness of authors, publishers, and other owners of copyrights, the compilers have made this collection of Sacred Songs, which, we trust, will enable all who use it to "sing with the spirit and with the understanding also."

JNO. R. SWENEY.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

T. C. O'KANE.

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THE PUBLISHERS.

UNFADING TREASURES.

The Everlasting Hymn.

E. E. HEWITT.

B. HILLYARD SWENEY.

1. Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly; An - gel voi - ces sing - ing;
2. Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly; Grandest mu - sic swell - ing;
3. Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly; Come, let us a - dore him;

Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly, Tho' high heav - en ring - ing.
Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly, All sweet notes ex - cell - ing.
Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly, Hum - bly bow be - fore him.

From that temple, pure and bright, Bathed in streams of crystal light,
Those who conquered by his might, Wearing now their crowns of light,
Wisdom, glo - ry, love and might, With the ser - a - phim u - nite

Hear the ev - er - lasting hymn, Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly.
Join the ev - er - lasting hymn, Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly.
In the ev - er - lasting hymn, Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly.

We'll be There Some Day.

EDGAR PAGE.

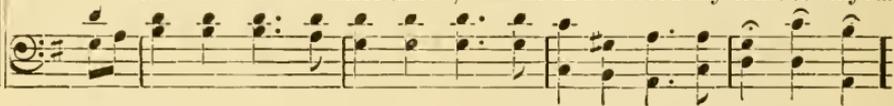
JNO. R. SWENEY.



1. I've heard of streets of purest gold, Where, safe within the Savionr's fold,
2. I've heard of jasper walls so grand, I fain would fly and on them stand,
3. I've heard of choirs of saints in white, Who sing and chant their soul's delight,
4. I've heard of him upon the throne, The mighty King and God alone,
5. Then let the hap - py moments fly That speed me to my home on high ;



Sweet peace flows on, a qui - et sea, Where saints from ev'ry care are free.
 And view the soul entrancing scene, Learn what eternal joys shall mean.
 Who harp and shout their praise so well That angels fail such love to tell.
 T'ward him my soul's de - sire shall tend, He is my Lov - er, Saviour, Friend.
 None can "molest or make afraid," While in his blood my trust is stayed.



CHORUS.



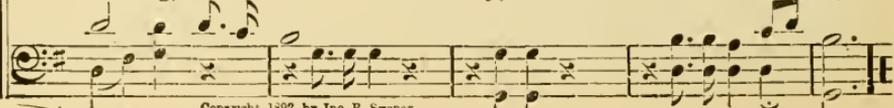
We'll be there . . . some day, . . . Where all tears are wiped a - way,



We'll be there when comes the dawning Of the new, tri - umphant



morning, We'll be there . . . some day, . . . We'll be there . . . some day.



Him that Cometh unto Me.

E. E. HEWITT.

John vi. 37.

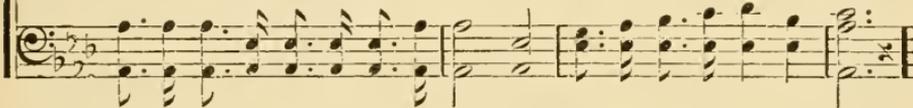
WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



1. Listen to the blessed invitation, Sweeter than the notes of angel-song,
2. Weary toiler, sad and heavy-laden, Joyfully the great salvation see,
3. Come, ye thirsty, to the living waters, Hungry, come and on his bounty feed,



Chiming softly with a heavenly cadence, Calling to the passing throng.
Close beside thee stands the Burden Bearer, Strong to bear thy load and thee.
Not thy fitness is the plea to bring him, But thy pressing utmost need.



CHORUS.



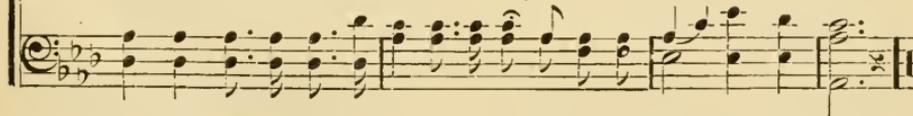
Him that cometh unto me, unto me, Him that cometh unto me,



unto me,



Him that cometh un-to me, un-to me, I will in no wise cast out.



- | | |
|--|--|
| <p>4 "Him that cometh," blind or maimed
or sinful,
Cometh for his healing touch divine,
For the cleansing of the blood so precious,
Prove anew this gracious line.</p> | <p>5 Coming humbly, daily to this Saviour,
Breathing all the heart to him in
prayer; [mansions,
Coming some day to the heavenly
He will give thee welcome there.</p> |
|--|--|

Victory Through Grace.

SALLIE MARTIN.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. Conquering now and still to conquer, Rideth a King in his might,
 2. Conquering now and still to conquer, Who is this wonder - ful King?
 3. Conquering now and still to conquer, Jesus, thou Ruler of all,

Leading the host of all the faithful In-to the midst of the fight;
 Whence are the armies which he leadeth, While of his glo - ry they sing?
 Thrones and their sceptres all shall perish, Crowns and their splendor shall fall,

See them with courage ad - vancing, Clad in their brilliant ar - ray,
 He is our Lord and Redeem - er, Saviour and monarch di - vine,
 Yet shall the arm - ies thou leadeest, Faithful and true to the last,

Shouting the name of their Leader, Hear them ex - ult - ing - ly say.
 They are the stars that for - ev - er Bright in his kingdom will shine.
 Find in thy mansions e - ternal Rest, when their warfare is past.

CHORUS.

Not to the strong is the bat - tle, Not to the swift is the race,



Yet to the true and the faithful Vict'ry is promised through grace.



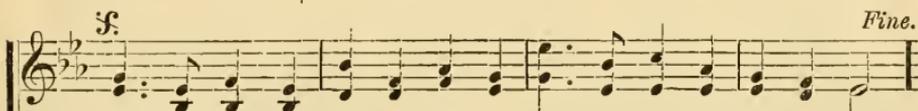
All for Jesus.

MARY D. JAMES.

JNO. R. SWENEY.



1. All for Je - sus! all for Je - sus! All my being's ransomed powers;
2. Let my hands perform his bidding, Let my feet run in his ways—
3. Worldlings prize their gems of beauty, Cling to gild-ed toys of dust,
4. Since my eyes were fixed on Je - sus, I've lost sight of all be - sides;
5. Oh, what wonder! how a - mazing! Je - sus, glorious King of kings—



All my thoughts, and words, and doings, All my days, and all my hours.
 Let my eyes see Je - sus on - ly, Let my lips speak forth his praise.
 Boast of wealth, and fame, and pleasure: On - ly Je - sus will I trust.
 So enchained my spirit's vis - ion, Looking at the Cru - ci - fied.
 Deigns to call me his be - lov - ed, Lets me rest beneath his wings.



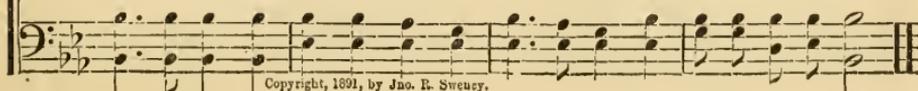
D.S.—All for Je - sus! blessed Je - sus! I am his, and he is mine.

CHORUS.

D.S.



All for Je - sus! blessed Je - sus! All for Je - sus, gladly I resign;



Anywhere With Jesus.

JESSIE H. BROWN. "I will trust and not be afraid." Isaiah xii. 2. D. B. TOWNER. By per.

1. An-ywhere with Je-sus I can safe-ly go, An-ywhere He
 2. An-ywhere with Je-sus I am not a-lone, Other friends may
 3. An-ywhere with Je-sus I can go to sleep, When the darkling

leads me in this world be-low. Anywhere without him, dearest
 fail me, He is still my own. Tho' his hand may lead me o-ver
 shadows round-a-bout me creep; Knowing I shall waken nev-er

joys would fade, Anywhere with Je-sus I am not a-fraid.
 drearest ways, Anywhere with Je-sus is a house of praise.
 more to roam, Anywhere with Je-sus will be home, sweet home.

CHORUS.

An-y-where! an-y-where! Fear I can-not know,

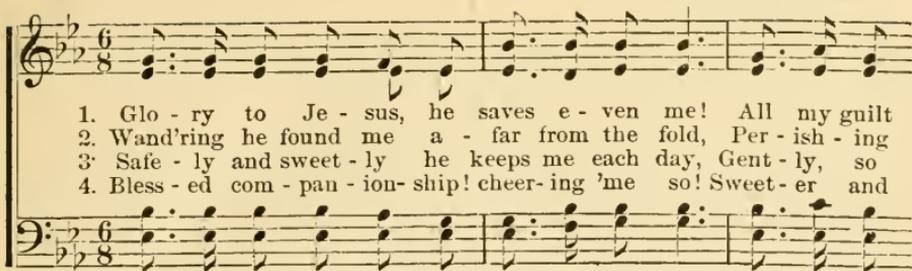
An-y-where with Je-sus I can safe-ly go.

Glory, He Saves!

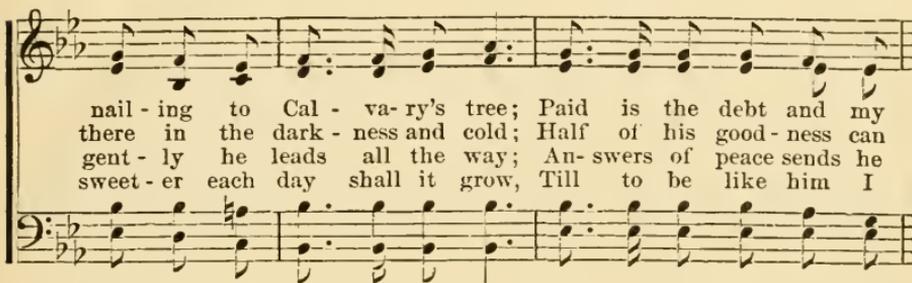
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F. A. B.

F. A. BLACKMER.



1. Glo - ry to Je - sus, he saves e - ven me! All my guilt
2. Wand'ring he found me a - far from the fold, Per - ish - ing
3. Safe - ly and sweet - ly he keeps me each day, Gent - ly, so
4. Bless - ed com - pan - ion - ship! cheer - ing 'me so! Sweet - er and

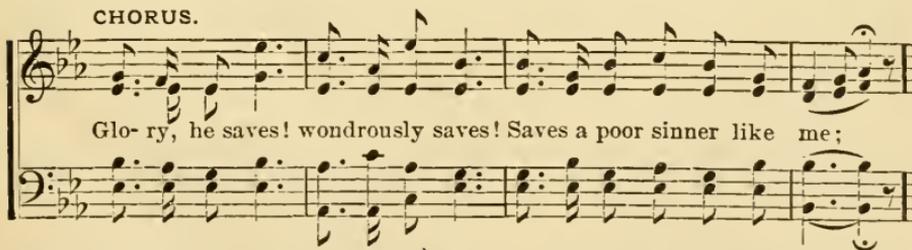


nail - ing to Cal - va - ry's tree; Paid is the debt and my
there in the dark - ness and cold; Half of his good - ness can
gent - ly he leads all the way; An - swers of peace sends he
sweet - er each day shall it grow, Till to be like him I

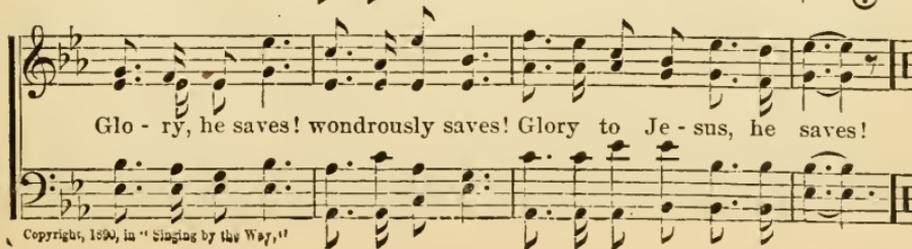


soul is set free, Glo - ry to Je - sus, he saves!
nev - er be told, Glo - ry to Je - sus, he saves!
down when I pray, Glo - ry to Je - sus, he saves!
joy - ful - ly go, Glo - ry to Je - sus, he saves!

CHORUS.



Glo - ry, he saves! wondrously saves! Saves a poor sinner like me;



Glo - ry, he saves! wondrously saves! Glory to Je - sus, he saves!

Plenty to Do.

Words from "Wesleyan Juvenile Offering."

T. C. O'KANE. By per.

In moderate time.

1. "Go, work in my vineyard, there's plenty to do, The harvest is
 2. "Go, work in my vineyard," I claim thee as mine, With blood did I
 3. "Go, work in my vineyard," oh, "work while 'tis day," The bright hours of
 4. "Go, work in my vineyard," and toil all the day, Thy strength I'll sup-

great and the lab'ers are few;" I've sheep to be tended and lambs to be fed,
 buy thee, and all that is thine, Thy time and thy talents, thy loftiest powers,
 sunshine are hast'ning away, And night's gloomy shadows are gathering fast;
 ply, and thy wages I'll pay, And blessed, thrice blessed the dil-igent few,

CHORUS.

The lost must be gathered, the weary ones led. Go, work, go,
 Thy warmest affections, thy sunniest hours.
 The time for our la - bor shall ev - er be past.
 Who'll finish the la - bor I've giv'n them to do. Go, work in my vineyard, go,

work, Go, work in my vineyard, there's plenty to do; Go,
 work in my vineyard, Go,

work, . . . go work, The harvest is great and the lab'ers are few.
 work, work, work, work,

Marching On.

11

JENNIE GARNETT.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. With our col-ors waving bright in the blaze of gos-pel light We are
2. Oft the tempter we shall meet, but we will not fear de-feat, Though his
3. We have gird-ed on the sword and the ar-mor of the Lord, We have
4. Soon we'll reach the pearly gate, where the blessed army wait, Soon their

marshall'd on the world's great field; great field; We are ready for the strife and the
arrows at our ranks may fly; may fly; Thro' a Saviour's mighty love more than
ta-ken up the cross he bore; he bore; Oh, the trophies we shall win, oh, the
welcome, welcome song may ring; may ring; When we lay our armor down and re-

bat-tle work of life, Ev - er trusting in the Lord our shield.
conquerors we shall prove, Shouting, Glo-ry be to God on high.
vic-tory o - ver sin, When the bat-tle and the strife are o'er!
ceive a star-ry crown, Shouting, Glo-ry be to God our King.

CHORUS.

Glo-ry to God! we are marching, marching on, Marching to a home above;

Glo - ry to God! we are marching, marching on, Happy in a Saviour's love.

As the Bird Flies Home.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. As the bird flies home to its parent nest, When the hunter seeks his prey,
 2. When the winds are cold, and the days are long,
 And thy soul from care would hide,
 3. Oh, the tranquil joy of that dear retreat, Where the Saviour bids thee rest,
 4. 'Tis the Lord thy God that to thee has said, He will guide thee with his eye;

O child of God, to thy Father haste, From the tempter's snare away.
 Fly back, fly back to thy Father then, And beneath his wings a-bide.
 With steadfast hope, and a trusting faith, In his love secure and blest.
 In all thy need, like the weary dove, To thy on - ly ref - uge fly.

CHORUS.

Under his wings thy defence shall be, He with his feathers will cover thee,

Cov - er thee, cov - er thee, He with his feathers will cov - er thee.

My Father's House.

13

ELLEN M. H. GATES.

W. O. PERKINS.



1. I am far away from my Father's house, And the years in - crease, The
2. I have sought the best that the world could give, As an idle guest, My
3. O the doubts and fears of the changeful years; They have vexed my soul. But



lights are dim in the banquet halls, The wreaths are withering on the
Father's house, with its mansions fair, Is the place for me, and my heart is
safe for - ev - er and white and grand, My Father's house like a rock will



walls, And I long for peace. I will rise and go to my Father's house,
there, For my home is best.
stand, While the a - ges roll.



And in his mercies will I rejoice with heart and voice; and voice.



By permission.

Look Up, Lift Up.

E. E. HEWITT.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



1. Look up to Je - sus, lift up thy neighbor, Lead to the Saviour,
 2. Look up to Je - sus, lift up his banner, Faith - ful - ly fol - low,
 3. Look up to Je - sus, lift up ho - san - nas, Glad hal - le - lu - jahs
 4. Look up to Je - sus, lift up a promise, Trust - ful - ly, tru - ly,



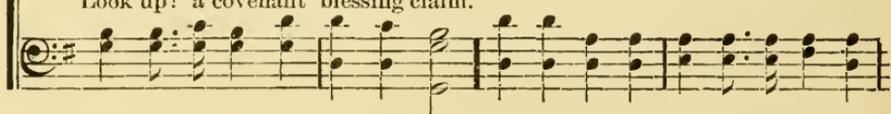

tell of his power, Seek for the straying, com - fort the wea - ry,
 stand for the right, Car - ry his col - ors where he' may lead you,
 ring - ing a - bove, Je - sus has saved us: let joy - ful ser - vice
 pray in his name, For all the err - ing, make in - ter - ces - sion,



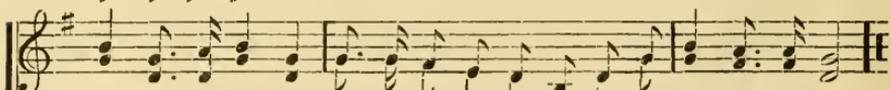
CHORUS.



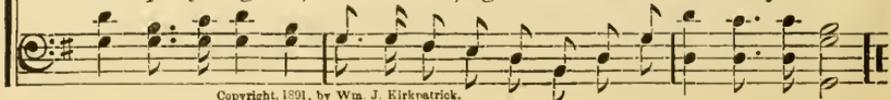
Look up for guidance hour by hour. Look up, lift up! look up to Je - sus,
 Strive for the victory in his might.
 Bear grateful witness of his love.
 Look up! a covenant blessing claim.




Far above the darkness where his glories shine; Filled with his Spir - it,

Lift up thy neighbor, Then a crown, a glorious crown shall one day be thine.



Victory Through Jesus.

15

E. D. MUND.

"Victory through our Lord Jesus Christ."—I Cor. xv: 5.

E. S. LORENZ.

1. Hear the shout of triumph, hear the mighty song! Filling earth and heaven
 2. 'Tis the host redeemed that stands in bright array, Hymning, harping all the
 3. Many were the battles, constant was the strife, Fierce the raging conflicts
 4. Onward, let us ever, tho' our strength be small, Je - sus is our Leader,

as it rolls a-long; Like the roar of o - cean breaking on the shore,
 glad e - ter - nal day; Casting palms and crowns low at the Master's feet,
 in their earthly life; Yet they never faltered, for the Lord was strong,
 ev - 'ry foe must fail; Then we'll join the ransomed on the other shore,

D.S.—Vic - to - ry thro' Je - sus, pass the word along,

Fine. CHORUS.

"Vic - to - ry thro' Je - sus, now and ev - er more." Victory! victory! yes,
 "Vic - to - ry thro' Je - sus," an - gel lips repeat.
 He was Rock and Fortress, Victory and Song.
 "Vic - to - ry thro' Je - sus," singing ev - er more.

Vic - to - ry the watchword, vic - to - ry the song.

D.S.

vic - to - ry! vic - to - ry! They shout in chorus loud and long,
 they shout in chorus,

By permission.

16 O for a Heart Whiter than Snow.

E. E. HEWITT.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. O for a heart that is whiter than snow! Kept, ever kept, 'neath the
 2. O for a heart that is whiter than snow! Calm in the peace that he
 3. O for a heart that is whiter than snow! With the pure flame of the
 4. O for a heart that is whiter than snow! Then in his grace and his

life - giv - ing flow; Cleansed from all pas - sion, self - seeking, and pride,
 loves to be - stow; Dai - ly refreshed by the heav - en - ly dews,
 Spir - it a - glow; Filled with the love that is true and sin - cere,
 knowledge to grow; Grow - ing like him who my pat - tern shall be,

CHORUS.

Washed in the fountain of Cal - va - ry's tide. O for a heart
 Read - y for ser - vice when'er he shall choose.
 Love that is a - ble to ban - ish all fear.
 Till in his beau - ty my King I shall see.

whit - er than snow! Sa - viour di - vine, to whom else can I go?

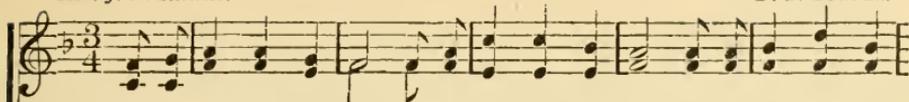
Thou who didst die, loving me so, Give me a heart that is whiter than snow.

Trust and Obey.

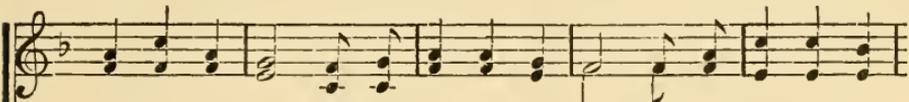
17

Rev. J. H. SAMMIS.

D. B. TOWNER.



1. When we walk with the Lord In the light of his word, What a glory he
2. Not a shadow can rise, Not a cloud in the skies, But his smile quickly
3. Not a burden we bear, Not a sorrow we share, But our toil he doth



sheds on our way! While we do his good will, He a-bides with us
drives it a-way; Not a doubt nor a fear, Not a sigh nor a
rich-ly re-pay; Not a grief nor a loss, Not a frown nor a



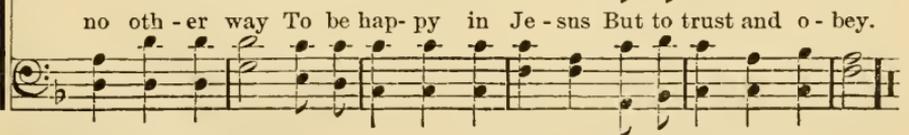
CHORUS.



still, And with all who will trust and o-bey. Trust and o-bey, For there's
tear Can a-bide while we trust and o-bey.
cross, But is blest if we trust and o-bey.



no oth-er way To be hap-py in Je-sus But to trust and o-bey.



4 But we never can prove
The delights of his love
Until all on the altar we lay,
For the favor he shows,
And the joy he bestows,
Are for all who will trust and obey.

5 Then in fellowship sweet
We will sit at his feet,
Or we'll walk by his side in the way;
What he says we will do,
Where he sends we will go,
Never fear, only trust and obey.

We'll Never Say Good By.

"We shall never say 'good by' in heaven."—The words of a dying Christian woman.

Mrs. E. W. CHAPMAN.

J. H. TENNEY.

1. Our friends on earth we meet with pleasure, While swift the moments fly,
 2. How joyful is the thought that lingers, When loved ones cross death's sea,
 3. No parting words shall e'er be spoken In that bright land of flowers,

Yet ev - er comes the thought of sadness That we must say good by.
 That when our la - bors here are end - ed, With them we'll ev - er be.
 But songs of joy, and peace, and gladness, Shall ev - ermore be ours.

CHORUS.

We'll nev - er say good by in heaven, We'll never say good by, . . .

Repeat Chorus pp

For in that land of joy and song We'll never say good by.

Safe in the Glory Land.

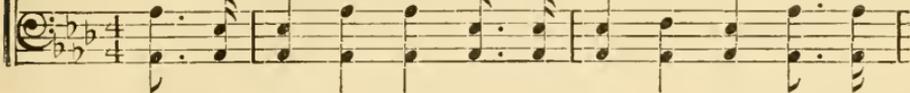
19

JAMES L. BLACK.

JNO. R. SWENEY.



1. In the good old way where the saints have gone, And the
2. In the good old way like the ransomed throng, Un - to
3. In the good old way with a stead - fast faith, In the
4. Tho' our feet must stand on the cold, cold brink Of the



King leads on be - fore us, We are travelling home to the
Zi - on now re - turn - ing, We are travelling home at the
bonds of love and un - ion, What a joy is ours for the
Jor - dan's storm - y riv - er, With the King we'll cross to the



CHORUS.



heavenly hills, With the day-star shining o'er us. Travelling home to the
King's command, And our lamps are trimm'd and burning.
King we see, And with him we hold communion.
oth - er side, And we'll sing his praise for - ev - er.



man - sions fair, Crowns of re - joic - ing and life to wear;



O what a shout when we all get there, Safe in the glo - ry land!



T. C. O'K.

T. C. O'KANE.

1. There's a crown in heaven for the striving soul, Which the blessed Jesus him-
 2. There's a joy in heaven for the mourning soul, Tho' the tears may fall all the
 3. There's a home in heaven for the faithful soul, In the many mansions pre-

self will place On the head of each who shall faithful prove, Ev-en
 earth-ly night; Yet the clouds of sad-ness will break a-way, And re-
 pared a-bove, Where the glo-ri-fied shall for-ev-er sing, Of a

REFRAIN.

unto death, in the heavenly race. Oh, may that crown . . . in heaven be
 Oh, may that crown
 joicing come with the morning light. Oh, may that joy . . . in heaven be
 Oh, may that joy
 Saviour's free and unbounded love. Oh, may that home . . . in heaven be
 Oh, may that home

mine. And I a-mong . . . the an-gels shine; Be thou, O
 in heaven be mine,

Lord, . . . my daily guide, Let me ev-er in thy love a-bide.
 Be thou, O Lord, my daily guide,

Jesus will Give You Rest.

21

FANNY J. CROSBY.

JNO. R. SWENEY.



1. Will you come, will you come, with your poor, broken heart, Burden'd and sin-op-
2. Will you come, will you come? there is mercy for you, Balm for your aching
3. Will you come, will you come? you have nothing to pay; Jesus, who loves you
4. Will you come, will you come? how he pleads with you now! Fly to his loving



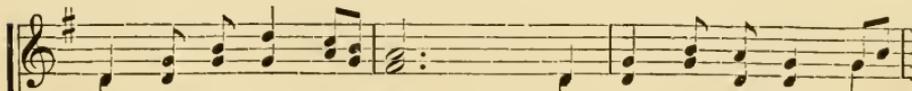
pressed? Lay it down at the feet of your Sa - viour and Lord,
breast; On - ly come as you are, and be - lieve on his name,
best, By his death on the cross purchased life for your soul,
breast; And what - ev - er your sin or your sor - row may be,



CHORUS.



Je - sus will give you rest. Oh, hap - py rest! sweet, happy rest!



Je - sus will give you rest, Oh! why won't you come in
happy rest,



sim - ple, trust - ing faith? Je - sus will give you rest.



1. We have wandered far a - way from our Father's home, In the
 2. We are coming now by faith, by the Spir - it led, We are
 3. We have kindred gone be - fore, to the heavenly home, And they

dark and dreary paths of sin; But we hear our Saviour's voice calling
 coming with our hearts to thee; We are trusting in the blood that for
 draw us by the chords of love; They are calling us to - day, calling

REFRAIN.

us to come, And at once a better life be - gin. We are coming home,
 us washed, And the Holy Spirit sets us free.
 us to come To the happy, happy home above. coming,

We are coming home, coming home to - day; We have
 coming, coming, to - day,

heard thy loving voice, Blessed Saviour, and rejoice; We are coming home to-day.

Softly and Tenderly.

23

W. L. T.

WILL L. THOMPSON.

Very slow. pp

1. Softly and tenderly Jesus is calling, Calling for you and for me,
2. Why should we tarry when Jesus is pleading, Pleading for you and for me?
3. Time is now fleeting, the moments are passing, Passing from you and from me;
4. Oh! for the wonderful love he has promised, Promised for you and for me;

See on the portals he's waiting and watching, Watching for you and for me.
Why should we linger and heed not his mercies, Mercies for you and for me?
Shadows are gathering, death beds are coming, Coming for you and for me.
Tho' we have sinned he, has mercy and pardon, Pardon for you and for me.

CHORUS.*cres.*

m Come home, . come home, . Ye who are weary, come home,

pp Earnestly, tenderly Jesus is calling, Calling, *ppp* O sinner, come home! *rit.* *pp*

The Sure Foundation.

T. C. O'KANE.

1. There stands a Rock on shores of time That rears to heav'n its head sublime;
 2. That Rock's a cross, its arms outspread, Celes- tial glo - ry bathes its head;
 3. That Rock's a tower, whose lofty height, Illumed with heav'n's unclouded light,

That Rock is cleft, and they are blest Who find within this cleft a rest.
 To its firm base my all I bring, And to the Cross of A - ges cling.
 Opes wide its gate beneath the dome Where saints find rest with Christ at home.

CHORUS.

Some build their hopes on the ev - er drifting sand, Some on their

fame, or their treasure, or their land; Mine's on a Rock that for-

ev - er will stand, Je - sus, the "Rock of A - ges."

Jesus is Good to Me.

25

Rev. E. H. STOKES, D. D.

JNO. R. SWENEY.



1. I love my Saviour, his heart is good, He has loved me o'er and o'er ;
2. He calls, I rise, and he maketh me whole,—How fond his tender embrace!
3. I want to love him with all my heart, Tho' all its powers are small ;
4. He's good to me in my sorrow's night, He's good in the tempest's roll ;



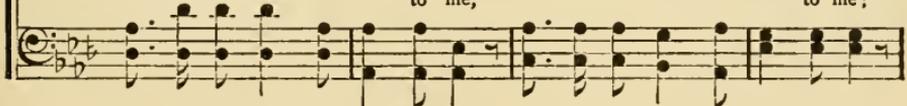
He sought me wand'ring, I'm saved by his blood, And I love him more and more.
He cleanses and keeps me and blesses my soul!—My day the smile of his face.
I will not keep from him any part, For he is worthy of all.
He bringeth from darkness into light,—With joy he filleth my soul.



CHORUS.



Je - sus is good to me, . . . Je - sus is good to me; . . .
to me, to me;

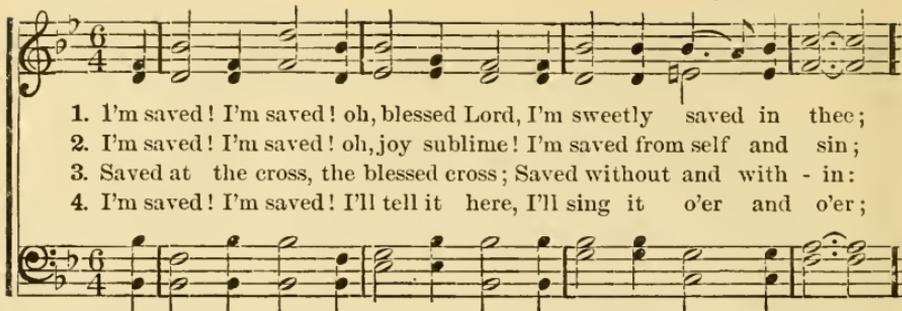


So good! so good! Je - sus is good to my soul.

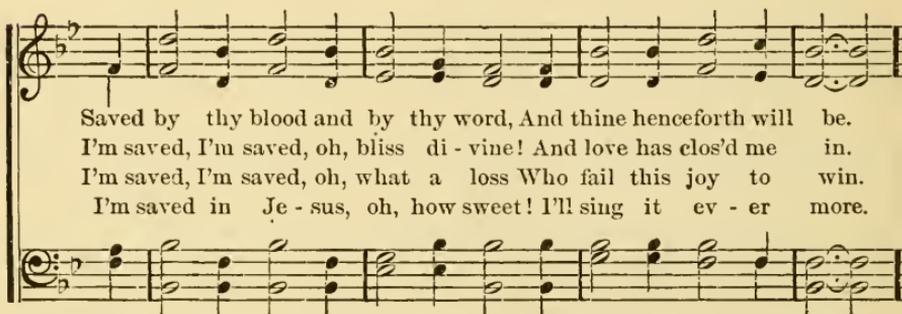


Rev. E. H. STOKES, D. D.

JNO. A. DUNCAN.

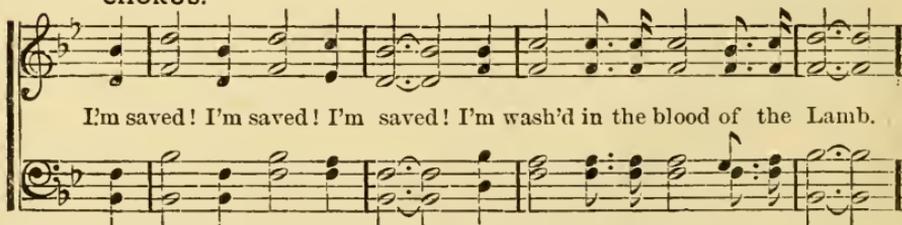


1. I'm saved! I'm saved! oh, blessed Lord, I'm sweetly saved in thee;
2. I'm saved! I'm saved! oh, joy sublime! I'm saved from self and sin;
3. Saved at the cross, the blessed cross; Saved without and with - in:
4. I'm saved! I'm saved! I'll tell it here, I'll sing it o'er and o'er;

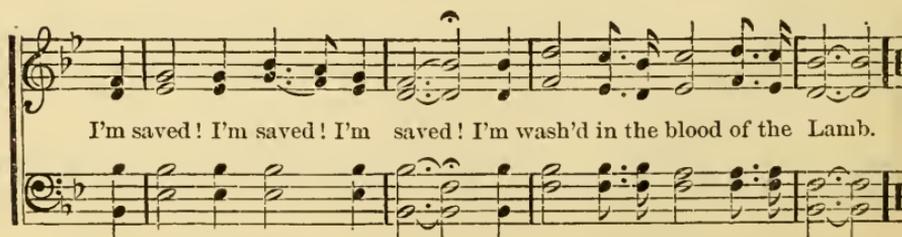


Saved by thy blood and by thy word, And thine henceforth will be.
 I'm saved, I'm saved, oh, bliss di - vine! And love has clos'd me in.
 I'm saved, I'm saved, oh, what a loss Who fail this joy to win.
 I'm saved in Je - sus, oh, how sweet! I'll sing it ev - er more.

CHORUS.



I'm saved! I'm saved! I'm saved! I'm wash'd in the blood of the Lamb.



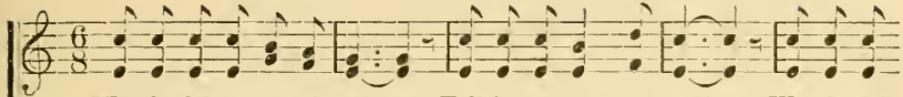
I'm saved! I'm saved! I'm saved! I'm wash'd in the blood of the Lamb.

Wonderful Story of Love.

27

J. M. D.

REV. J. M. DRIVER, By per.



1. Wonderful story of love: Tell it to me a - gain; Wonderful
2. Wonderful story of love: Tho' you are far a - way; Wonderful
3. Wonderful story of love: Jesus provides a rest; Wonderful



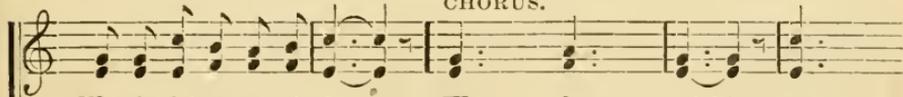
sto - ry of love: Wake the immor - tal strain! Angels with rapture an -
sto - ry of love: Still he doth call to - day; Calling from Calvary's
sto - ry of love: For all the pure and blest; Rest in those mansions a -



nounce it, Shepherds with wonder receive it; Sinner, oh! won't you believe it?
mountain, Down from the crystal bright fountain, E'en from the dawn of creation,
bove us, With those who've gone on before us, Singing the rapturous chorus,



CHORUS.



Wonderful story of love. Won - der - ful! won -
Wonder - ful sto - ry of love: Wonder - ful



der - ful! Won - der - ful! Wonderful story of love!
story of love: Wonderful story of love:



He'll Mention Them no More.

E. E. HEWITT.

"They shall not be mentioned unto him."—EZEK. xvii: 22.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. My soul sings glory all the way, For Je - sus took my sins a - way;
 2. Oh, wondrous grace, so rich and free, That mentions not my sins to me,
 3. But since he shows such grace to me, Let not his love for - got - ten be;
 4. My soul sings glory all the way To yon - der land of cloudless day,

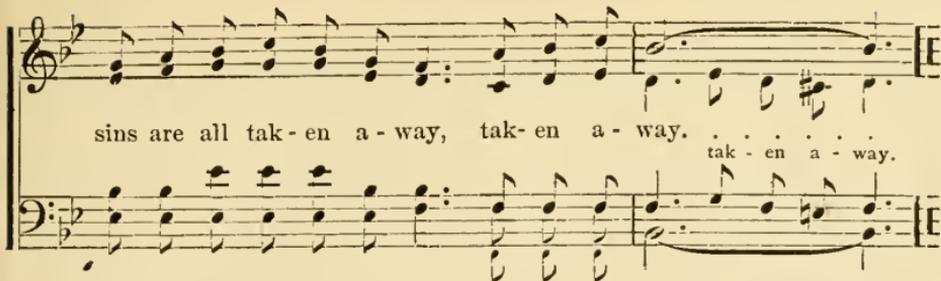
With pre - cious blood they're covered o'er, He'll mention them no more.
 Since Je - sus in re - deem - ing love, Brought mercy from a - bove.
 Oh, let my life its trib - ute bring, My heart ex - ultant sing.
 And when I reach that hap - py shore, I'll praise him ev - er - more.

CHORUS.

My sins . . . are all taken a - way, . . .
 My sins are all tak - en a - way, My sins are all tak - en a - way,

My sins . . . are all taken a - way; . . .
 My sins are all tak - en a - way, My sins are all tak - en a - way;

Oh, glo - ry to his name! Oh, glo - ry to his name! My



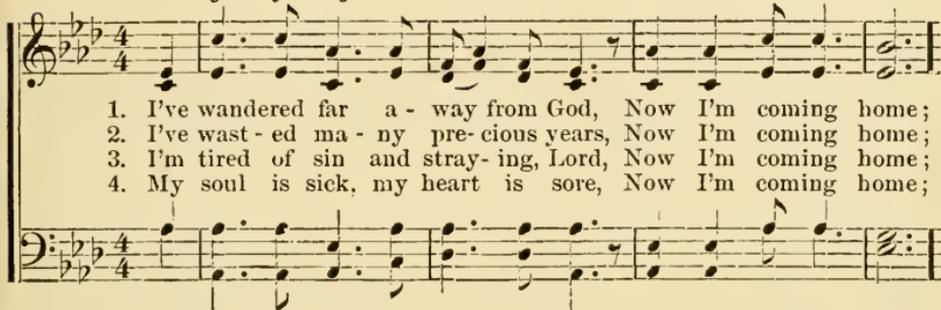
sins are all tak-en a-way, tak-en a-way, tak-en a-way.

Lord, I'm Coming Home.

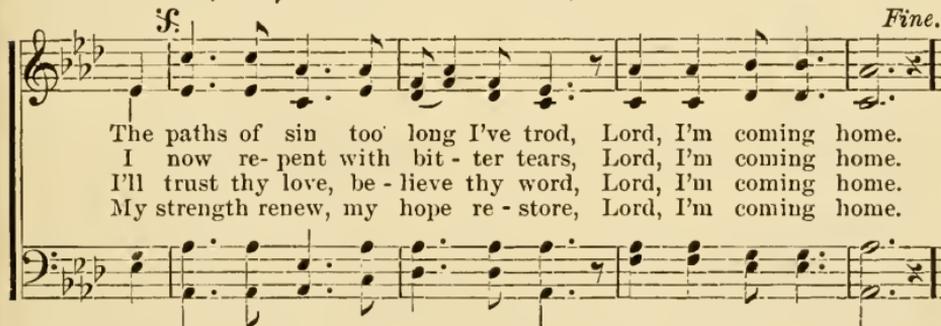
W. J. K.

With great feeling.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



1. I've wandered far a-way from God, Now I'm coming home;
2. I've wast-ed ma-ny pre-cious years, Now I'm coming home;
3. I'm tired of sin and stray-ing, Lord, Now I'm coming home;
4. My soul is sick, my heart is sore, Now I'm coming home;

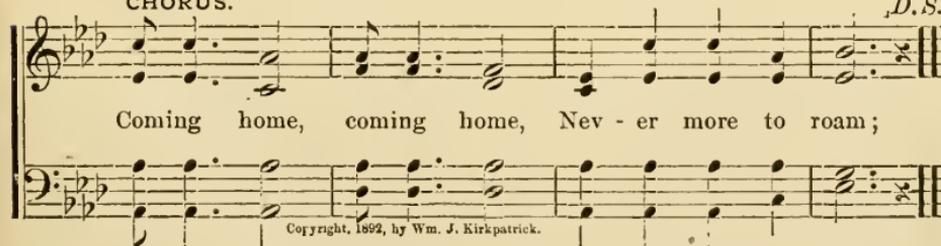


Fine.

The paths of sin too long I've trod, Lord, I'm coming home.
 I now re-pent with bit-ter tears, Lord, I'm coming home.
 I'll trust thy love, be-lieve thy word, Lord, I'm coming home.
 My strength renew, my hope re-store, Lord, I'm coming home.

D.S.—O - pen wide thine arms of love, Lord, I'm coming home.

CHORUS.



D.S.

Coming home, coming home, Nev-er more to roam;

Copyright, 1892, by Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

5 My only hope, my only plea,
 Now I'm coming home,
 That Jesus died, and died for me,
 Lord, I'm coming home.

6 I need his cleansing blood I know,
 Now I'm coming home;
 Oh, wash me whiter than the snow,
 Lord, I'm coming home.

I'm Happy, so Happy!

LIZZIE EDWARDS.

JNO. R. SWENEY.



1. I'm happy, so happy! no words can express The joy and the comfort I see,
2. I'm happy, so happy! while trusting in him Whose presence o'ershadows my way;
3. My love may be tested, my faith may be tried, The depth of its fervor to prove,
4. O blessed Redeemer, some day I shall stand O'erwhelmed with the light of thy face,



For Jesus hath purchased, thro' infinite grace, A perfect salvation for me.
 Who leadeth my soul by the river of peace, And giveth me strength as my day.
 But welcome each trial, my Saviour designs The gold from the dross to remove.
 Adoring forever, and shouting thy praise, Because thou hast saved me by grace.



CHORUS.



Saved, saved, oh, glo - ry to God! I feel the as - surance di - vine;



Saved, saved, oh, glo - ry to God! His Spir - it bears witness with mine.

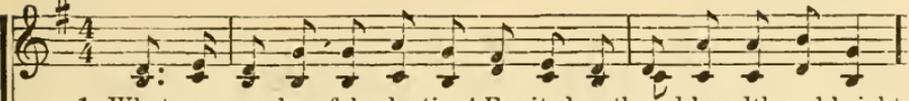


It Just Suits Me.

31

E. E. HEWITT.

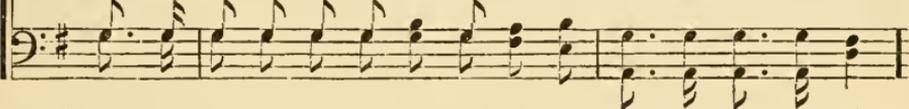
WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



1. What a wonder-ful salvation! For its length and breadth and height
2. Oh, this blessed "who-so-ev-er," Calling ev-'ry one who will,
3. Precious promis-es of Je-sus, Sweeping ev-'ry human need!
4. What a perfect, present Saviour! What a true and loving friend!



Far ex-cel the grandest knowledge Of the ser-a-phim in light;
 To the sparkling, liv-ing waters, Flowing ful-ly, free-ly still;
 For the grace of our Redeem-er Must our high-est thought exceed;
 Can we ev-er praise him rightly? Tell how grace and glo-ry blend?



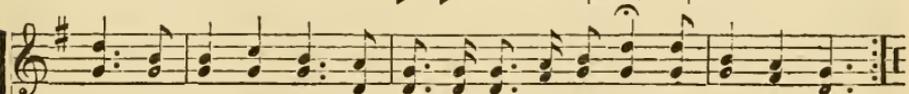
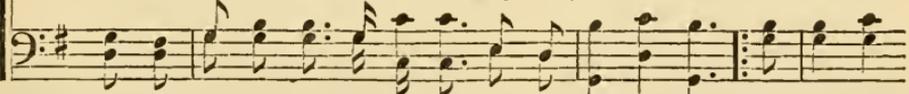
I can nev-er, nev-er fathom Half its ho-ly mys-ter-y,
 No, I know not why he loves me, But his blood is all my plea;
 To the mighty, roy-al storehouse Let me use the gold-en key,
 Now the Prince of Peace is reigning, O-ver-rul-ing all I see;



CHORUS.



But I know it is for sinners, And it just suits me. It just suits
 I can trust his "whoso-ev-er," For it just suits me.
 Find the special, tender promise That will just suit me.
 So, whatev-er lot he orders, May it just suit me.



me, It just suits me, This wonderful salvation, It just suits me.



Some Happy Day.

EBEN E. REXFORD.

F. A. BLACKMER.

1. In dreams I hear a song so sweet That, waking, I would fain repeat
 2. Tho' dim the vis- ion of the throng, And faint the ech- o of the song,
 3. It may be that I shall not know The way, when comes my time to go;
 4. "Some day," I say in faith, and wait The op'ning of the heav'nly gate;

Its mel- o - dy, but fail - ing, say, "I'll sing it, if God wills, some day."
 I seem to hear the voi - ces say, "Twill all be real some happy day."
 But in my Father's hand I'll lay My own, and he shall show the way.
 Come soon or late, that time will be The dawn of heav'n's sweet rest for me.

CHORUS.

Some day, some day, some happy day, When God shall wipe all tears away;

That day, that day so bright, I'll sing That heav'nly song before my King.

Go Tell the World of His Love. 33

ABBIE MILLS.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Heirs to the kingdom of Jesus the Lord, Go tell the world of his love;
 2. Think how he labored that we might have rest, Go tell the world of his love;
 3. Plead to the lost ones to come while they may, Go tell the world of his love;

Publish the blessings that flow from his word, Go tell the world of his love;
 Think how he suffered that we might be bless'd, Go tell the world of his love:
 Jesus is waiting, he'll save them to-day, Go tell the world of his love:

Love that has purchas'd redemption from sin, Love that makes happy the spirit within
 Sav'd by his mercy, upheld by his care, Tell of the goodness we constantly share;
 Love that is nearest when earthjoys are past, Lighting our pathway by cloudsovercast;

Fine.
 Love that will help us our conquest to win, Go tell the world of his love.
 Fill'd with his fulness, no longer forbear, Go tell the world of his love.
 Love that will bring us to glo-ry at last, Go tell the world of his love.

D.S.—Heirs to the kingdom of Jesus the Lord, Go tell the world of his love.

CHORUS.

D.S.

Go tell the world, Go tell the world, Go tell the world of his love; . . .

Help Just a Little.

Music from "The Wells of Salvation,"
new words by Rev. W. A. SPENCER.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Brother for Christ's kingdom sighing, Help a lit-tle, help a lit-tle;
2. Is thy cup made sad by tri-al? Help a lit-tle, help a lit-tle;
3. Though no wealth to thee is giv-en, Help a lit-tle, help a lit-tle;

Help to save the mil-lions dy-ing, Help just a lit-tle.
Sweet-en it with self-de-ni-al, Help just a lit-tle.
Sac-ri-fice is gold in heav-en, Help just a lit-tle.

CHORUS.

Oh, the wrongs that we may righten! Oh, the hearts that we may lighten!

Oh, the skies that we may brighten! Helping just a lit-tle.

4 Let us live for one another,
Help a little, help a little;
Help to lift each fallen brother,
Help just a little.

5 Tho' thy life is pressed with sorrow,
Help a little, help a little;
Bravely look t'ward God's to-morrow,
Help just a little.

E. E. HEWITT.

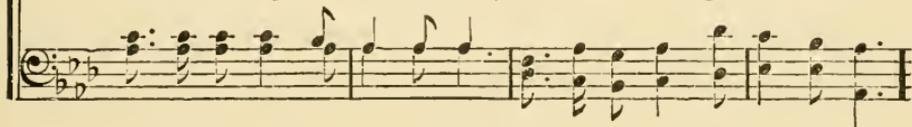
Jno. R. SWENEY.



1. More about Je-sus would I know, More of his grace to oth-ers show;
2. More about Je-sus let me learn, More of his ho - ly will discern;
3. More about Je-sus; in his word, Holding communion with my Lord;
4. More about Je-sus; on his throne, Riches in glo - ry all his own;



More of his sav-ing ful-ness see, More of his love who died for me.
 Spir - it of God, my teacher be, Showing the things of Christ to me.
 Hearing his voice in ev - 'ry line, Making each faithful say - ing mine.
 More of his kingdom's sure increase; More of his coming, Prince of Peace.



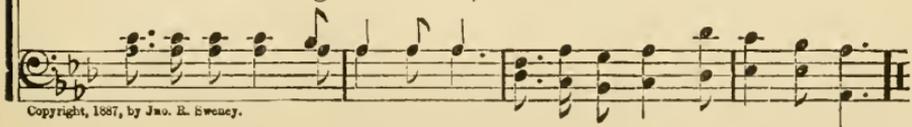
REFRAIN.



More, more a - bout Je - sus, More, more a - bout Je - sus;



More of his sav-ing ful-ness see, More of his love who died for me.



What shall Our Record be?

F. M. D.

SOLO AND CHORUS.

FRANK M. DAVIS.

1. There's a hand that's writing now In the book of life, they say; Ev-'ry
 2. Still the hand goes writing on, Making pages dark or fair; Let us
 3. Time is ebb-ing fast a-way, Life for us will soon be done; Can we

action, word or deed Is recorded there each day. What shall then our record be?
 ponder well, dear friends, What for us is written there. What shall then our record be?
 trustingly go hence, That a crown of life is won? What shall then our record be?

Let us stop to think, I pray! What shall then our record be In the

CHORUS.

coming judgment day? In the coming judgment day? In the coming judgment

day? What shall then our record be In the coming judgment day?

Save One.

37

E. E. HEWITT.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



1. Out in the breakers are per- ish- ing souls, Save one, save one;
2. Out in the darkness of sin's aw- ful night, Save one, save one;
3. Out on the mountain so sad- ly a- siray, Save one, save one;
4. Loved ones or strangers, who'er they may be, Save one, save one;



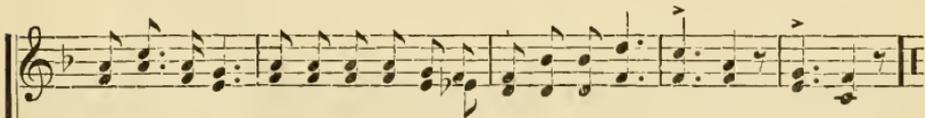
Out where the current of sin mad- ly rolls, Save one, save one.
Tell them of Je- sus. and lead to the light, Save one, save one.
From the sweet home land so far, far a- way, Save one, save one.
Go in his Spir- it who saves you and me, Save one, save one.



CHORUS.



Pit- y the per- ish- ing, La- bor and pray; Hasten to res- cue them,



Save one to-day, Then in your heart will be heaven begun, Save one, save one.



1. We walk by faith, . . . and oh, how sweet . . . The flow'rs that
 2. We walk by faith, . . . he wills it so, . . . And marks the
 3. We walk by faith, . . . di-vine-ly blest, . . . On him we
 4. And thus by faith, . . . till life shall end, . . . We'll walk with

grow . . . beneath our feet, . . . And fragrance breathe a-long the
 path . . . that we should go; . . . And when at times . . . our sky is
 lean, . . . in him we rest; . . . The more we trust . . . our Shepherd's
 him, . . . our dearest Friend, . . . Till safe we tread . . . the fields of

way . . . That leads the soul . . . to end-less day. . .
 dim, . . . He gen-tly draws . . . us close to him. . .
 care, . . . The more his love . . . 'tis ours to share. . .
 light, . . . Where faith is lost . . . in per-fect sight. . .

CHORUS.

We walk by faith, but not alone, Our Shepherd's tender voice we hear,

And feel his hand within our own, And know that he is al-ways near.

Golden Sheaves.

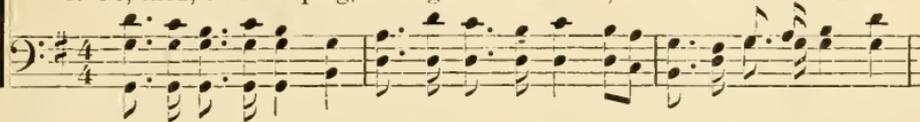
39

KNOWLES SHAW.

T. C. O'KANE.



1. Sowing in the morning, sowing seeds of kindness, Sowing in the noontide,
2. Sowing in the sunshine, sowing in the shadows, Fearing neither clouds nor
3. Go, then, ever weeping, sowing for the Master, Tho' the loss sustained our



and the dew-y eyes; Waiting for the harvest, and the time of reaping,
winter's chilling breeze; By and by the harvest, and the la - bor end - ed,
spir - it often grieves; When our weeping's over, he will bid us welcome,



REFRAIN.



We shall come rejoic - ing, bringing in the sheaves. Bring - - - ing,
We shall come rejoic - ing,



bring - - - ing, Bringing in the golden sheaves; Bring - - - ing,
bringing in the golden sheaves, Bringing in the golden, golden sheaves; We shall come rejoicing,



bring - - - ing, Bringing in the sheaves, precious, gold^e en sheaves.
bringing in the golden sheaves,



Thy Holy Spirit, Lord, Alone.

HENRIETTA E. BLAIR.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Thy Ho - ly Spir - it, Lord, a - lone Can turn our hearts from sin, His
 2. Thy Ho - ly Spir - it, Lord, a - lone Can deep - er love in - spire, His
 3. Thy Ho - ly Spir - it, Lord, can bring The gifts we seek in prayer, His
 4. Thy Ho - ly Spir - it, Lord, can give The grace we need this hour, And

power a - lone can sanc - ti - fy And keep us pure with - in.
 power a - lone with - in our souls Can light the sa - cred fire.
 voice can words of com - fort speak And still each wave of care.
 while we wait, O Spir - it, come In sanc - ti - fy - ing power.

CHORUS.

O Spir - it of Faith and Love, Come in our midst, we pray, And
 4th v.—O Spir - it of Love, de - scend, Come in our midst, we pray, And

pur - i - fy each wait - ing heart; Baptize us with pow'r to - day.
 like a rush - ing, might - y wind Sweep o - ver our souls to - day.

Since I Found My Saviour.

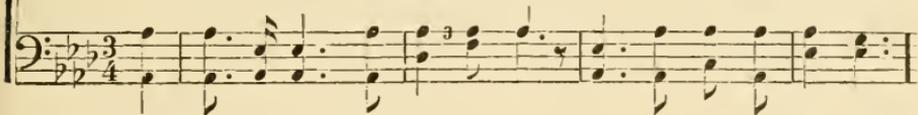
41

E. E. HEWITT.

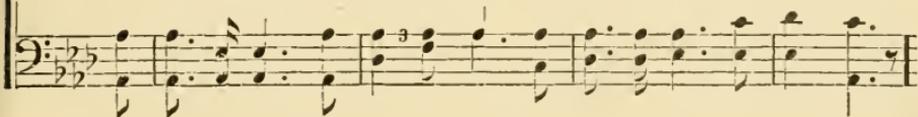
JNO. R. SWENEY.



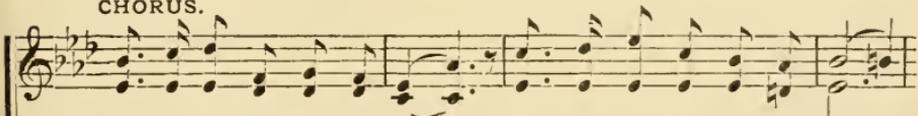
1. Life wears a different face to me, Since I found my Saviour;
2. He sought me in his wondrous love, So I found my Saviour,
3. The pass-ing clouds may in - tervene, Since I found my Saviour,
4. A strong hand kindly holds my own, Since I found my Saviour,



Rich mercy at the cross I see, My dy - ing, liv - ing Saviour.
He brought salva - tion from a - bove, My dear, almight - y Saviour.
But he is with me, though unseen, My ev - er-pres - ent Saviour.
It leads me onward to the throne, Oh, there I'll see my Saviour!



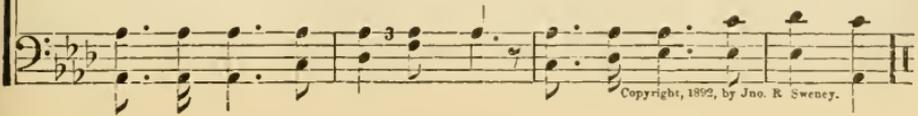
CHORUS.



Golden sunbeams 'round me play, Je - sus turns my night to day,



Heav - en seems not far a - way, Since I found my Saviour.



FANNY J. CROSEY.

John iii. 16.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

Solo ad lib.

1. God loved the world so tenderly His only Son he gave, That all who on his
 2. Oh, love that only God can feel, And only he can show! Its height and depth, its
 3. Why perish, then, ye ransom'd ones? Why slight the gracious call? Why turn from him
 4. O Saviour, melt these hearts of ours, And teach us to believe That whosoever [whose



CHORUS.



name believe Its wondrous pow'r will save. For God so loved the world that he
 length and breadth Nor heav'n nor earth can know!

words proclaim E-ter-nal life to all?
 comes to thee Shall endless life receive.



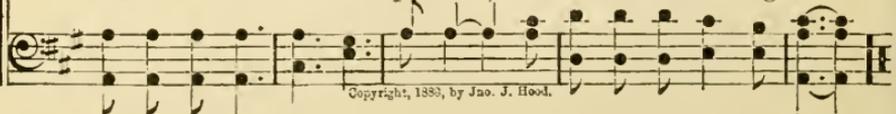
gave his on - ly Son, That who - so - ev - er be - lieveth in him



Should not per - ish, should not per - ish; That who - so - ev - er be -



lieveth in him Should not per - ish, but have ev - er - last - ing life.



Sweeping through the Gates.

T. C. O'K.

"I'm sweeping through the gates, washed in the blood of the Lamb."

Dying words of Rev. A. COOKMAN.

T. C. O'KANE.



1. Who, who are these be - side the chilly wave, Just on the bor - ders
2. These, these are they who in their youthful days Found Jesus ear - ly
3. These, these are they who in affliction's woes, Ev - er have found in
4. These, these are they who in the conflict dire, Bold - ly have stood a-



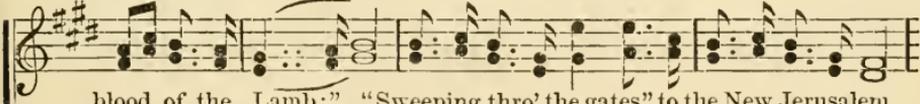
of the silent grave, Shouting Je - sus' power to save, Washed in the
and in wisdom's ways, Proved the fulness of his grace, Washed in the
Je - sus calm repose, Such as from a pure heart flows, Washed in the
mid the hottest fire, Jesus now says, "Come up higher;" Washed in the



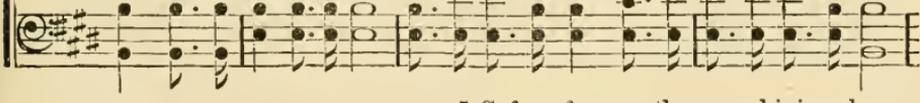
CHORUS.



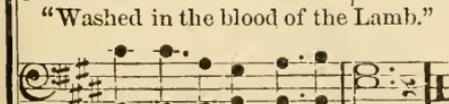
blood of the Lamb. "Sweeping thro' the gates" to the New Jerusalem, "Washed [in the



blood of the Lamb;" "Sweeping thro' the gates" to the New Jerusalem,
in the blood of the Lamb:



"Washed in the blood of the Lamb."



- 5 Safe, safe upon the ever-shining shore,
Sin, pain, and death, and sorrow all are
Happy now and evermore, [o'er;
Washed in the blood of the Lamb.

Cho.—Sweeping through the streets of, etc.

- 6 May we, O Lord, be now entirely thine,
Daily from sin be kept by power divine,
Then in heaven the saints we'll join,
Washed in the blood of the Lamb.

Cho.—Sweeping through the streets of, etc.

Send out the Sunlight.

ELLEN DARE.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. Send out the sunlight, the sunlight of cheer, Shine on earth's sadness till it disappear—Souls are in waiting this message to hear, Send out the sunlight of love.
 2. Send out the sunlight in letter and word; Speak it and think it till hearts are all stirred—Hearts that are hungry for prayers still unheard, Send out the sunlight of love.
 3. Send out the sunlight each hour and day. Crown all the years with its luminous ray, Nourish the seeds that are sown on the way, Send out the sunlight of love.
 4. Send out the sunlight that speaks in a smile, Often it shortens the long, weary mile, Often the burdens seem light for awhile, Send out the sunlight of love.

5 Send out the sunlight, as free as the air!
 Blessings will follow with none to compare,
 Blessings of peace, that will rise from despair!
 Send out the sunlight of love.

6 Send out the sunlight, you have it in you!
 Clouds may obscure it just now from your view;
 Pray for its presence! your prayer will come true,
 Send out the sunlight of love.

CHORUS.

Send out the sunlight of love, Send out the sunlight of love,
 the sunlight of love, the sunlight of love,

Send out the sunlight, Send out the sunlight, Send out the sunlight of love.
 the sunlight of love.

Copyright, 1892, by Jno. R. Sweeney.

O Christian, Awake!

45

"Stand, therefore, having your loins girt about with truth, and having on the breastplate of righteousness."

Arr. from "Singing Pilgrim."

1. O Christian, a- wake! for the strife is at hand, With helmet and shield
2. Whatev- er thy danger, take heed and beware, And turn not thy back,
3. The cause of thy Master with vig- or defend; O watch, fight, and pray—
4. Press on, nev- er doubting; thy Captain is near, With grace to supply,

and a sword in thy hand; To meet the bold tempter, go, fearless- ly go,
for no ar- mor is there; The legions of darkness if thou would'st o'erthrow,
persevere to the end; Wherev- er he leads thee, go, valiant- ly go,
and with comf- ort to cheer; His love, like a stream, in the desert will flow,

REFRAIN.

And stand like the brave, with thy face to the foe. Stand like the brave,
Then stand like the brave, with thy face to the foe.
And stand like the brave, with thy face to the foe.
Then stand like the brave, with thy face to the foe. Stand like the brave,

Stand like the brave, Stand like the brave, with thy face to the foe.
Stand like the brave,

1. Fading away, like the dew of the morning, Soaring from earth to its
 2. Shall I be missed if an-oth-er succeed me, Reaping the fields I in
 3. Oh, when the Saviour shall make up his jewels, When the bright crowns of re-

home in the sun; Thus would I pass from the earth and its toil-ing,
 spring-time have sown? No, for the sow-er may pass from his la-bors,
 joic-ing are won, Then will his faith-ful and wea-ry dis-ci-ples,

CHORUS.

On-ly remembered by what I have done. On-ly remembered,
 On-ly remembered by what he has done.
 All be remembered for what they have done.

only remembered, Only remembered by what I have done, Only remembered,

rit.

on-ly remembered, On-ly remem-bered by what I have done.

Blessed Assurance.

47

F. J. CROSBY.

"He is faithful that hath promised."—Heb. x. 23.

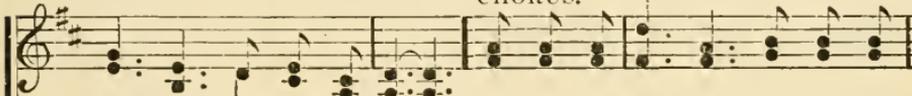
Mrs. JOS. F. KNAPP.

- 
1. Blessed as - surance, Jesus is mine! Oh, what a foretaste of
 2. Perfect sub-mis-sion, perfect de - light, Visions of rap - ture
 3. Perfect sub-mis-sion, all is at rest, I in my Saviour am



glory di - vine! Heir of sal - va - tion, purchase of God, Born of his
burst on my sight. Angels descend - ing, bring from a - bove Echoes of
happy and blest, Watching and waiting, looking a - bove, Filled with his

CHORUS.



Spir - it, washed in his blood. This is my sto - ry, this is my
mer - cy, whispers of love.
goodness, lost in his love.



song, Praising my Sav - iour all the day long; This is my



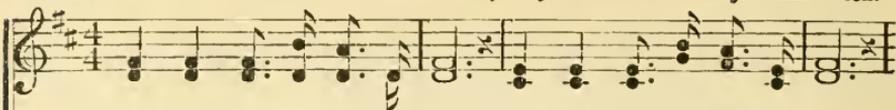
sto - ry, this is my song, Praising my Saviour all the day long.

Entire Consecration.

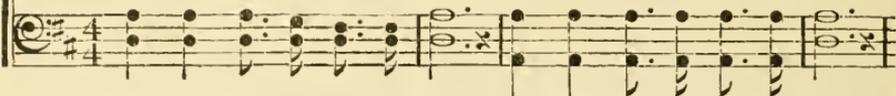
FRANCES RIDLEY HAVERGAL.

Chorus by W. J. K.

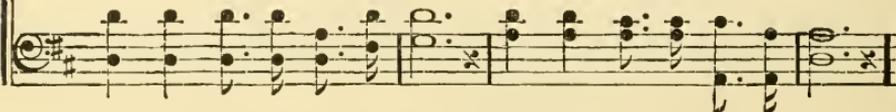
WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



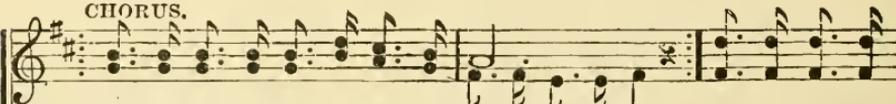
1. Take my life, and let it be Con - se - crat - ed, Lord, to thee;
2. Take my feet, and let them be Swift and beau - ti - ful for thee;
3. Take my lips, and let them be Filled with mes - sag - es for thee;
4. Take my moments and my days, Let them flow in endless praise;



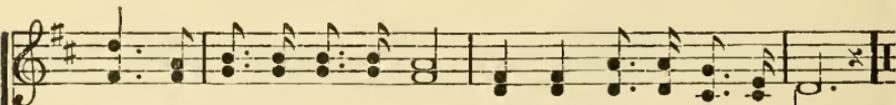
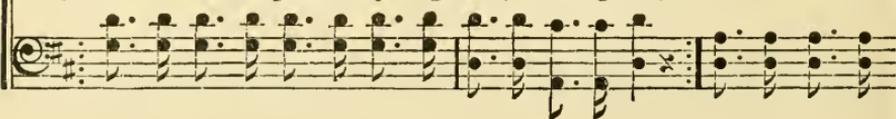
- Take my hands and let them move At the impulse of thy love.
 Take my voice and let me sing Al - ways, on - ly, for my King.
 Take my sil - ver and my gold, — Not a mite would I withhold.
 Take my in - tel - lect, and use Ev - 'ry power as thou shalt choose.



CHORUS.



- { Wash me in the Saviour's precious blood, the precious blood,
 { Cleanse me in its pu - ri - fy - ing flood, the healing flood, } Lord, I give to



- thee, my life and all, to be, Thine, henceforth, e - ter - nal - ly.



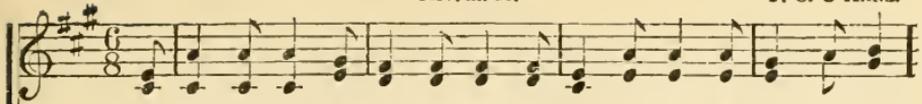
- | | |
|---|--|
| <p>5 Take my will, and make it thine;
 It shall be no longer mine;
 Take my heart,—it is thine own,—
 It shall be thy royal throne.</p> | <p>6 Take my love,—my Lord, I pour
 At thy feet its treasure-store!
 Take myself, and I will be
 Ever, only, all for thee!</p> |
|---|--|

The Stranger at the Door.

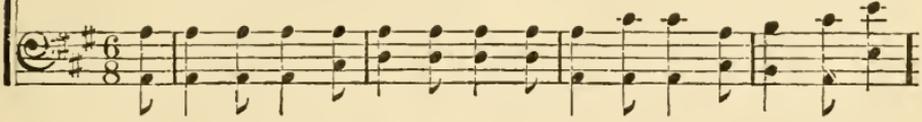
49

Rev. iii. 20.

T. C. O'KANE.



1. Behold a stranger at the door, He gently knocks—has knocked before,
2. O love - ly at - titude,—he stands With melting heart and open hands;
3. But will he prove a friend indeed? He will,—the very friend you need;



Has wait-ed long, is wait-ing still; You treat no oth-er friend so ill.
 O matchless kindness, and he shows This matchless kindness to his foes.
 The friend of sin - ners? Yes, 'tis he, With garments dyed on Cal - va - ry.



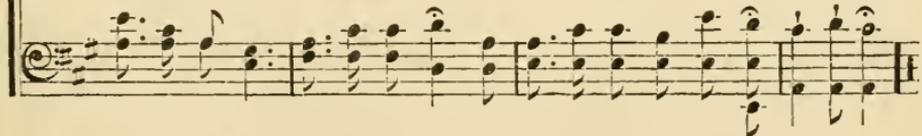
CHORUS.



Oh, let the dear Saviour come in, He'll cleanse the heart from sin; Oh,
come in, from sin;



keep him no more out at the door, But let the dear Saviour come in. come in.



- | | |
|---|---|
| <p>4 Rise, touched with gratitude divine,
 Turn out his enemy and thine;
 That soul-destroying monster, Sin,
 And let the heavenly Stranger in.</p> | <p>5 Admit him, ere his anger burn,—
 His feet, departed, ne'er return;
 Admit him, or the hour's at hand
 You'll at HIS door rejected stand.</p> |
|---|---|

P. B.

"Wherefore he is able to save them to the uttermost."—Heb. vii. 25. P. BILHORN.



1. The Saviour is my all in all, He is my constant theme!
2. His Spir- it gives sweet peace within, And bids all care de- part!
3. And whatso- ev - er I may ask, To glo - ri - fy his name,
4. Oh, praise the Lord, my soul, rejoice, Give thanks unto thy God!



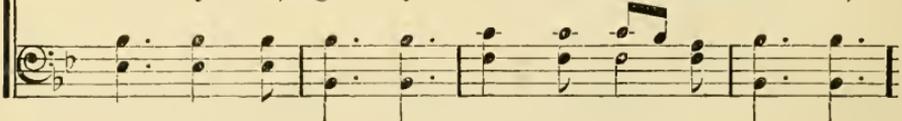
By sim - ply trust - ing in his word He keeps me pure and clean.
 He fills my soul with righteousness, And pu - ri - fies the heart.
 The Fa - ther free - ly gives to me, Since Christ the Saviour came:
 Who took thee in thy sin - fulness, And cleansed thee by his blood!



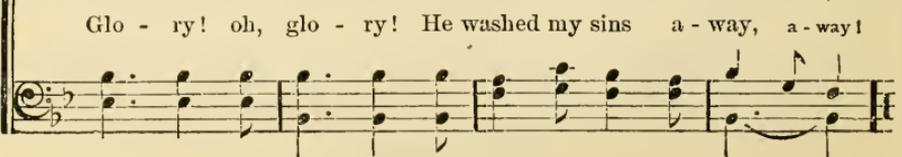
CHORUS.



Glo - ry! oh, glo - ry! Je - sus hath redeemed me;



Glo - ry! oh, glo - ry! He washed my sins a - way, a - way!



Stepping in the Light.

51

L. H. EDMUNDS.

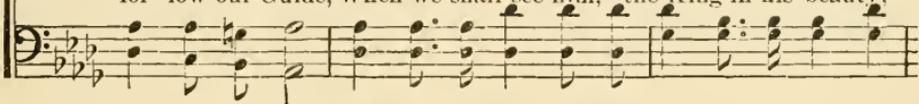
W. J. KIRKPATRICK.



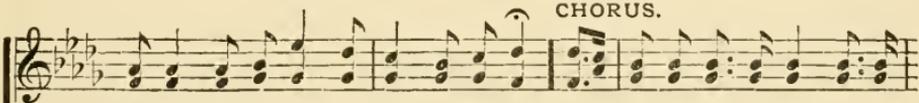
1. Trying to walk in the steps of the Saviour, Trying to follow our
2. Pressing more closely to him who is leading, When we are tempted to
3. Walking in footsteps of gen - tle forbearance, Footsteps of faithfulness,
4. Trying to walk in the steps of the Saviour. Upward, still upward we'll



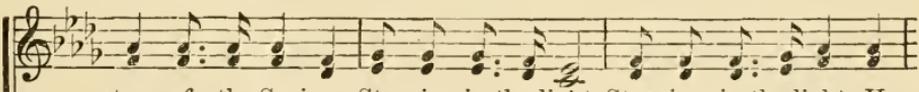
Saviour and King; Shaping our lives by his blessed ex - am - ple,
turn from the way; Trusting the arm that is strong to defend us,
mer - cy, and love, Looking to him for the grace free - ly promised,
fol - low our Guide, When we shall see him, "the King in his beauty."



CHORUS.



Happy, how happy, the songs that we bring. How beautiful to walk in the
Happy, how happy, our praises each day.
Happy, how happy, our journey above.
Happy, how happy, our place at his side.



steps of the Saviour, Stepping in the light, Stepping in the light; How



beautiful to walk in the steps of the Saviour, Led in paths of light.



1. The seed I have scattered in spring-time with weeping, And watered with
 2. An-oth-er may reap what in spring-time I've planted, An-oth-er re-
 3. The thorns will have choked, and the summer sun blasted The most of the

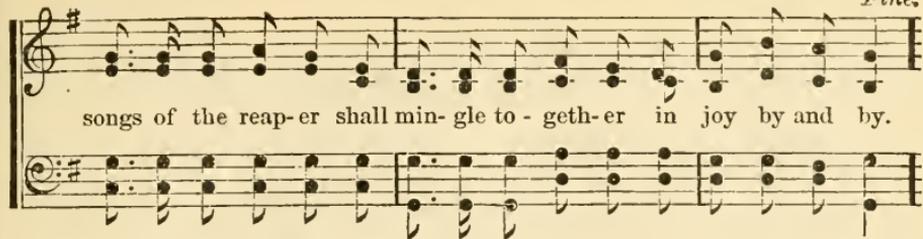
tears and with dews from on high; An-oth-er may shout when the
 joice in the fruit of my pain,—Not know-ing my tears when in
 seed which in spring-time I've sown; But the Lord who has watched while my

har-vesters reaping Shall gather my grain in the "sweet by and by."
 summer I faint-ed While toiling sad-heart-ed in sunshine and rain.
 wea-ry toil last-ed Will give me a har-vest for what I have done.

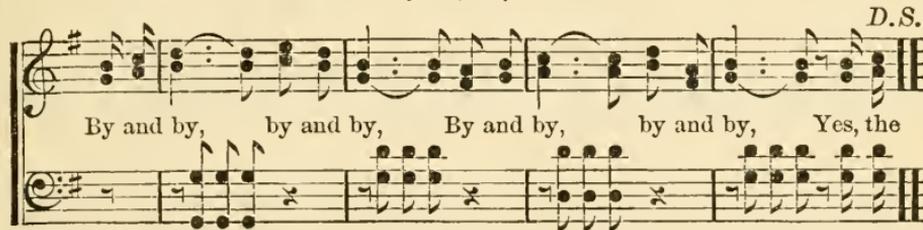
CHORUS.

O-ver and o-ver, yes, deep-er and deep-er My heart is pierced

through with life's sor-row-ing cry, But the tears of the sow-er and

Fine.


songs of the reaper shall mingle together in joy by and by.



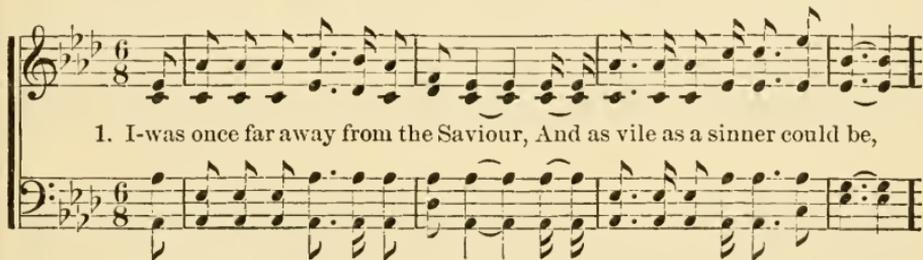
By and by, by and by, By and by, by and by, Yes, the

D.S.

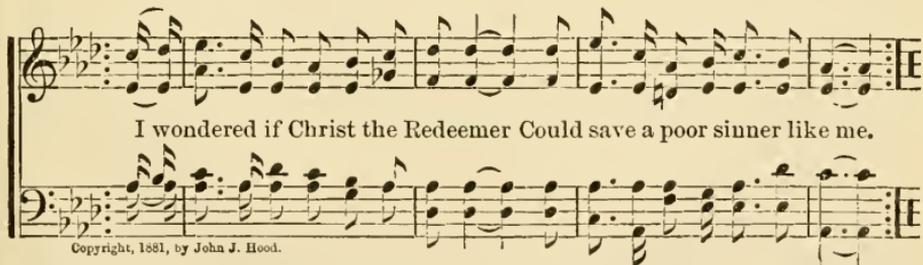
C. J. B.

A Sinner like Me.

CHAS. J. BUTLER.



1. I-was once far away from the Saviour, And as vile as a sinner could be,



I wondered if Christ the Redeemer Could save a poor sinner like me.

Copyright, 1881, by John J. Hood.

2 I wandered on in the darkness,
Not a ray of light could I see, [ness,
And the thought filled my heart with sad-
There's no hope for a sinner like me.

3 I then fully trusted in Jesus,
And oh, what a joy came to me;
My heart was filled with his praises,
For saving a sinner like me.

4 No longer in darkness I'm walking,
For the light is now shining on me,
And now unto others I'm telling,
How he saved a poor sinner like me.

5 And when life's journey is over,
And I the dear Saviour shall see,
I'll praise him for ever and ever,
For saving a sinner like me.

Coming To-day.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. Out on the des-ert, looking, looking, Sinner, 'tis Je-sus looking for thee;
 2. Still he is waiting, waiting, waiting, O, what compassion beams in his eye,
 3. Lovingly pleading, pleading, pleading, Mercy, tho' slighted, bears with thee yet;
 4. Spirits in glory, watching, watching, Long to behold thee safe in the fold;

Tender - ly calling, calling, calling, Hither, thou lost one, O, come unto me.
 Hear him repeat-ing gent-ly, gently, Come to thy Saviour, O, why wilt thou die.
 Thou canst be happy, hap-py, hap-py, Come, ere thy life-star forever shall set.
 Angels are waiting, waiting, waiting, When shall thy story with rapture be told?

CHORUS.

Jesus is looking, Jesus is calling, Why dost thou linger, why tarry away?

Run to him quickly, say to him gladly, Lord, I am coming, coming to-day.

I'm in the Promised Land.

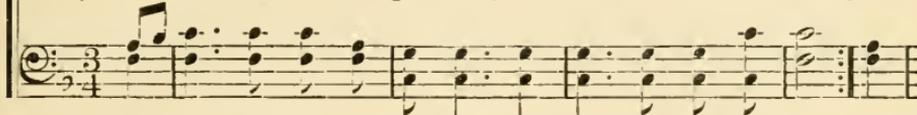
55

JOSHUA GILL.

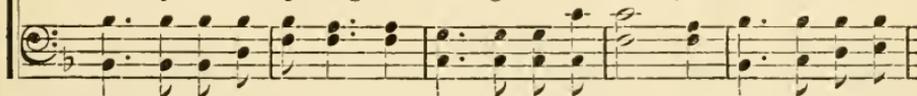
WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



1. } I fled from Egypt's bondage, I heard that help was near; } I
 I cast my care on Je- sus, And he dispersed my fear; } I
 2. } I sang a song of triumph, I shout-ed o'er and o'er, } I
 And then pursued my journey For Canaan's hap- py shore. } I
 3. } The spies brought back their message, Some wept, some said "we can;" } At
 The land was all 'twas promised, But who will lead the van? } At

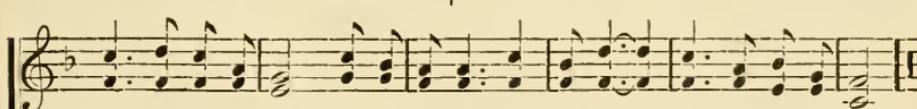


passed between the billows, Walled up on ev-'ry hand, I trusted to my
 came to Sinai's mountain, I trod the desert sand, I drank at Horeb's
 last, my heart despairing Of entering with this band, I cried aloud to

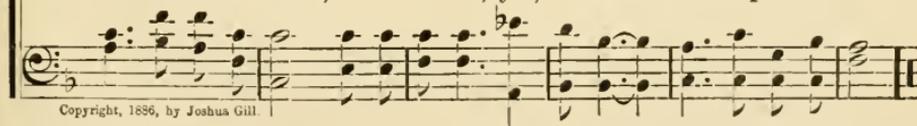


CHORUS.

Captain, And sought the promised land. I am o-ver, yes, o-ver; On
 fountain, Seeking the promised land.
 Je- sus, To show the promised land



Canaan's shore I stand; I am o-ver, yes, o-ver In the promised land.



Copyright, 1886, by Joshua Gill.

4 Then, after weary marches,
 And many a longing sigh,
 I found the river-crossing,
 And saw the land was nigh.
 The Lord looked down in mercy,
 By faith I touched his hand,
 I followed close beside him,
 And found the promised land.

5 And now my song of gladness
 I'm singing day by day,
 For fellowship with Jesus
 Makes calm and bright my way.
 I fear not for the morrow,
 For his almighty hand
 I know shall lead and keep me
 In this the promised land.

Jesus is Calling for Thee.

LIDIE H. EDMUNDS.

Rev. L. L. PICKETT.

1. O come, to Cal-va-ry turning, Je-sus is calling for thee; His heart so
 2. O hark! in life's sunny morning, Jesus is calling for thee; Sweet flowers thy
 3. O soul so burdened and weary, Jesus is calling for thee; He'll lift the
 4. But still the Saviour is calling, Jesus is calling for thee; Though now the

tenderly yearning, Jesus is calling for thee. Come now, and enter the
 pathway adorning, Jesus is calling for thee. He sends thee gladness and
 shadows so dreary, Jesus is calling for thee. In love thy troubles are
 night-dews are falling, Jesus is calling for thee. E'en though so long thou hast

fountain, Fountain of mercy so free; Though siu arise like a mountain,
 pleasure, Wilt thou not thank him to-day? Come now, and seek endless treasure,
 giv-en, Sorrow is on-ly his voice That bids thee look up to Heaven,
 slighted, Slighted salivation so great, Yet his own promise is plighted,

CHORUS.

Je-sus is call-ing for thee. Call-ing, call-ing, Je-sus is
 Joys that are brighter than day.
 Look, and in Je-sus re-joice.
 Come; Je-sus stands at the gate.

calling for thee, Call-ing, call-ing, Je-sus is call-ing for thee.

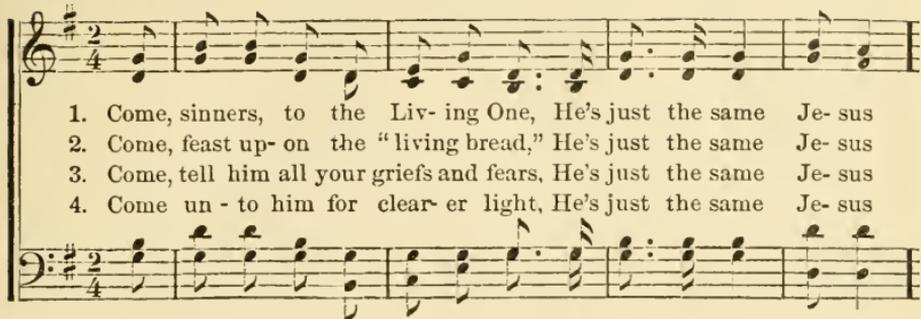
The Very Same Jesus.

57

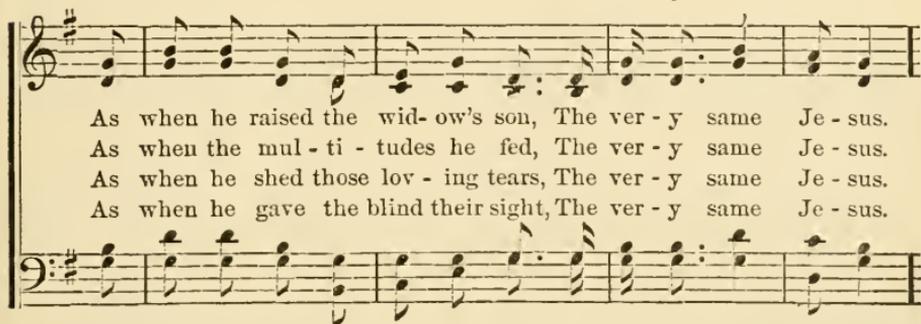
L. H. EDMUNDS.

"This same Jesus."—Acts i: 11.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

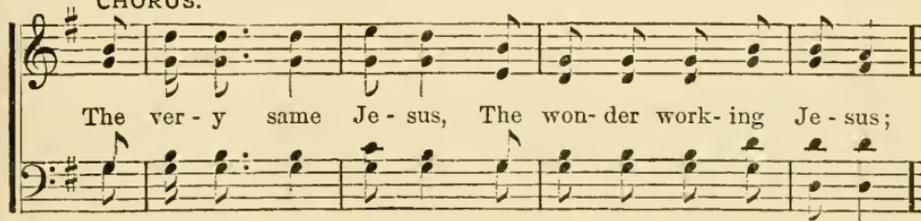


1. Come, sinners, to the Liv- ing One, He's just the same Je- sus
2. Come, feast up- on the "living bread," He's just the same Je- sus
3. Come, tell him all your griefs and fears, He's just the same Je- sus
4. Come un- to him for clear- er light, He's just the same Je- sus

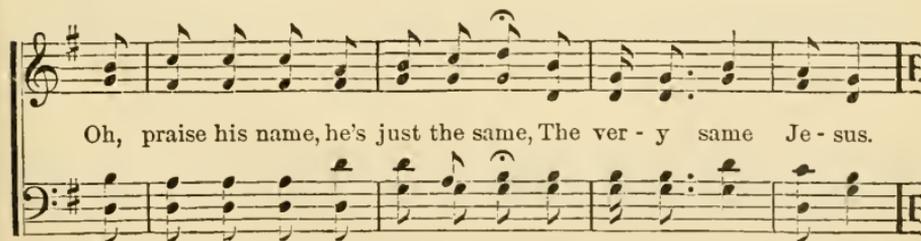


As when he raised the wid- ow's son, The ver- y same Je- sus.
As when the mul- ti- tudes he fed, The ver- y same Je- sus.
As when he shed those lov- ing tears, The ver- y same Je- sus.
As when he gave the blind their sight, The ver- y same Je- sus.

CHORUS.



The ver- y same Je- sus, The won- der work- ing Je- sus;



Oh, praise his name, he's just the same, The ver- y same Je- sus.

- 5 Calm 'midst the waves of trouble be, He's just the same Jesus
As when he hushed the raging sea,
The very same Jesus.
- 6 Some day our raptured eyes shall see
He's just the same Jesus;
Oh, blessed day for you and me!
The very same Jesus.

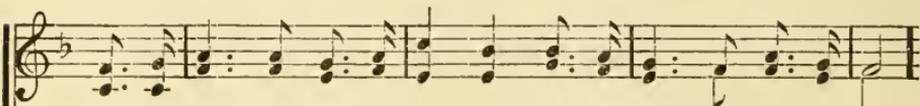
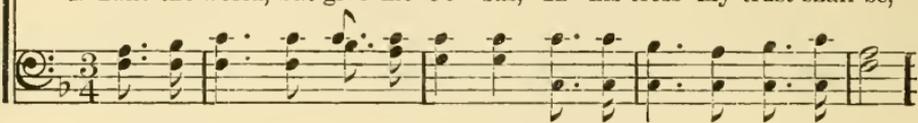
Give me Jesus.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

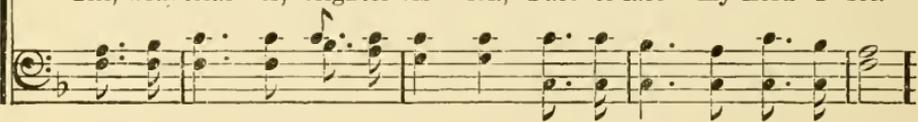
JNO R. SWENEY.



1. Take the world, but give me Je - sus,—All its joys are but a name;
2. Take the world, but give me Je - sus, Sweetest com - fort of my soul;
3. Take the world, but give me Je - sus, Let me view his constant smile;
4. Take the world, but give me Je - sus, In his cross my trust shall be,



But his love a - bid - eth ev - er, Thro' e - ter - nal years the same.
 With my Sav - iour watching o'er me I can sing, though billows roll.
 Then throughout my pilgrim jour - ney Light will cheer me all the while.
 Till, with clear - er, brighter vis - ion, Face to face my Lord I see.



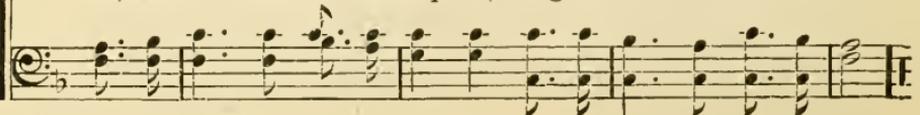
CHORUS.



Oh, the height and depth of mer - cy! Oh, the length and breadth of love!



Oh, the ful - ness of redemption, Pledge of end - less life a - bove!



Receive me as I am.

59

MARIANNE FARMINGHAM.

T. C. O'KANE.

1. "Just as I am," thine own to be, Friend of the young, who lovest me; To
 2. In the glad morning of my day, My life to give, my vow to pay, With
 3. I would live ev - er in the light, I would work ever for the right, I

con - se - crate my - self to thee, O Je - sus Christ, I come, I come!
 no re - serve and no de - lay, With all my heart, I come, I come!
 would serve thee with all my might, Therefore to thee I come, I come!

REFRAIN.

I come, O bless - ed Lord, to thee, To thee, the all - a - toning Lamb, Thine

ev - er, on - ly thine to be,—Re - ceive me, Lord, "Just as I am."

4 With many dreams of fame and gold,
 Success and joy to make me bold;
 But, dearer still, my faith to hold,
 For my whole life I come, I come!

5 And for thy sake to win renown,
 And then to take my victor's crown,
 And at thy feet to cast it down,
 O Master, Lord, I come, I come!

Meet me There.

HENRIETTA E. BLAIR.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. On the happy, golden shore, Where the faithful part no more, When the
 2. Here our fondest hopes are vain, Dearest links are rent in twain; But in
 3. Where the harps of angels ring, And the blest for-ev - er sing, In the

storms of life are o'er, Meet me there; Where the night dissolves away Into
 heav'n no thro' of pain, Meet me there; By the river sparkling bright, In the
 palace of the King, Meet me there; Where in sweet communion blend Heart with

8: pure and perfect day, I am going home to stay, Meet me there.
 ci - ty of delight, Where our faith is lost in sight, Meet me there.
 heart, and friend with friend, In a world that ne'er shall end, Meet me there.

Fine.

D.S.—happy golden shore, Where the faithful part no more, Meet me there.

CHORUS.

Meet me there, Meet me there, Where the tree of life is

D.S.
 blooming, Meet me there; When the storms of life are o'er, On the
 Meet me there;

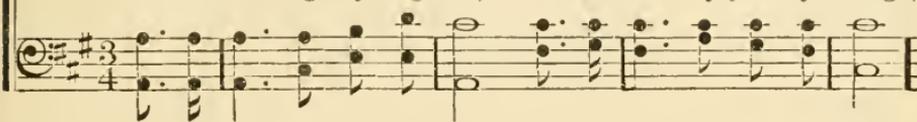
Trusting Jesus, Saviour Dear. 61

ANON.

T. C. O'KANE.



1. Saviour, hap - py would I be, If I could but trust in thee;
2. Trust thy sav - ing love and power, Trust thee ev - 'ry day and hour;
3. Trust in joy and trust in grief, Trust thy prom - ise for re - lief;
4. Trust thee liv - ing, dy - ing too, Trust thee all my journey through,



Trust thy wis - dom me to guide, Trust thy good - ness to pro - vide.
Trust in sick - ness and in health, Trust in pov - er - ty and wealth.
Trust thy blood to cleanse my soul, Trust thy grace to make me whole.
Trust thee till my soul shall be Whol - ly swallowed up in thee.



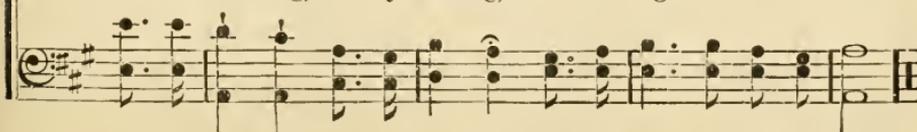
CHORUS.



Simply trust - ing, on - ly trust - ing, Trusting Je - sus, Saviour dear;



While I'm trusting, on - ly trusting, There is naught that I can fear.



PRISCILLA J. OWENS.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

Question in italics responses in roman type.

1. *Steersman, steersman, the channel's rough and dark, The waves roll high, the*
 2. *Steersman, steersman, the stars are wrapped in mist. The Pol-ar star still*
 3. *Steersman, steersman, how wild the tempest raves! The floods may swell, but*

winds sweep by. Now whither speeds thy bark? Now whither speeds thy bark?
 beams a - far On hills of am - e - thyst, On hills of am - e - thyst.
 all is well, While Jesus walks the waves, While Jesus walks the waves.

Sail - ing, sail - ing, to reach a glorious home, Tho' storms assail we
 Sail - ing, sail - ing, to find a bet - ter land, No wind that blows our
 Sail - ing, sail - ing, to find a happier shore, A pathway bright shines

CHORUS.

dare the gale, For Je - sus bids us come. Sail - - ing o'er the
 hope o'erthrows, While Christ waits on the strand.
 through the night, Where friends have gone before. Sail - ing, sail - ing,

rest - less tide, Sail - - - ing thro' the gale we glide,
 Sail - ing, sail - ing

There, . . . beyond the billows foam, We see the lights of home.

There, beyond, beyond

Brought Back.

H. L. GILMOUR.

Arr. by J. J. H.

1. { How restless the soul of the wand' rer from Jesus! No spot in the wide world can
Unconscious he drifts on the waves of his folly. Still farther and farther a-

2. { His soul in sad exile now longs for the homestead, And deep'ning convictions are
He hears as in childhood, those sweet words of Jesus, "Come, all ye that labor, and

D.C.—And chords of "sweet home," that have long been reposing,

By fingers unseen are a-

D.C. He ventures in weakness, but strength is imparted, And gladly he's welcomed by

Fine.

comfort afford. } Yet still there are moments of fond recollection,
way from his Lord. } When bright scenes of
tossing his breast. } He listens! the Spirit repeats the sweet message,
I'll give you rest. } And turning from

wakened anew.
Father at home.

D.C. 3 New songs of rejoicing now thrill that old
homestead, [for his feet;
The best robe brought forth, ring and shoes
He's clad in the garments his Father pro-
vided, [plete.

childhood come fresh to his view,
fol-ly no longer to roam,
Has feasting for famine, and resting com-
Come, ye that are wand'ring, now haste to
the Saviour.

He patiently lingers to lavish his love;
His arm is outstretched to rescue the needy,
And bring you to mansions he's promised
above.

I'm Redeemed.

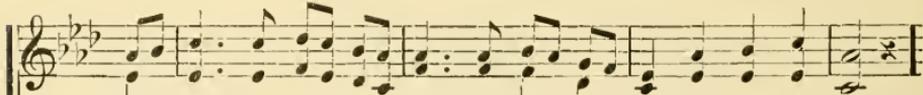
T. C. O'K.

"Behold the Lamb of God."—John i: 29.

T. C. O'KANE.



1. Oh, sing of Je - sus, "Lamb of God," Who died on Cal - va - ry,
2. O wondrous power of love di - vine! So pure, so full, so free!
3. All glo - ry now to Christ the Lord, And ev - ermore shall be;



And for a ran - som shed his blood, For you and e - ven me.
It reach - es out to all mankind, Em - brac - es e - ven me.
He hath redeemed a world from sin, And ransomed e - ven me.



REFRAIN.



I'm re - deemed, . . . I'm re - deemed, . . . Through the

I'm redeemed,

I'm redeemed,



blood of the Lamb that was slain; . . . I'm redeemed, . . .

of the Lamb that was slain,

I'm redeemed,



I'm re - deemed, . . . Hal - le - lu - jah un - to his name.

I'm redeemed,



Calvary.

65

"The place which is called Calvary, there they crucified him."

Rev. W. M'K. DARWOOD.

Luke xxiii. 33.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. On Calv'ry's brow my Saviour died, 'Twas there my
2. 'Mid rending rocks and dark'ning skies, My Saviour
3. O Je-sus, Lord, how can it be, That thou shouldst

Lord was cruci - fied: 'Twas on the cross he bled for
bows his head and dies; The opening veil reveals the
give thy life for me, To bear the cross and ag-o-

me, And purchased there my par-don free.
way To heaven's joys and endless day.
ny,— In that dread hour on Cal - va - ry!—

mf CHORUS. *p* *m* *p* *pp*
O Cal - va - ry! dark Calva - ry! Where Jesus shed his blood for me, for me;

mf *ff* *mf* *rit. p*
O Cal - va - ry! blest Cal - va - ry! 'Twas there my Saviour died for me.

I Want to be a Worker.

I. B.

"The laborers are few."—Matt. ix. 27.

I. BALTZELL.

1. I want to be a worker for the Lord, I want to love and trust his holy
 2. I want to be a worker ev-'ry day, I want to lead the erring in the
 3. I want to be a worker strong and brave, I want to trust in Jesus' pow'r to
 4. I want to be a worker; help me, Lord, To lead the lost and erring to thy

word; I want to sing and pray, and be bu-sy ev-'ry day In the
 way That leads to heav'n above, where all is peace and love In the
 save; All who will tru-ly come, shall find a hap-py home In the
 word That points to joy on high, where pleasures never die In the

CHORUS.

1. vineyard of the Lord. I will work, I will pray, In the
 2, 3, 4. kingdom of the Lord. I will work and pray, I will work and pray,

vineyard, in the vineyard of the Lord; of the Lord; I will work, I will

pray, I will la-bor ev-'ry day In the vineyard of the Lord.

Make me a Worker for Jesus. 67

EBEN E. REXFORD. "And every man to his work."—Mark xiii. 34.

T. C. O'KANE.



1. Make me a work-er for Je - sus, Steadfast and earnest and true ;
2. Let me be brave in the con - flict, Read - y to go where he needs,
3. Let me go out to the har - vest, Faithful - ly doing my part,
4. Make me a work-er for Je - sus, Trusting him nev - er in vain,



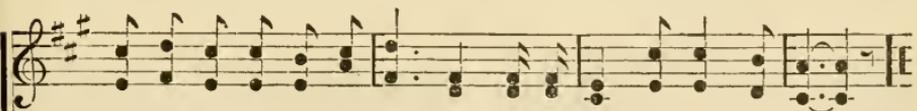
Willing to work for the Mas - ter, What he would have me to do.
Sowing good seed for the har - vest, Plucking up bri - ars and weeds.
Gathering sheaves for the glean - ing, Steadfast of purpose and heart.
Glad if I bind for the Mas - ter Sheaves of God's beautiful grain.



CHORUS.



Make me a worker for Je - sus, Humble my la - bor may be, But



cheer - ful - ly done for the Mas - ter, Who hath done great things for me.



Tell it Out with Gladness.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

Moderato.

1. Are you hap- py in the Lord, Tell it out with gladness; Are you
 2. Are you walking in the light, Tell it out with gladness; Is your
 3. Do you love the place of prayer, Tell it out with gladness; Do you

trusting in his word, Tell it out with gladness; If a Saviour's love you feel,
 hope of glory bright, Tell it out with gladness; Have you perfect peace within,
 find a blessing there, Tell it out with gladness; While your thoughts on Jesus dwell,

Can your soul its power conceal? To the world your joy reveal, Tell it
 Are you try- ing still to win Constant victory o- ver sin, Tell it
 Does your soul with rapture swell? Can you say that all is well? Tell it

CHORUS.

out with gladness. Tell it out, tell it out, tell it out with gladness, Tell it

out, tell it out, tell it out with gladness, Tell the world . . . the joy you
 world the joy you feel, tell the

feel, Tell it out, tell it out with glad-ness.
world the joy you feel,

COWPER.

Glorious Fountain.

T. C. O'KANE.
By per.

1. { There is a fountain filled with blood, filled with blood, filled with blood,
And sinners, plung'd beneath that flood, beneath that flood, beneath that flood,
2. { The dy - ing thief rejoiced to see, rejoiced to see, rejoiced to see,
And there may I, tho' vile as he, tho' vile as he, tho' vile as he,

There is a fountain filled with blood, Drawn from Immanuel's veins, }
And sinners, plung'd beneath that flood, Lose all their guilty stains. }
The dy - ing thief rejoiced to see That fountain in his day, }
And there may I, tho' vile as he, Wash all my sins a - way. }

CHORUS.

Oh, glo - ri - ous fountain! Here will I stay, And in thee ev - er

Wash my sins a - way.

3 Thou dying Lamb, ||: thy precious blood: ||
Shall never lose its power,
Till all the ransomed ||: Church of God: ||
Are saved, to sin no more.

4 E'er since by faith ||: I saw the stream: ||
Thy flowing wounds supply,
Redeeming love ||: has been my theme, ||
And shall be till I die.

As Doves to their Windows.

W. E. PENN.

Isaiah lx : 8.

E. T. O'KANE.

1. As doves to their windows when darkness draws nigh, My soul in its
 2. The windows of heav- en stand o- pen and wide, Where earth's weary
 3. Then come, trembling sinner, no longer de - lay; As doves to their

longings to Jesus would fly; When dark waves of sorrow would over me
 pilgrims may ev - er a - bide; Then why do we tar - ry in darkness and
 windows, fly quickly a - way: Away from the sins that would sink thy poor

CHORUS.

roll, In Jesus, my Savionr, there's rest for my soul. As doves to their
 sin, While Jesus is waiting to welcome us in?
 soul, Where death's stormy billows eternal-ly roll.

windows when tem - - pests are high, . . . As doves to their
 As doves to their windows when tempests are high,

windows when dark- ness draws nigh; . . . There's refuge in Je - sus for
 As doves to their windows when darkness draws nigh; There's refuge in

each weary soul, When dark waves of sorrow would over it roll.
Je - sus for each weary soul,

I thirst, Thou wounded Lamb.

NICOLAUS L. ZINZENDORF. Chorus added.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. I thirst, thou wounded Lamb of God, To wash me in thy cleansing blood;
2. Take my poor heart, and let it be For- ev- er closed to all but thee:
3. How blest are they who still abide Close sheltered in thy bleeding side!
4. What are our works but sin and death, Till thou thy quickening Spirit breathe?

To dwell within thy wounds; then pain Is sweet, and life or death is gain.
Seal thou my breast, and let me wear That pledge of love for- ev- er there.
Who thence their life and strength derive, And by thee move, and in thee live.
Thou giv'st the power thy grace to move; O wondrous grace! O wondrous love!

D.S.—let my soul remain, For life or death with thee is gain.

CHORUS.

D.S.

I trust in thy redeeming blood, O wash me in the precious flood; Here, Saviour,

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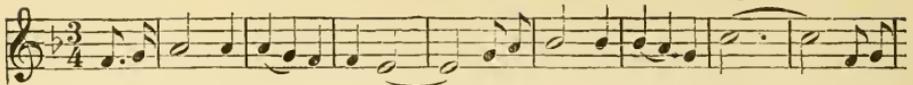
5 How can it be, thou heavenly King,
That thou shouldst us to glory bring?
Make slaves the partners of thy throne,
Decked with a never-fading crown?

6 Hence our hearts melt, our eyes o'erflow,
Our words are lost, nor will we know,
Nor will we think of aught beside,
"My Lord, my Love is crucified."

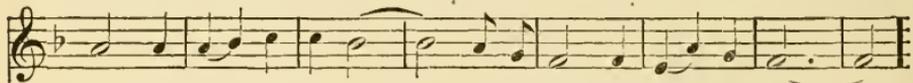
There's a Hand Held Out.

M. W. MORSE.

JNO. R. SWENEY.



1. There's a hand held out in pi-ty, There's a hand held out in love; It will
2. Oh, how gently will it lead us! Oh, how tender is its touch! 'Tis the
3. Yes, 'tis love to me, a sin-ner, Prompts this hand to reach so low, Striving
4. Shall I, to this hand extended, Pay no heed as it in-vites? Shall my



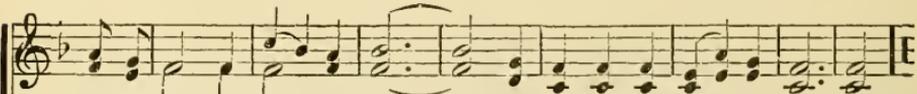
pi- lot to the ci- ty, Where our Father dwells a- bove.
 bless- ed hand of Je- sus; We all need it, oh, so much!
 thus to be the win- ner, Ere I reap what I shall sow.
 Sav- iour be of- fend- ed, Give I not to him his rights?



CHORUS.



There's a hand held out to you, to you, There's a hand held out to me, to me,



There's a hand that will prove true, Whatev- er our lot shall be.
 prove true,



- | | |
|--|---|
| <p>5 Nay, I would this proffered hand take,
 Knowing that it leads aright;
 Yes, I would this loving choice make;
 Trusting in his love and might.</p> | <p>6 Then, as hand in hand together
 With my Saviour, with my Friend,
 With my Christ, my Elder Brother,
 Let him lead till life shall end.</p> |
|--|---|

Throw Out the Life-Line.

73

(May be sung as a Solo and Chorus.)

Rev. E. S. UFFORD.

E. S. U. Arr. by GEO. C. STEBBINS.



1. Throw out the life-line a- cross the dark wave, There is a brother whom
2. Throw out the life-line with hand quick and strong: Why do you tarry, why
3. Throw out the life-line to danger-fraught men, Sinking in anguish where
4. Soon will the season of res-cue be o'er, Soon will they drift to e-



some one should save; Somebod - y's brother! oh, who then, will dare To
lin - ger so long? See! he is sinking, oh, hast - en to day—And
you've nev - er been: Winds of temptation and bil - lows of woe Will
ter - ni - ty's shore, Haste then, my brother, no time for de - lay, But



CHORUS.

throw out the life-line, his per - il to share? Throw out the life-line!
out with the life-boat! a - way, then, a - way
soon hurl them out where the dark waters flow.
throw out the life-line, and save them to - day.



Throw out the life-line! Some one is drifting a - way; Throw out the



life-line! Throw out the life-line! Some one is sinking to - day.



"This I did for Thee."

H. BONAR.

W. H. DOANE.

Slow.

1. I gave my life for thee, My precious blood I shed, That thou might'st ransom'd be,
 2. I spent long years for thee In weariness and woe, That one e-ter-ni-ty
 3. My Father's house of light, My rainbow-circled throne, I left for earthly night,
 4. I suffered much for thee,—More than my tongue can tell, Of bitterest agony;

And quickened from the dead; I gave my life for thee; What hast thou done for me?
 Of joy thou mightest know; I spent long years for thee; Hast thou spent one for me?
 For wand'rings sad and lone; I left it all all for thee; Hast thou left aught for me?
 To rescue thee from hell; I suffered much for thee; What dost thou bear for me?

CHORUS.

This I did for thee, What hast thou done for me?
 This I did for thee, What hast thou done for me? Yes,

This I did for thee, What hast thou done for me?
 this I did for thee,

5 And I have brought to thee,
 Down from my house above,
 Salvation full and free,
 My pardon and my love;
 Great gifts I brought to thee;
 What hast thou brought to me?

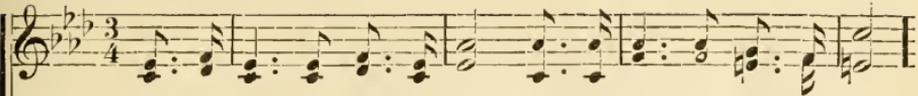
6 Oh, let thy life be given,
 Thy years for me be spent,
 World fetters all be riven,
 And joy with suffering blent;
 Give thou thyself to me,
 And I will welcome thee!

Once for all the Saviour Died.

75

Rev. J. H. MARTIN.

T. C. O'KANE.



1. Once for all the Saviour died, Christ the Lord was cru - ci - fied!
2. Once for all our sins he bore, Bought our peace for-ev - ermore;
3. Once for all the Saviour rose, Vic - tor o'er his might-y foes;
4. Once for all as - cending high, Throned and crowned above the sky;



Once for all he shed his blood, Bearing forth a pur - ple flood.
Once for all our debt he paid, Full, complete a - tonement made.
With their glorious King and Head, Saints shall waken from the dead.
There he in - tercedes and reigns,—Praise him in triumphant strains.



REFRAIN.



Oh, be - lieve him and be blest! Oh, re - ceive him and find rest!



All your sins shall be for - given, You shall reign with him in heaven.



Jesus Lives!

Rev. JOHN R. COLGAN.

A. F. MYERS. By per.

1. Mighty ar - my of the young, Lift the voice in cheer - ful song,
 2. Tongues of children light and free, Tongues of youth all full of glee,
 3. Je - sus lives, oh, bless - ed words! King of kings, and Lord of lords!

Send the welcome word along, Je - sus lives! Once he died for you and me,
 Sing to all on land and sea, Je - sus lives! Light for you and all mankind,
 Lift the cross and sheathe the sword, Je - sus lives! See, he breaks the prison wall,

Bore our sins up - on the tree, Now he lives to make us free, Je - sus lives!
 Sight for all by sin made blind, Life in Je - sus all may find, Je - sus lives!
 Throws aside the dreadful pall, Conquers death at once for all, Je - sus lives!

CHORUS.

Wait not till the shadows lengthen, till you old - er grow, Ral - ly now and
 Wait not, Sing,
 Wait not, wait not, Sing for

sing for Je - sus, ev - 'rywhere you go, Lift your joyful voices high,
 sing,
 Je - - sus,

Repeat chorus *pp.*
f rit.

Musical score for 'Jesus Lives!' featuring a treble and bass clef. The melody is in G major with two flats (F major) and a 4/4 time signature. The lyrics are: 'Ringing clear thro' earth and sky, Let the blessed tidings fly, Je-sus lives!' The piece concludes with a double bar line and repeat sign.

Rest, weary Heart.

L. H. EDMUNDS.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

Musical score for 'Rest, weary Heart.' in G major with two flats (F major), 4/4 time signature. The lyrics are: '1. Rest, weary heart, For Je-sus bids thee rest; Sweet comfort find Up- 2. Come, with thy fears, With all thy griefs to-day; His gen- tle hand Will 3. Tell him thy need, Yea, o - pen all thy heart; His mighty love Will 4. Rest, weary heart, Upon thy heavenly Friend; Till morning break, And' The piece concludes with a double bar line and repeat sign.

CHORUS.

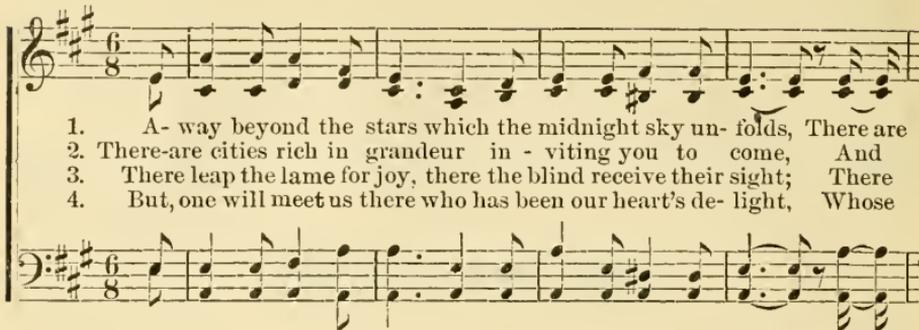
Musical score for the chorus of 'Rest, weary Heart.' in G major with two flats (F major), 6/8 time signature. The lyrics are: 'on his loving breast. Rest, rest, weary heart, rest, Rest, rest, weary heart, rest, wipe thy tears away. healing balm impart. earthly sorrows end.' The piece concludes with a double bar line and repeat sign.

Musical score for the final line of 'Rest, weary Heart.' in G major with two flats (F major), 7/8 time signature. The lyrics are: 'And find sweet comfort, find sweet comfort, find sweet comfort On thy Saviour's breast.' The piece concludes with a double bar line and repeat sign.

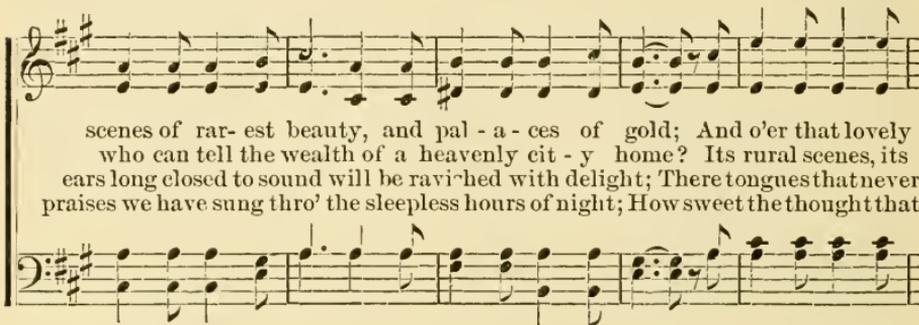
Brother, will You Go?

WM. WOODWARD.

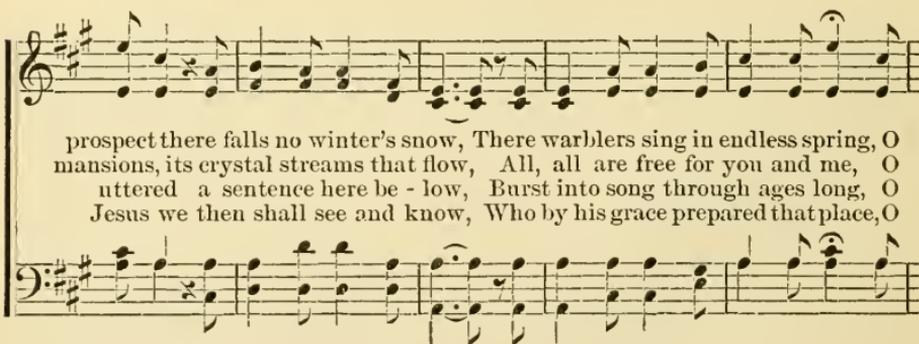
Mrs. W. V. BAKER.



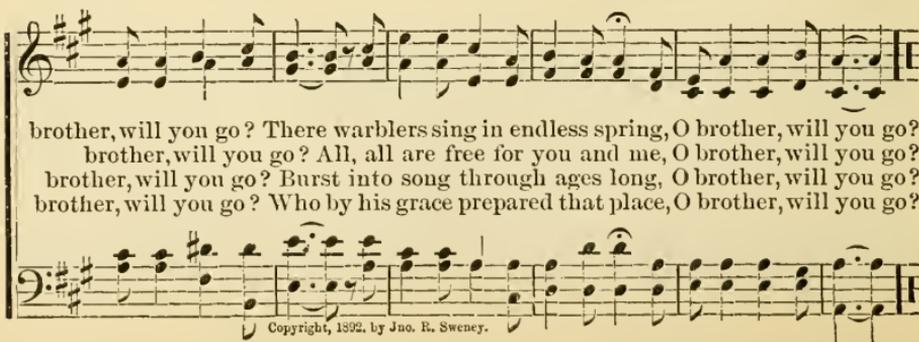
1. A-way beyond the stars which the midnight sky un-folds, There are
 2. There-are cities rich in grandeur in - viting you to come, And
 3. There leap the lame for joy, there the blind receive their sight; There
 4. But, one will meet us there who has been our heart's de- light, Whose



scenes of rar- est beauty, and pal - a - ces of gold; And o'er that lovely
 who can tell the wealth of a heavenly cit - y home? Its rural scenes, its
 ears long closed to sound will be ravi- hed with delight; There tongues that never
 praises we have sung thro' the sleepless hours of night; How sweet the thought that



prospect there falls no winter's snow, There warblers sing in endless spring, O
 mansions, its crystal streams that flow, All, all are free for you and me, O
 uttered a sentence here be - low, Burst into song through ages long, O
 Jesus we then shall see and know, Who by his grace prepared that place, O



brother, will you go? There warblers sing in endless spring, O brother, will you go?
 brother, will you go? All, all are free for you and me, O brother, will you go?
 brother, will you go? Burst into song through ages long, O brother, will you go?
 brother, will you go? Who by his grace prepared that place, O brother, will you go?

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The World is my Parish.

79

From the "Singing Pilgrim."

T. C. O'KANE. By per.

1. { Dis - ci - ples of Je - sus, why stand ye here i - dle? Go work in his vine-
The night is approaching, when no man can labor,
2. { Our field is the world, and our work is before us, To each is appoint-
At home or abroad, in the cottage or palace,

yard, he calls you to - day; Our Master commands us, and shall we delay?
ed a message to bear, Wherev - er di - rect - ed, our mission is there.

CHORUS.

The field is the world! The field is the world! Look up, for the harvest is near;

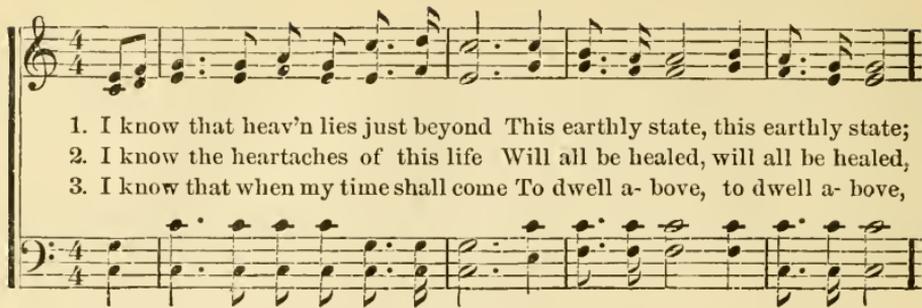
When the reapers from glory Will shout as they come,
And the Lord of the harvest appear.

- 3 Perhaps we are called from the highways and hedges,
To gather the lowly, despised, and oppressed;
If this be our duty, then why should we falter?
We'll do it, and trust to our Saviour the rest.
- 4 O'er islands that sleep in the wave-crested ocean,
We'll scatter the truth, and its fruit it shall bear;
O'er ice-covered regions and rock-girded mountains
The Lord will protect as his children are there.
- 5 Instead of the thorn shall the myrtle be planted;
The desert shall blossom and bloom as the rose;
The palm-tree rejoicing shall spread forth her branch
The lamb and the lion together repose.

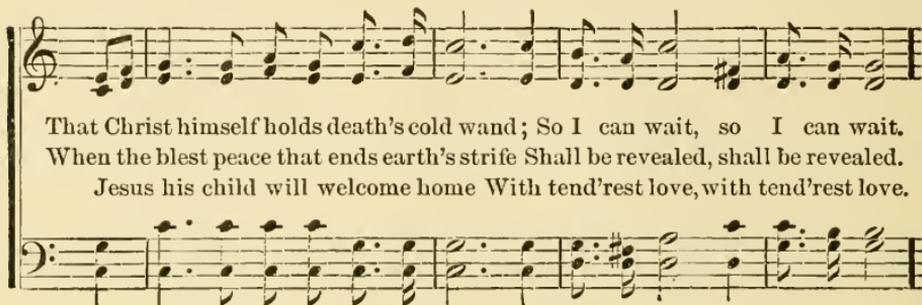
So I can Wait.

JULIA C. THOMPSON.

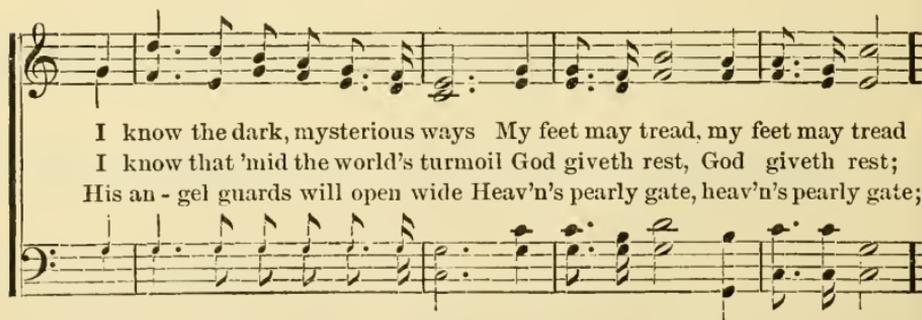
JNO. R. SWENEY.



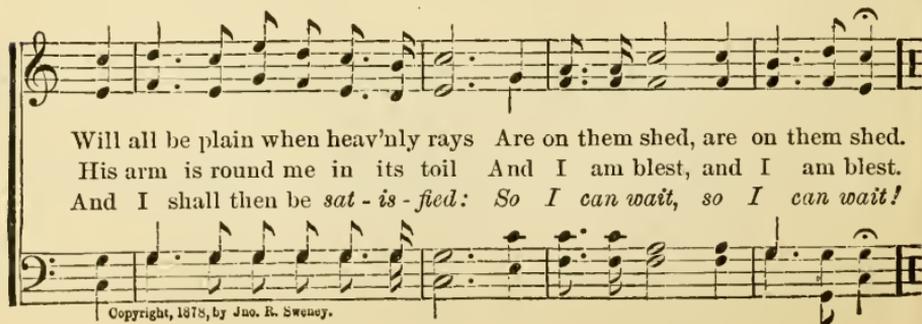
1. I know that heav'n lies just beyond This earthly state, this earthly state;
 2. I know the heartaches of this life Will all be healed, will all be healed,
 3. I know that when my time shall come To dwell a- bove, to dwell a- bove,



That Christ himself holds death's cold wand; So I can wait, so I can wait.
 When the blest peace that ends earth's strife Shall be revealed, shall be revealed.
 Jesus his child will welcome home With tend'rest love, with tend'rest love.



I know the dark, mysterious ways My feet may tread, my feet may tread
 I know that 'mid the world's turmoil God giveth rest, God giveth rest;
 His an - gel guards will open wide Heav'n's pearly gate, heav'n's pearly gate;



Will all be plain when heav'nly rays Are on them shed, are on them shed.
 His arm is round me in its toil And I am blest, and I am blest.
 And I shall then be *sat - is - fied*: So I can wait, so I can wait!

Let the Blessed Saviour in.

81

E. E. HEWITT.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Who stands out-side the clos-ed door? Rise and let him in.
 2. It is the Sav-iour calls to thee, Rise and let him in.
 3. In pa-tient love he pleading stands, Rise and let him in.
 4. All night he kept his vig-ils true; Rise and let him in.

Who is it knocking, o'er and o'er? Rise and let him in.
 He will come in and sup with thee, Rise and let him in.
 The nail prints still are in his hands, Rise and let him in.
 Be - hold his locks are wet with dew; Rise and let him in.

REFRAIN.

Let him in, Let him in, Let the bless-ed Sav-iour
 Let him in, Let him in,

in; He is standing at the door, He is knocking o'er and o'er,
 Let him in,

Let the blessed Sav-iour in.

5. O why should he be waiting now?
 Rise and let him in.
 Thy Lord, with glory-circled brow,
 Rise and let him in.

6. Beware, beware! undo the door;
 Rise and let him in.
 Let he should leave thee evermore,
 Rise and let him in.

Jesus is Passing By.

E. E. HEWITT.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. Come, contrite one, and seek his grace, Je - sus is passing by ;
 2. Come, hungry one, and tell your need, Je - sus is passing by ;
 3. Come, wea - ry one, and find sweet rest, Je - sus is passing by ;
 4. Come, burdened one, bring all your care, Je - sus is passing by ;

See in his rec - on - cil - ed face The sunshine of the sky.
 The Bread of Life your soul will feed, And ful - ly sat - is - fy.
 Come where the longing heart is blessed, And on his bos - om lie.
 The love that list - ens to your prayer Will "no good thing" de - ny.

CHORUS.

Pass - ing by, . . pass - ing by, . . Hasten to meet him on the way,
 Passing by, passing by, passing by, passing by,

Jesus is passing by to-day, Pass - ing by, . . pass - ing by.
 Passing by, passing by, passing by, passing by.

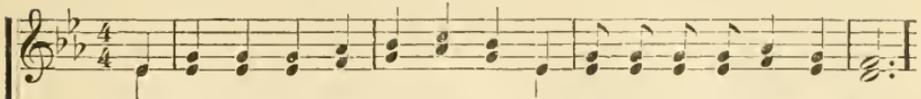
A Shelter in the Time of Storm.

83

"God is the rock of my refuge."—Ps. xciv : 22.

Words arranged.

A. J. SHOWALTER. By per.



1. The Lord's our Rock, in him we hide, A shelter in the time of storm ;
2. A shade by day, defence by night, A shelter in the time of storm ;
3. The raging storms may round us beat, A shelter in the time of storm ;
4. O Rock divine, O Refuge dear, A shelter in the time of storm ;



Se- cure whatev - er may be - tide, A shelter in the time of storm.
No fears a - larm, no foes affright, A shelter in the time of storm.
We'll nev - er leave this safe retreat, A shelter in the time of storm.
Be thou our helper ev - er near, A shelter in the time of storm.



CHORUS.



Oh, Jesus is a Rock in a weary land, A weary land, a weary land ;



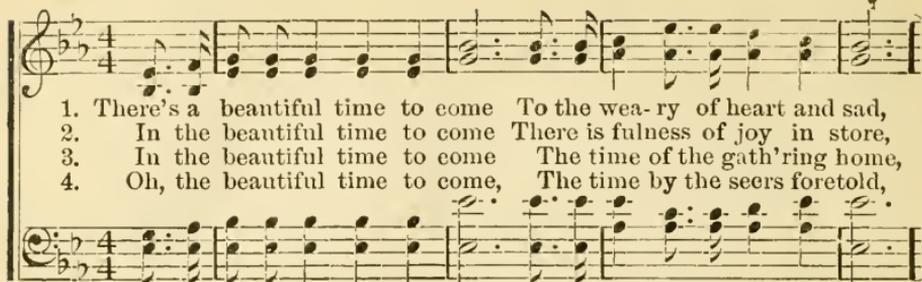
Jesus is a Rock in a weary land, A shelter in the time of storm.



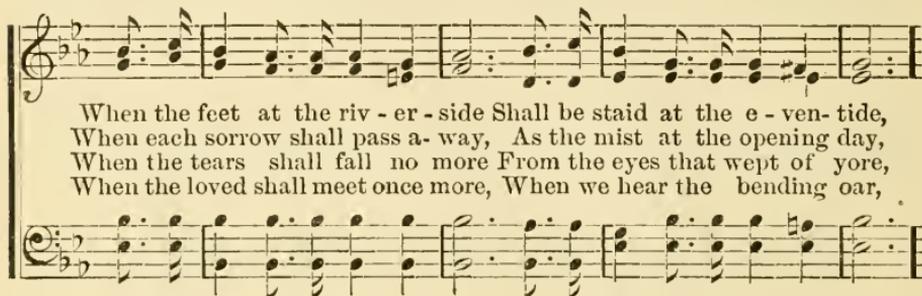
The Beautiful Time to Come.

Miss EMMA M. JOHNSTON.

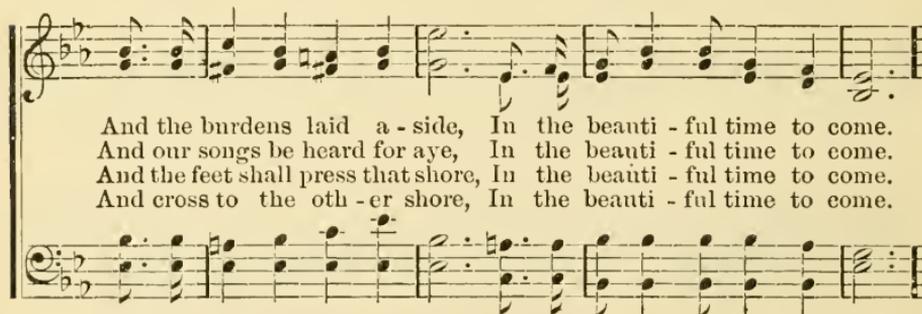
WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



1. There's a beautiful time to come To the wea-ry of heart and sad,
 2. In the beautiful time to come There is fulness of joy in store,
 3. In the beautiful time to come The time of the gath'ring home,
 4. Oh, the beautiful time to come, The time by the seers foretold,

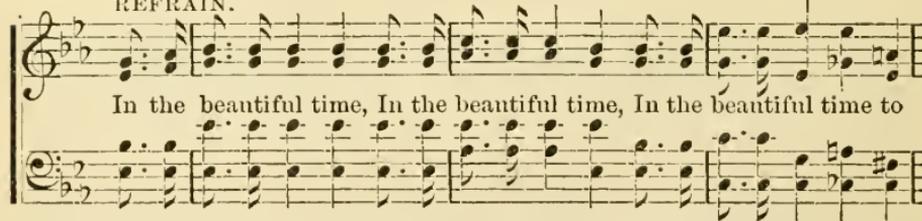


When the feet at the riv - er - side Shall be staid at the e - ven - tide,
 When each sorrow shall pass a - way, As the mist at the opening day,
 When the tears shall fall no more From the eyes that wept of yore,
 When the loved shall meet once more, When we hear the bending oar,



And the burdens laid a - side, In the beanti - ful time to come.
 And our songs be heard for aye, In the beanti - ful time to come.
 And the feet shall press that shore, In the beanti - ful time to come.
 And cross to the oth - er shore, In the beanti - ful time to come.

REFRAIN.



In the beautiful time, In the beautiful time, In the beautiful time to



come ; We shall rest alway, thro' eternal day, In the beautiful time to come.

My Fatherland.

85

Rev. W. HUNTER.

T. C. O'KANE.

1. There is a place where the angels dwell, A pure and a peaceful abode ;
2. There is a place where they never die, Where beauty and youth never fade ;
3. There is a place where my friends have gone Who suffered and worshiped with me,
4. There is a place where I hope to live, When life and its labors are o'er,—

The joys of that place no tongue can tell, But there is the palace of God.
Where never is heard the mournful cry, "My friend, my beloved is dead."
Ex - alted with Christ, high on his throne, The King in his beauty they see.
A place which the Lord to me will give, And then I shall sorrow no more.

CHORUS.

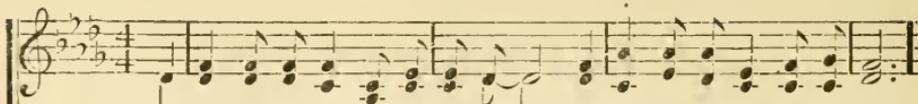
I'm bound for home, for my father-land, The house and the city a-bove ; And

soon shall I join the ransom'd band, And dwell in that city of love.

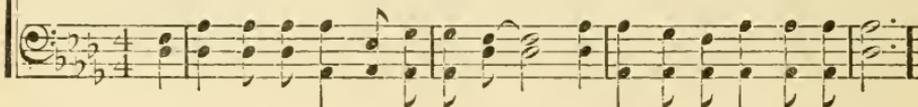
Fair Portals.

F. A. B.

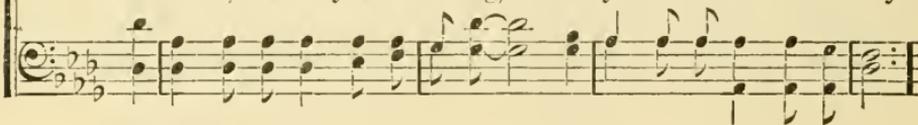
"He hath prepared for them a city."—Heb. xi. 16. F. A. BLACKMER.



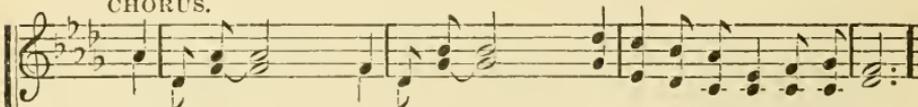
1. Swing back for one moment, fair portals Of that wondrous city, we pray ;
2. One glimpse shall our courage embolden, And brighten the whole of our way ;
3. We've read of that city's bright glory, That knows not the darkness of night ;
4. We've read of the Tree and the Riv-er, Life's water and fruit ev-er fair ;
5. Those gates we're approaching, how cheering! Oh, let us prove faithful alway ;



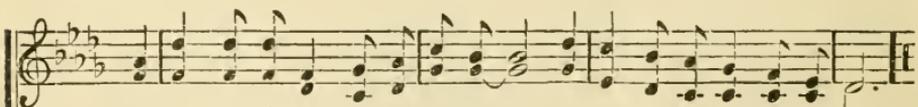
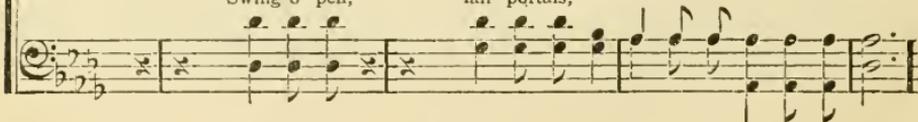
One glimpse, and the fears of these mortals Shall vanish forev - er away.
 Oh, why should the sight be withholden ? By faith we would view it to-day.
 And reading that wonderful sto - ry Has ravished our souls with delight.
 We've looked up in faith to the Giver, And prayed that we might enter there.
 And know, as the city we're nearing, That they shall to us some sweet day



CHORUS.



Swing o - pen, fair por - tals, A moment, and let us look thro' ;
Last v. Swing o - pen, those por - tals, And we shall in triumph go in,



One glimpse, and we faltering mor - tals To enter shall press on a - new.
 Where we shall as ransom'd immortals E - ter - nit - y blessed be - gin.



Showers of Blessing.

"And I will cause the shower to come down in his season."
Ezekiel xxxiv. 26.

JENNIE GARNETT.

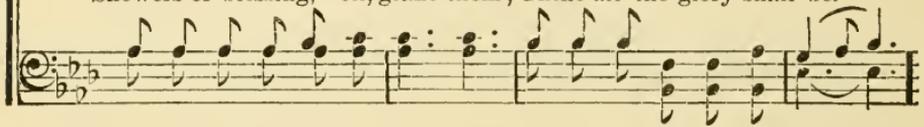
JNO. R. SWENEY.



1. Here in thy name we are gathered, Come and revive us, O Lord;
2. O that the showers of blessing Now on our souls may descend,
3. There shall be showers of blessing,—Promise that never can fail;
4. Showers of blessing,—we need them, Showers of blessing from thee;



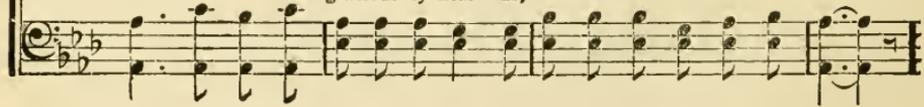
"There shall be showers of blessing" Thou hast declared in thy word.
While at the footstool of mercy Pleading thy promise we bend!
Thou wilt regard our petition; Surely our faith will prevail.
Showers of blessing,—oh, grant them; Thine all the glory shall be.



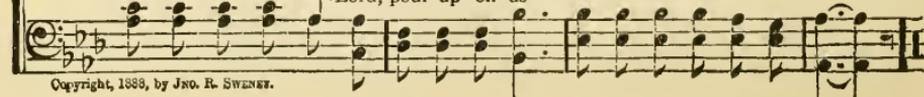
CHORUS.



Oh, graciously hear us, Graciously hear us, we pray:
graciously hear us,



Pour from thy windows upon us Showers of blessing to-day.
Lord, pour upon us



I Will Go.

89

MARTHA J. LANKTON.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



1. I will go, I can-not stay From the arms of love a-way ;
2. Though I long have tried in vain, Tried to break the tempter's chain
3. I am lost, and yet I know Earth can nev - er heal my woe ;
4. Something whispers in my soul, Though my sins like mountains roll,
5. I o - bey the Saviour's call, Now to him I yield my all,



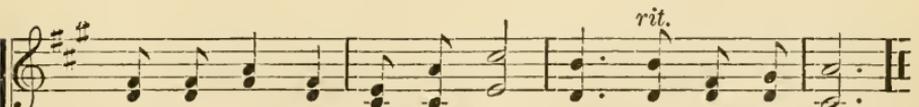
Oh, for strength of faith to say, Je - sus died for me.
Yet to-night I'll try a - gain, Je - sus, help thou me.
I will rise at once and go, Je - sus died for me.
Je - sus' blood will make me whole, Je - sus died for me.
At his feet, where oth - ers fall, There's a place for me.



CHORUS.



Can it be, oh, can it be There is hope for one like me?



I will go with this my plea, Je - sus died for me.



Glorious as the Light.

"And they shall be mine, saith the Lord of hosts, in that day when I
L. W. SMITH. make up my jewels."—Mal. iii : 17. F. A. BLACKMER.

1. When the jewels of earth shall be gather'd, They with glory effulgent shall shine,
2. What a host there will be of the sav'd ones! Like the stars of the night, we are told,
3. They are those who have follow'd the Saviour, Out of ev-er-y nation and tribe,
4. "Thou art worthy, O Christ," they are singing,
"Who hath died, all our race to redeem."

As they come to the gates of that city, Sweeping in thro' its portals divine.
As they march in their strength and their grandeur,
Thro' the bright, shining streets of pure gold.
Who have come thro' a great tribulation, Praises loud they to Jesus ascribe.
"Hallelujah!" the grand swelling chorus, And his love everlasting their theme.

CHORUS.

Glo-ri-ous as the light of the king - - - - - dom! Glo-ri-ous as the
Glo-ri-ous as the light,

bright, ris - ing sun. Oh, what a rapturous sight, In that
as the bright, ris - ing sun.

heav'nly home so bright,—As glo-ri-ous as the light of the kingdom!

A Blessing in Prayer.

91

E. E. HEWITT.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



1. There is rest, sweet rest, at the Master's feet, There is favor now at the
2. There is grace to help in our time of need, For our friend above is a
3. When our songs are glad with the joy of life, When our hearts are sad with its
4. There is perfect peace though the wild waves roll; There are gifts of love for the



mer - cy seat, For a - ton - ing blood has been sprinkled there; There is friend in - deed, We may cast on him ev - 'ry grief and care; There is ill - s and strife, When the powers of sin would the soul ensnare, There is seek - ing soul; Till we praise the Lord in his home so fair, There is



always a blessing, a blessing in prayer. There's a blessing in prayer, in be -



lieving prayer; When our Saviour's name to the throne we bear, Then a Father's



love will receive us there; There is always a blessing, a blessing in prayer.



Blessed be the Name.

W. H. CLARK.

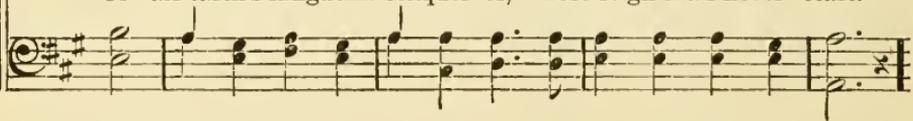
Arranged by WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



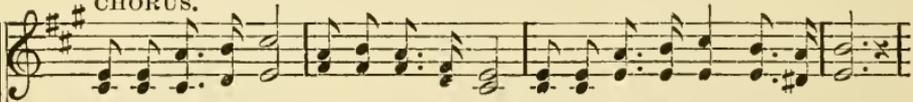
1. All praise to Him who reigns a-bove, In ma - jes - ty su - preme,
2. His name a - bove all names shall stand, Exalt - ed more and more,
3. Re - deem - er, Saviour, Friend of man Once ru - ined by the fall,
4. His name shall be the Counsel - lor, The might - y Prince of Peace,



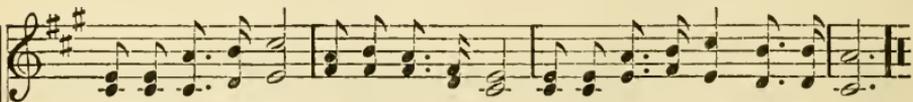
Who gave his Son for man to die, That he might man re - deem.
 At God the Father's own right hand, Where angel hosts a - dore.
 Thou hast devised sal - vation's plan, For thou hast died for all.
 Of all earth's kingdoms conquer - or, Whose reign shall never cease.



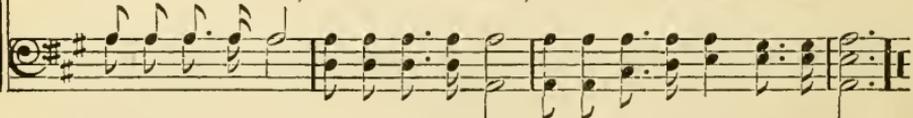
CHORUS.



Blessed be the name, blessed be the name, Blessed be the name of the Lord;



Blessed be the name, blessed be the name, Blessed be the name of the Lord.



- | | |
|--|--|
| <p>5 The ransomed hosts to thee shall bring
 Their praise and homage meet;
 With rapturous awe adore their King,
 And worship at his feet.</p> | <p>6 Then shall we know as we are known,
 And in that world above
 Forever sing around the throne
 His everlasting love.</p> |
|--|--|

Is my Name written There?

93

M. A. K.

FRANK M. DAVIS. By per.

1. Lord, I care not for rich - es, Neither sil - ver nor gold; I would make sure of
2. Lord, my sins they are ma - ny, Like the sands of the sea, But thy blood, Oh, my
3. Oh ! that beau - ti - ful cit - y, With its mansions of light, With its glo - ri - fied

heaven, I would en - ter the fold. In the book of thy kingdom, With its
Sa - viour ! Is suf - fi - cient for me; For thy promise is written, In bright
be - ings, In pure garments of white; Where no - evil thing cometh, To de -

pa - ges so fair, Tell me, Je - sus, my Sav - iour, Is my name written there ?
let - ters that glow, "Though your sins be as scarlet, I will make them like snow."
spoil what is fair; Where the angels are watching, — Is my name written there ?

CHORUS.

Is my name writ - ten there, On the page white and fair ?

In the book of thy king - dom, Is my name writ - ten there ?

Only Believe.

EMMA M. JOHNSTON.

Mark v. 36.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Oh, why should we wres - tle with fears And doubts, which the
 2. His word is as - sur - ance com - plete; Thy sins and thine
 3. How ea - sy the terms of his grace: 'Tis on - ly to

Spir - it must grieve? And why should we languish in sor - row and tears,
 i - dols now leave; Come, pleading his promise, and fall at his feet,
 ask and re - ceive; The seal of his fav - or, the smile of his face,

CHORUS.

When there's nothing to do but be - lieve. Be - lieve, be -
 Then you've nothing to do but be - lieve.
 Are for those who will on - ly be - lieve. Be - lieve, be - lieve,

lieve, On - ly on Je - sus be - lieve; Sal - va - tion is
 be - lieve,

wait - ing for you and for me, There is nothing to do but be - lieve.

Rock in the Desert.

95

FANNY J. CROSEY.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. Rock in the des - ert, my shield from the blast, Under thy shadow I'm
2. Rock in the des - ert, how lovely the star Guiding my footsteps from
3. Rock in the des - ert, how peaceful my rest, Kindly protect - ed, no
4. Rock in the des - ert, O Saviour di - vine, Thou art my refuge, no

hid - ing at last; Dear is thy ref - nge, and welcome to me; Rock in the
wand'ring a - far; Now I am hap - py, thy shelter I see; Rock in the
longer oppress'd; Long have I thirsted for streams cool and free. Rock in the
love is like thine; Thou my Redeem - er art gracious to me; Rock in the

CHORUS.

des - ert, my soul flies to thee. My soul flies to thee,
des - ert, my faith clings to thee. My soul flies to thee,
des - ert, I find them in thee. My soul flies to thee, My soul flies to thee,
des - ert, I live but to thee.

My soul flies to thee: Rock in the desert,
My soul flies to thee, My soul flies to thee;

Rock in the des - ert, Rock in the des - ert, my soul flies to thee.

LIZZIE EDWARDS.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. In thy book, where glory bright Shines with never - fad - ing light,
 2. In the book, whose pages tell Who have tried to serve thee well,
 3. In the book, where thou dost keep Record still of years that sleep,
 4. O my Saviour, thou canst show What I long so much to know:

Where thy saved thou wilt re - cord, Write my name, my name, O Lord.
 O'er my name let mer - cy trace Child of God, redeemed by grace.
 Let my name be writ - ten down Heir to life's im - mor - tal crown.
 Let my faith be - hold and see That my life is hid with thee.

CHORUS.

Write my name in the book of life, Lamb of God, write it there;

Where thy saved thou wilt re - cord Write my name, my name, O Lord.

Look and Live.

97

W. A. O.

W. A. OGDEN

1. I've a mes - sage from the Lord, Hal - le - lu - jah! The
 2. I've a mes - sage full of love, Hal - le - lu - jah! A
 3. Life is of - fered un - to thee, Hal - le - lu - jah! E -
 4. I will tell you how I came, Hal - le - lu - jah! To

mes - sage un - to you I'll give, 'Tis re - cord - ed in his word,
 mes - sage, oh! my friend, for you, 'Tis a mes - sage from a - bove,
 ter - nal life thy soul shall have, If you'll on - ly look to him,
 Je - sus, when he made me whole; 'Twas be - liev - ing on his name,
D.S.—'Tis re - cord - ed in his word,

Fine.
 Hal - le - lu - jah! It is on - ly that you "look and live."
 Hal - le - lu - jah! Je - sus said it, and I know 'tis true.
 'Hal - le - lu - jah! Look to Je - sus who a - lone can save.
 Hal - le - lu - jah! I trust - ed and he saved my soul.
 Hal - le - lu - jah! It is on - ly that you "look and live."

CHORUS. *D.S.*
 Look and live, . . . my brother, live, Look to Je - sus now and live;
 look and live, look and live,

Decide To-night.

W. A. S.

"How long halt ye?" 1 Kings xviii: 21.

Rev. W. A. SPENCER, D. D.

Slow and with expression.

- | | |
|--|-----------------------------|
| 1. Some go away from the house to-night | Pur - i - fied from sin; |
| 2. Some will go out from the house of pray'r | Hardened by de - lay; |
| 3. Some will go out from the house to-night | Full of trust in God; |
| 4. Waiting a mo - ment more for thee, | Je - sus still en - treats; |



CHO.—Going a-way from Christ to-night, Away from his lov- ing care;



Oth- ers re-ject the precious light, And go a-way un- clean:
Yield- ing to Sa- tan's lur- ing snare, Will hope- less turn a- way:
Hap- py in heart, made pure and white, By Je- sus' pre- cious blood:
Soon will the knock- ing end- ed be, That now thy closed heart beats:



Go- ing a- way from bless- ed light To dark- ness and de- spair.



Lov- ing- ly still the Sav- iour stands, Plead- ing with thy heart;
Nev- er- more shall the Spir- it plead At the bolt- ed door;
Go not a- way, poor wand'r- er, stay Till thou too art free!
Stay, sin- ner, stay at Mer- cy's door, Seek the o- pen gate;

*D. C. Chorus.*

Pat- iently knock- s with his bleed- ing hands, Unwill- ing to de- part.
Now is the hour of thy soul's great need, 'Tis now or nev- er- more.
Walk- ing with Christ in life's hap- py way, Most bless- ed shalt thou be.
Sin- ner, de- cide now, lest hope be o'er, And thou shouldst be too late.



Jesus for Me.

99

W. J. K.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



1. Je - sus, my Saviour, is all things to me, Oh, what a won - derful
2. Je - sus in sickness, and Je - sus in health, Je - sus in pov - er - ty,
3. He is my Refuge, my Rock, and my Tower, He is my Fortress, my
4. He is my Prophet, my Priest and my King, He is my Bread of Life,
5. Je - sus in sorrow, in joy, or in pain, Je - sus my Treasure in



Sav - iour is he: Guiding, pro - tect - ing, o'er life's rolling sea,
 com - fort or wealth, Sunshine or tem - pest, whatev - er it be,
 Strength and my power; Life Ev - er - last - ing, my Day'sman is he,
 Fountain and Spring; Bright Sun of Righteousness, Day-star is he,
 loss or in gain; Constant Com - pan - ion, where'er I may be,



Might - y De - liv' - rer— Je - sus for me. Je - sus for me,
 He is my safe - ty:— Je - sus for me.
 Bless - ed Re - deem - er— Je - sus for me.
 Horn of Sal - va - tion— Je - sus for me.
 Liv - ing or dy - ing— Je - sus for me!



Je - sus for me, All the time, ev - 'rywhere, Je - sus for me.



Do Something To-day.

LANTA WILSON SMITH.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. You're longing to work for the Master, Yet waiting for something to do ;
 2. Go rescue that wandering brother Who sinks 'neath his burden of woe,
 3. Go sing happy songs of rejoicing With those who no sorrows have known ;
 4. O never, my brother, stand waiting, Be willing to do what you can ;

You fancy the future is holding Some wonderful mission for you ;
 A single kind action may save him, If love and compassion you show ;
 Go weep with the heart-broken mourner, Go comfort the sad and the lone ;
 The humblest service is need-ed, To fill out the Father's great plan ;

But while you are waiting the moments Are rapid-ly passing a - way ;
 Don't shrink from the vilest about you, If you can but lead them from sin ;
 From pitfalls and snares of the tempter Go rescue the thoughtless and wild :
 Be earning your stars of rejoic - ing While earth-life is passing a - way ;

O brother, awake from your dreaming, Do something for Jesus to - day.
 For this is the grandest of missions,— Lost souls for the Master to win.
 Go win from pale lips a 'God bless you,' Go brighten the life of a child.
 Win some one to meet you in glo - ry,— Do something for Jesus to - day.

CHORUS.

Do something, do something, Do something for Jesus to - day ;
Do something, do something,

O brother, the moments are passing, Do something for Jesus to - day.

Jesus will Meet You There.

W. L. K.

W. LEWIS KANE.

1. { Come to Calv'ry's mount to - day, Je - sus will meet you there ; }
{ Look and live without de - lay, Je - sus will meet you there. }

CHORUS.

Come to Jesus, Don't stay away, my friend ; Come to Jesus, Dont stay away.

2 Rest beneath the hallowed cross,
Jesus will meet you there ;
Saving mercy gained for loss,
Jesus will meet you there.

3 Come and join his faithful band,
Jesus will meet you there ;
Take his mighty, helping hand,
Jesus will meet you there.

4 At the blessed mercy seat,
Jesus will meet you there ;
Come with this assurance sweet,
Jesus will meet you there.

5 You'll find rest in heaven at last,
Jesus will meet you there ;
And be happy with the blest,
Jesus will meet you there.

102 Light will Greet Thee By and By.

LATTA C. LORD.

L. B. SHOOK. By per.



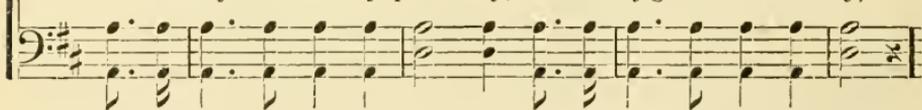
1. Is thy trembling heart a-wea - ry? Are thy footsteps almost gone?
2. Is thy spir - it sad with - in thee? Raise thy heart in earnest prayer;
3. Has thy spir - it grown a-wea - ry? Do not fal - ter in the strife;



Does life seem a bur - den drear - y? Courage, brother, struggle on!
Trust a Father's lov - ing kindness, Trust a Father's tender care;
God has work for thee, my brother, As thou tread'st the path of life;



Bear it patient - ly and brave - ly, Do not stop to weep or sigh;
Call up - on him in thy sor - row, He will hear thy falt'ring cry;
Darkness may obscure thy path - way, Clouds may gather in the sky,



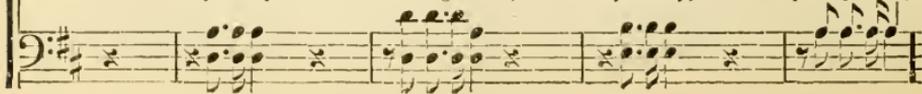
Aft - er night the morning dawneth, Light will greet thee by and by.
Tho' thou seest no sign of dawneth, Light will greet thee by and by.
Storms may rage, but do not fal - ter, Light will greet thee by and by.



CHORUS.



By and by . . . the morning dawneth, By and by, . . . yes, by and by;
By and by the morning dawns, By and by, yes, by and by;



Tho' thou seest no signs of dawning, Light will greet thee by and by.
 Tho' thou seest no signs of dawning, Light will greet thee by and by, yes, by and by.

Flash the Toplights.

ARTHUR W. FRENCH.

FRANK M. DAVIS.

1. Out to sea 'midst stormy gales, When the gospel's good ship sails,
2. There are wrecks on ev - 'ry side, Cries for help a - cross the tide,
3. That the wreck'd ones all may hear, Knowing sure - ly help is near,

Let each warning sig - nal light Up a - loft be burn - ing bright.
 So that ev - 'ry one may see, Let the lights shine full and free.
 Out at sea, a - long the strand, Trumpet still this one command.

CHORUS.

Flash the toplights far and wide! Tempest-tossed up - on the tide

Some poor sin - ner they may save, As they gleam a - cross the wave.

What will You do?

F. G. BURROUGHS.

ADAM GEIBEL.

1. What will you do with the King called Je - sus? Ma - ny are waiting to
 2. What will you do for the King called Je - sus, He who for you left his
 3. What will you do with the King called Je - sus,—Who will submit to his

hear you say,—Some have despised him, reject - ing his mercy, What will you
 throne a - bove, Here 'mid the low - ly and sin - ful to la - bor, Dai - ly un -
 gentle sway? Where are the hearts ready now to enthrone him? Who will his

do with your King to - day? What can you witness concerning his goodness,
 folding his Father's love. Look on the fields white already to harvest,
 kind commands o - bey? Come with your ointments most costly and precious,

Who died to save you from sin's bitter thrall? Who will declare him the
 Who now is willing to toil with the few? What will you do for the
 Pour out your gifts at the dear Saviour's feet; Ren - der to him all your

fair - est of thousands? Who now will crown him the Lord of all?
 dear Saviour, Je - sus? Lo, he is wait - ing, he calls for you!
 loy - al de - vo - tion; Seek to ex - alt him by prais - es meet.

CHORUS. *Voices in unison.* Λ

What will you do with the King called Jesus? What, oh, what will you do with Jesus?

Voices in parts.

He waits to bless all who humbly confess Faith in his blood and righteousness.

One More Witness for Christ.

J. M. H. "For thou shalt be his witness unto all men."—Acts xxii: 15. J. M. HUNT.

1st.

1. { One more witness for Christ to-night, Holding his banner un - furled;
One more soldier arrayed to fight, Batt'ling a - - -

2d. CHORUS.

gainst the world. Bless - ed Redeem - er, Bless - ed Re-
Blessed Redeemer, by thee we will stand, Marching, if onward shall

deem - er, Bless - ed Redeem - er, We'll give the praise to thee.
be the command, Ever unfurled shall thy banner be;

From "Gospel Alarm," by per.

- | | |
|--|---|
| <p>2 One more soul is redeemed from sin,
Washed in the blood of the Lamb;
One more heart that was tossed within,
Now has perpetual calm.</p> | <p>3 Help us, Saviour, the vict'ry gain,
Under thy banner of love;
Ever, then, shall we praise thy name,
And dwell with thee above.</p> |
|--|---|

Sunshine in the Soul.

E. E. HEWITT.

JNO. P. SWENEY.

1. There's sunshine in my soul to-day, More glo - ri - ous and bright Than
 2. There's mu - sic in my soul to-day, A car - ol to my King, And
 3. There's springtime in my soul to-day, For when the Lord is near The,
 4. There's gladness in my soul to-day, And hope, and praise, and love, For

REFRAIN.

glows in an - y earthly sky, For Je - sus is my light. Oh, there's
 Je - sus, list - ening, can hear The songs I can - not sing.
 dove of peace sings in my heart, The flowers of grace ap - pear.
 blessings which he gives me now, For joys "laid up" a - bove.

sun - - shine, blessed sun - - shine, When the peaceful, happy moments
 sunshine in the soul, bless - ed sunshine in the soul,

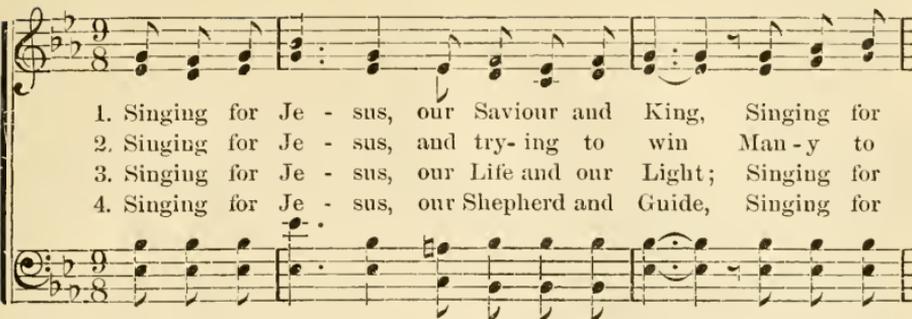
roll ; When Jesus shows his smiling face There is sunshine in the soul.
 happy moments roll ;

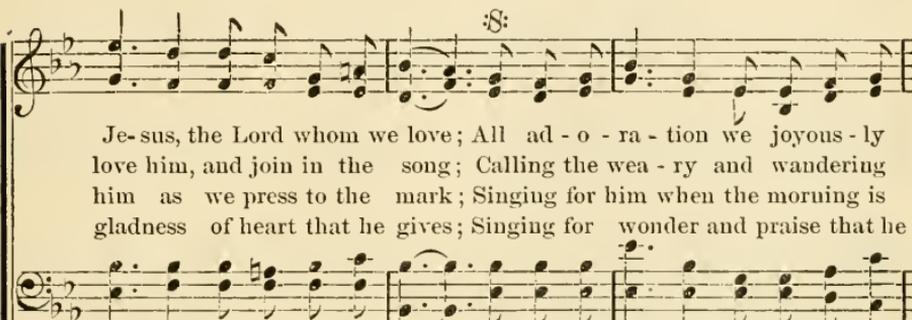
Singing for Jesus.

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F. R. HAVERGAL.

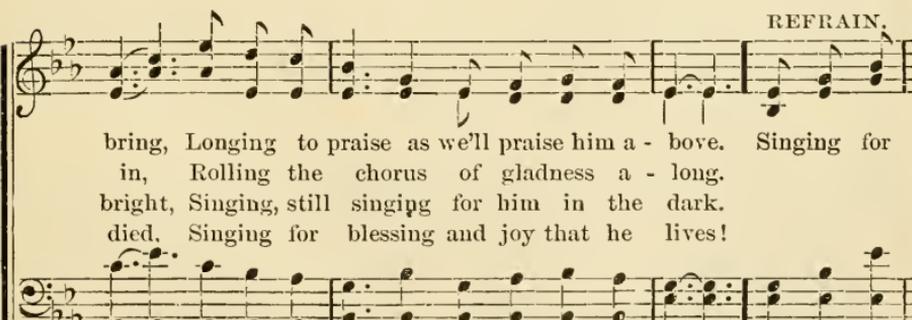
T. C. O'KANE.

- 
1. Singing for Je - sus, our Saviour and King, Singing for
 2. Singing for Je - sus, and try - ing to win Man - y to
 3. Singing for Je - sus, our Life and our Light; Singing for
 4. Singing for Je - sus, our Shepherd and Guide, Singing for



Je - sus, the Lord whom we love; All ad - o - ra - tion we joyous - ly
love him, and join in the song; Calling the wea - ry and wandering
him as we press to the mark; Singing for him when the morning is
gladness of heart that he gives; Singing for wonder and praise that he

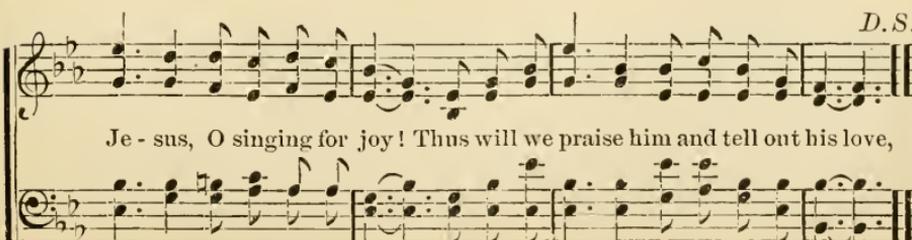
D. S.—Till he shall call us to brighter em-



REFRAIN,

bring, Longing to praise as we'll praise him a - bove. Singing for
in, Rolling the chorus of gladness a - long.
bright, Singing, still singing for him in the dark.
died, Singing for blessing and joy that he lives!

ploy, Singing for Je - sus for - ev - er a - bove.



D. S.

Je - sus, O singing for joy! Thus will we praise him and tell out his love,

Put My Name On the List.

E. E. HEWITT.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Who'll en- roll his name in the ar - my of the King? Who will
 2. Who will wield the sword of the Spir - it, strong and true? Who will
 3. Who are on the side of the good, the true, the pure? Who will

sign a life - en - list - ment, and his full al - le - giance bring?
 join the roy - al ar - my, and the Lead - er's bid - ing do?
 raise the might - y stand - ard? Who will to the end en - dure?

For the cause demands ev - 'ry no - ble gift and power; Who will
 Who will take the shield of the faith that's sure to win, And the
 Who will march or halt, as the trum - pet - call shall sound? Who will

fol - low af - ter Je - sus? who'll be - gin this ver - y hour?
 "hel - met of sal - va - tion," in the war - fare waged with sin?
 bear the cross for Je - sus, till with star - ry light he's crowned?

CHORUS.

Put my name on the list of the ar - my of the King, To fight his roy - al

bat-tles, and his glo-ry sing; And when the sunset bells shall their

fi-nal vict'ry ring, I'll have a joyful welcome in the palace of the King.

MRS. E. CODNER.

Even Me.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. Lord, I hear of showers of blessing, Thou art scatt'ring full and free—
 2. Pass me not, O gracious Father! Sin-ful tho' my heart may be;
 3. Pass me not, O ten-der Saviour! Let me live and cling to thee;

f Showers, the thirst-y land re-freshing; Let some droppings fall on me.—
 Thou might'st leave me, but the rath-er Let thy mer-cy fall on me.—
 I am long-ing for thy fa-vor; Whilst thou'rt calling, oh, call me.—

p FINE.

mf E - ven me, *p* Yes, e - ven me, *mf* E - ven me, *p* yes, e - ven me.—

D.S. *f*

4 Pass me not, O mighty Spirit!
 Thou can'st make the blind to see;
 Witnesser of Jesus' merit,
 Speak the word of power to me,—
 Even me, even me, etc.

5 Love of God, so pure and changeless;
 Blood of Christ, so rich and free;
 Grace of God, so strong and boundless,
 Magnify them all in me,—
 Even me, even me, etc.

1. There's a call comes ringing o'er the restless wave, "Send the light, Send the light!"
 2. We have heard the Macedonian call to-day, "Send the light, Send the light!"
 3. Let us pray that grace may everywhere abound, Send the light, Send the light!
 4. Let us not grow weary in the work of love, Send the light, Send the light!

There are souls to rescue, there are souls to save, Send the light! Send the light!
 And a golden off'ring at the cross we lay, Send the light! Send the light!
 And a Christ-like spirit everywhere be found, Send the light! Send the light!
 Let us gather jewels for a crown above, Send the light! Send the light!

CHORUS. *The first eight measures, (or Bass Solo,) may be omitted.*

We will spread the ev - er - last - ing light,
 We will spread the ev - er - last - ing light With a
 BASS SOLO.

With a will - ing, willing heart and hand, Giving God the
 will - - ing heart and hand, Giving God the glory

glo - ry ev - ermore, We will fol - low, fol - low his command.
 ev - er - more, We will fol - low his com - mand.

Send the light, the bless - ed gos - pel light,
Send the light! and let its ra - diant beams

Let it shine from shore to shore!
Light the world for - ev - er more,
for - ev - er - more.

Praise, Praise His Name.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. On the desert mountain straying, Far, far from home, Heard I there a sweet voice,
2. At a throne of mercy kneeling, Sad and oppressed, Came that voice, to me re-
3. Oft I heard that voice repeating, "I am the way, Tarry not, the hours are
4. When from glory unto glory My flight shall be, Still I'll sing the precious

CHORUS.

saying, Why wilt thou roam? 'Twas my blessed Lord that sought me, Out of
vealing Hope, life, and rest.
fleeting, Come, come to-day."
sto - ry, Saviour, of thee.

sin to grace he brought me, Oh, the glad, new song he taught me, — Praise, praise his
[name!

MARY B. REESE.

T. C. O'KANE.

1. A cry comes o-ver the deep, Wailing of dy-ing souls, 'Tis
 2. Sweet hope went out with the day, Rudder and com-pass lost; De-
 3. Quick! point to the sav-ing Rock Looming from out the deep, Whose

ech-oed in ev- - 'ry heart, "Brothers are on the shoals!" The
 spair more dark than the night Crowneth the tem-pest-tossed; No
 bea-con the per-iled souls Ev-er will safe-ly keep, No

breakers are dash-ing high, And death is in ev-'ry wave, And
 help may come from the sea, No suc-cor from the land, Say,
 matter how fierce the storm,—How madly the bil-low rolls, The

wild-ly ring-eth the cry, "We per-ish with none to save."
 must they per-ish, and we Reach nev-er to them a hand?
 light of the Guid-ing Star Will bring them off the shoals.

CHORUS. *Vivace.*

Ring out the tide of song, of song, While prayer its burden rolls,

That he who rules the storm, . . . Will bring them off the shoals.

Step Out on the Promise.

MAGGIE POTTER. Arr. by E. F. M.

E. F. MILLER.

1. O mourner in Zi - on, how blessed art thou, For Je - sus is
2. O ye that are hun - gry and thirsty, re - joice! For ye shall be
3. Who sighs for a heart from in - i - qui - ty free? O poor, troubled
4. Step out on the promise, and Christ you shall win, "The blood of his

wait - ing to com - fort thee now, Fear not to re - ly on the
 filled; do you hear that sweet voice In - vit - ing you now to the
 soul! there's a promise for thee, There's rest, weary one, in the
 Son cleanse us from all sin," It cleanseth me now, hal - le -

word of thy God; Step out on the promise,—get under the blood.
 ban - quet of God? Step out on the promise,—get under the blood.
 bos - om of God; Step out on the promise,—get under the blood.
 lu - jah to God! I rest on his promise,—I'm under the blood.

From "The Shout of Victory," by por.

1. Striving to do my Master's will, All of my dai - ly tasks fulfill,
 2. Heavy the cross - es I must bear, Ma - ny the hours of bus - y care,—
 3. Lifting his roy - al standard high, Looking to crowns beyond the sky,
 4. Swiftly the moments glide a - long, Filling my heart, and hand, and tongue;

Cheerful - ly in his ser - vice still, Would I my journey pur - sue.
 Je - sus has promised all to share, While I my journey pur - sue.
 Knowing I'll triumph by and by, Glad I my journey pur - sue.
 Yet with the cheer of prayer and song, Do I my journey pur - sue.

CHORUS.

Toil - ing for Je - sus wherev - er I may, . . . Gath - 'ring the
 Toil - ing, toil - ing, toiling for Jesus wherever I may, Gath'ring,

har - vest in field . . . or highway, . . . Liv - ing for Je - sus in
 gath'ring, gath'ring the harvest in field or highway, Liv - ing, liv - ing.

all . . . that I do, . . . Thus would I ev - er my journey pur - sue.
 living for Je - sus in all that I do,

While the Years are Rolling on. 115

HARRIET B. MCKEEVER.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

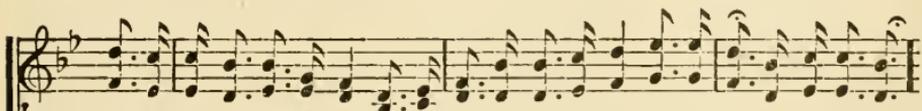
Recitante.



1. In a world so full of weeping, While the years are rolling on, Christian
2. There's no time to waste in sighing, While the years are rolling on; Time is
3. Let us strengthen one another, While the years are rolling on; Seek to
4. Friends we love are quickly flying, While the years are rolling on; No more



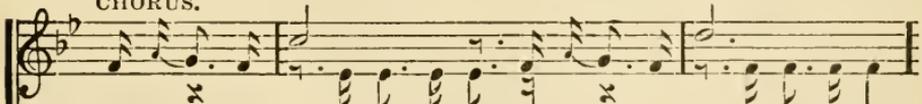
[pursue, souls the watch are keeping, While the years are rolling on. While our journey we flying, souls are dying, While the years are rolling on, Loving words a soul may win, raise a fallen brother, While the years are rolling on. This is work for ev'ry hand parting, no more dying, While the years are rolling on. In the world beyond the tomb



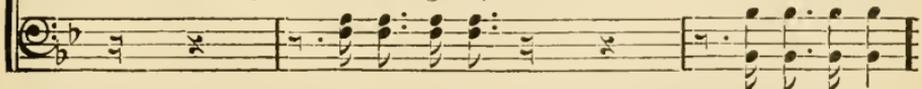
With the haven still in view, There is work for us to do, While the years are rolling on. From the wretched paths of sin; We may bring the wand'ers in, While the years, etc. Till, Throughout creation's land, Armies for the Lord shall stand, While the years, etc. Sorrow never more can come, When we meet in that blest home, While the years, etc.



CHORUS.



Are roll - ing on, are rolling on, Are roll - ing on, are rolling on,



Oh, the joy that we may scatter, While the years are rolling on.



In the Shadow of Thy Wing.

AMELIA M. STARKWEATHER.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. He that dwell - eth in the presence Of the Highest shall a - bide
 2. When the clouds of sorrow gath - er, And the billows o'er me roll,
 3. I will plead the precious promise Of his ten - der, lov - ing care,
 4. And the an - gry waves shall slumber At the bidding of his will;

Where no trou - ble ev - er com - eth, Where no e - vil can be - tide.
 Safe within . . . his blest pavil - ion He will hide my wea - ry soul.
 For the des - titute and need - y, And he will regard my prayer.
 He will calm . . . the raging tumult With his gen - tle "Peace, be still."

CHORUS.

Hide me in the se - cret Of thy presence, O my King,
 Hide me in the secret O my King,

Where no storms . . . may ever gath - er, In the shadow of thy wing.
 storms may ever gather, where no storms may ever gather,

Copyright, 1885, by Jno. R. Sweney.

How can I Keep from Singing? 117

"The redeemed of the Lord shall return, and come with singing unto Zion; and everlasting joy shall be upon their head,"—Is. li: 11. Rev. R. LOWRY. By per. R. L.

1. My life flows on in endless song; Above earth's lamen - ta - tion
2. What tho' my joys and comforts die? The Lord my Saviour liv - eth!
3. I lift my eyes; the cloud grows thin, I see the blue a - bove it;

I catch the sweet, tho' far-off hymn That hails a new cre - a - tion;
What tho' the darkness gather round? Songs in the night he giv - eth:
And day by day this pathway smooths, Since first I learned to love it:

Thro' all the tu - mult and the strife I hear the mu - sic ringing;
No storm can shake my inmost calm, While to that ref - uge clinging;
The peace of Christ makes fresh my heart, A fountain ev - er springing;

It finds an ech - o in my soul—How can I keep from singing?
Since Christ is Lord of heav'n and earth, How can I keep from singing?
All things are mine since I am his—How can I keep from singing?

Purity, Whiter than Snow,

Rev. JOHN O. FOSTER.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. In - to the fountain of cleansing we go, Down where the waters of
 2. Oh, what a won - der - ful pow - er is there, Sav - ing the soul from its
 3. Here, by this Fount of Sal - va - tion we stay, O - pen for sin and un -
 4. Christ has revealed his deep love to my soul, Now by his mer - its my

pur - i - ty flow, Troubled to - day is that Fountain we know,
 ut - ter de - spair, Wash - ing of re - gen - er - a - tion we share,
 clean - ness to - day, Guilt and cor - rup - tion are ban - ished a - way, -
 heart is made whole, Wide are the waves of his ful - ness that roll;

D.S.—Come where the waters of pur - i - ty flow,

Wash - ing us whit - er than snow. Whit - - - - er than
 Pur - i - ty, whit - er than snow!
 Pur - i - ty, whit - er than snow.
 Pur - i - ty, whit - er than snow. Whit - er than snow,

Wash and be whit - er than snow.

snow, Whit - - - - er than snow,
 whit - er than snow, Whit - er than snow, whit - er than snow,

In the Shadow of the Cross.

119

"God forbid that I should glory, save in the cross of our Lord Jesus Christ."—Gal. vi : 14.

E. R. LATTA.

J. H. TENNEY. By per.

1. There's a place a - bove all others, Where my spir - it loves to be;
 2. On the cross my Saviour suffered That he might a - tone for me;
 3. When my heart is full of trouble, Then I love, on bended knee,
 4. Blessed Sa - viour, thou wilt hear me, When I make my earnest plea,

'Tis with - in the sa - cred shadow Of the cross of Cal - va - ry.
 And I love the bless - ed shadow Of the cross of Cal - va - ry.
 To approach him in the shadow Of the cross of Cal - va - ry.
 If I kneel with - in the shadow Of the cross of Cal - va - ry.

CHORUS.

In the shadow of the cross, In the shadow of the cross;
 of the cross, of the cross;

There my spit - it loves to be, In the shadow of the cross.

120 I am Resting in the Saviour's Love.

"We which have believed do enter into rest."—Heb. iv : 3.

Rev. E. A. HOFFMAN.

D. E. DORTCH. By per.

1. Oh, my heart is thrilled with wondrous joy to-day, I am resting in the
2. At the fountain opened for the soul unclean, I am resting in the
3. All my doubts are vanished, all my fears are gone, I am resting in the

Saviour's love; Christ, the Lord, has taken all my sins a - way, I am
Saviour's love; Trusting in his grace I ventured free - ly in, I am
Saviour's love; When I trusted Je - sus, lo, the work was done, I am

REFRAIN.

resting in the Saviour's love. I am resting, sweet - ly resting, I am
I am resting, resting, sweetly resting,

resting in the Saviour's love; I am resting, sweet - ly resting, I am
I am resting, resting, sweetly resting,

4 O the peace and rapture! O the wondrous
I am resting in the Saviour's love; [bliss!
I have never known so pure a joy as this,
I am resting in the Saviour's love.

resting in the Saviour's love.

5 So I live rejoicing in his love each day,
I am resting in the Saviour's love;
I am walking with him in the narrow way,
I am resting in the Saviour's love.

Tell the Story of Jesus.

121

MARY E. COLBY.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. Go tell the sto-ry of Je - sus To some poor sin - sick soul;
 2. Go tell the sto-ry of Je - sus To strangers you may meet,
 3. Go tell the sto-ry of Je - sus To those who have not heard,
 4. Go tell the sto-ry of Je - sus To peo - ple great and small,

CHO.—Go tell the sto-ry of Je - sus To some poor, sin - sick soul;

Think of the time you heard it, And how it made you whole;
 And dwell up - on his mer - cy In ac - cents rich and sweet;
 And make it sound as love - ly As the song of some sweet bird;
 Re - mem - ber he, the Sa - viour, Gave up his life for all;

Think of the time you heard it, And how it made you whole.

It drove a - way the dark - ness Of night, wherein you lay;
 It may be they'll for - get you, In bus - y toil and care;
 Tell with a glowing rap - ture His ten - der words of love;
 Tell it when death's cold bil - lows Are un - derneath your feet,

D. C. Chorus.

It brought to you the glo - ry And light of perfect day.
 But they'll not for - get the sto - ry You whispered in their ear.
 And tell them of the beau - ty Of that blest home a - bove.
 'Twill be the on - ly sto - ry Heard in the golden street.

At the Cross.

I. WATTS.

"Look unto me, and be ye saved,"—Isa. xlv. 22.

R. E. HUDSON.

1. A - las! and did my Saviour bleed, And did my Sovereign die?
 2. Was it for crimes that I have done, He groaned upon the tree?
 3. But drops of grief can ne'er re - pay The debt of love I owe;

Would he devote that sa - cred head For such a worm as I?
 A - mazing pit - y, grace unknown, And love beyond de - gree!
 Here, Lord, I give my - self a - way, 'Tis all that I can do!

CHORUS.

At the cross, at the cross, where I first saw the light and the

burden of my heart rolled a - way, It was there by faith
 rolled away,

I received my sight, And now I am happy all the day.

I will Trust in the Blood.

123

C. WESLEY.

T. C. O'KANE.



1. For - ev - er here my rest shall be, Close to thy bleeding side ;
2. My dy - ing Saviour and my God, —Fountain for guilt and sin,
3. Wash me, and make me thus thine own ; Wash me, and mine thou art ;
4. Th'a - tonement of thy blood ap - ply, Till faith to sight improve ;



This all my hope and all my plea,—“For me the Saviour died.”
Sprink - le me ev - er with thy blood, And cleanse and keep me clean.
Wash me, but not my feet alone, —My hands, my head, my heart.
Till hope in full fru - i - tion die, And all my soul be love.



CHORUS.



I will trust, I will trust, I will trust in the blood of the Lamb :

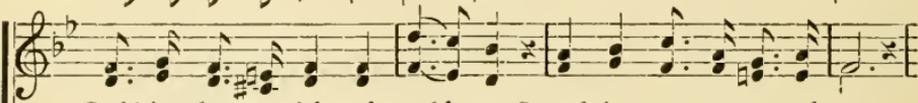
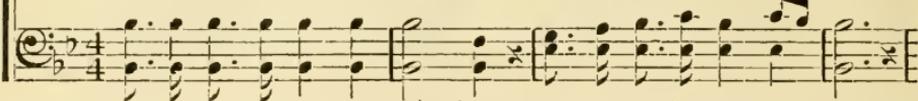


I will trust, I will trust, I will trust in the blood of the Lamb.





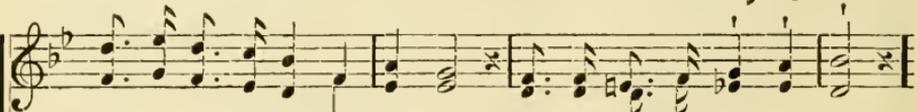
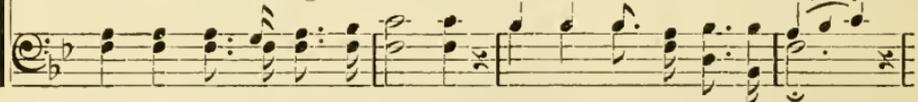
1. Church of God, whose conq'ring banners Float along the glorious years,
2. In your costly temples praying, "Let thy kingdom come," ye pray,
3. Grace and glo-ry he hath sent you, Cast your lives in places fair,
4. Shake the earth and rend the heaven, Wake thy sleeping children, Lord,



Gath'ring harvest rich and gold - en, Sowed in pov - er - ty and tears:
 Are but words of i - dle meaning, If with these ye turn a - way;
 Scatter blessing *now* he bids you, O'er his green earth ev'rywhere;
 Till the measure full and e - ven Has been rendered at thy word;



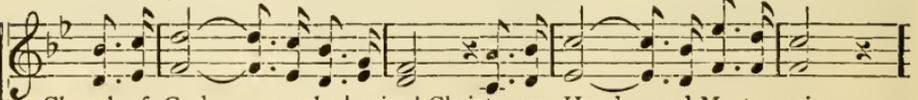
Onward press, the cross is bending Far toward the morning skies,
 Boundless wealth to you is giv - en, From his hand who owns it all,
 Till the millions in the twilight Of the far - off Orient land,
 Then from out her night of sorrow Shall the earth redeemed arise,



Speedy dawn of light portending;—Church of God, awake, a - rise!
 And his eye beholds in heaven What ye render back for all.
 In the gracious morning splendor Of the gospel light shall stand.
 And the fair millen - nial morrow Dawn with o - pal - tint - ed skies.



CHORUS.



Church of God, awake! arise! Christ, your Head and Master, cries,
 Church of God, a - wake! arise! Christ, your Head and Master, cries,



Send the gos - pel's joyful sound Unto earth's remot- est bound.
Oh, send the gos - pel's joy- ful sound

Use Me, Saviour.

FRED. WOODROW.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. Use me, O my gracious Sa- viour, Use me, Lord, as pleaseth thee ;
2. Be it noon or be it midnight, Wea- ry watch or blaze of day,
3. Pride of will and lust of sta - tion, Lord, I would from all be free,

Nothing done for thee so low - ly But is great enough for me.
Shouting with the hap - py reap - ers, Toil - ing in the hidden way.
And the on - ly hon - or seek - ing, Lord, to be of use to thee.

CHORUS.

Use me, Use me, Use me as it pleaseth thee ;
Use me, O my Saviour, Use me, O my Sa - viour,

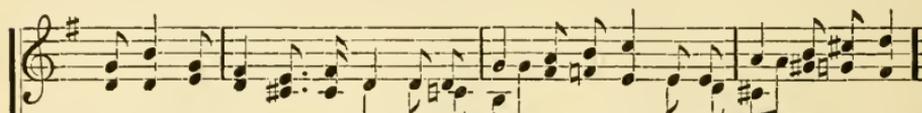
Use me, Use me, Use me as it pleaseth thee.
Use me, O my Saviour, Use me, O my Saviour,

There is Peace in My Heart.

E. T. O'KANE.



1. There is peace in my heart, for my Lord dwelleth there, And he feels ev'ry
2. There is peace in my heart tho' my vision grows dim, And I grope 'midst the
3. There is peace in my heart and no shadow of fear, Tho' the swelling of

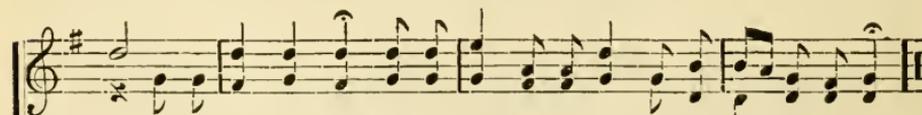
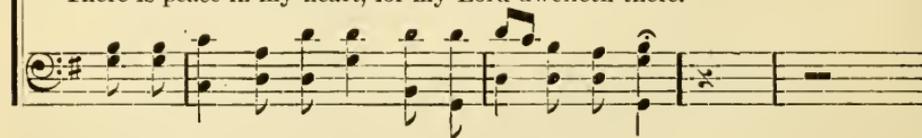


sorrow, and knows ev'ry care, And he scatters my pathway with blessings most rare;
 shadows, yet will I see him, And the beautiful gates of that home without sin,—
 Jordan is echoing near; For the Lord who has conquered is conqueror here;



REFRAIN.

There is peace in my heart, for my Lord dwelleth there. There is peace in my
 There is peace in my heart, for my Lord dwells within.
 There is peace in my heart, for my Lord dwelleth there.



heart, restful peace, There is peace in my heart, for my Lord dwelleth there.
 There is



Jesus Saves.

127

PRISCILLA J. OWENS.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. We have heard a joy - ful sound, Je - sus saves, Je - sus saves;
 2. Waft it on the roll - ing tide, Je - sus saves, Je - sus saves;
 3. Sing a - bove the bat - tle's strife, Je - sus saves, Je - sus saves;
 4. Give the winds a might - y voice, Je - sus saves, Je - sus saves;

Spread the glad - ness all a - round, Je - sus saves, Je - sus saves;
 Tell to sin - ners, far and wide, Je - sus saves, Je - sus saves;
 By his death and end - less life, Je - sus saves, Je - sus saves;
 Let the na - tions now re - joice, Je - sus saves, Je - sus saves;

Bear the news to ev' - ry land, Climb the steeps and cross the waves,
 Sing, ye is - lands of the sea, E - cho back, ye o - cean caves,
 Sing it soft - ly thro' the gloom, When the heart for mer - cy craves,
 Shout sal - va - tion full and free, High - est hills and deepest caves,

Onward, 'tis our Lord's command, Je - sus saves, Je - sus saves.
 Earth shall keep her ju - bi - lee, Je - sus saves, Je - sus saves.
 Sing in tri - umph o'er the tomb, Je - sus saves, Je - sus saves.
 This our song of vic - to - ry, Je - sus saves, Je - sus saves.

Waiting for the Harvest.

E. E. HEWITT.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. "I have sown the seed," the sow-er said, "In the ear-ly morning hours;
 2. "I have sown the seed," the teacher sighed, "E'en the precious word of God,
 3. "I have sown the seed:" and the mother's tears Like the heavy raindrops fell;
 4. "Let us sow in hope," we all may say, As we gath-er strength a- new;

When the sun sank low in the blushing west, And the dew fell on the flowers.
 And my heart rejoiced in the blessed work, As I cast the truth a- broad;
 "It was la- bor sweet to train my child In the faith I love so well;
 "For we know our God will keep his word, That his promi- ses are true.

Many anxious days I have toiled and watched For the springing of the grain,
 Still I watch and wait with patient prayer, But no fruitage can I see:
 But my heart grows faint with hope deferred For my heedless, wayward boy;
 We'll forget the wea-ry hours of toil When the ripened sheaves we see;

But the passing months lengthen into years: Shall my sowing be in vain?"
 Shall his word return un- to him void? Will no harvest come to me?"
 Will the golden har-vest nev-er come, And the reaping time of joy?"
 When we raise the shout of harvest home In the glad e-ter-ni-ty."

p REFRAIN. Psalm cxxvi : 6.*cres.*

He that go-eth forth and weep-eth, Bearing precious seed, Shall

doubtless come a - gain with re - joic - ing, bring - ing his sheaves.

Fed upon the Finest of the Wheat.

F. A. G.

Ps. lxxxi: 16.

F. A. GRAVES.

1. Hun - gry, Lord, for thy word of truth, Sitting at my Saviour's feet;
 2. Work for the Mas - ter I will do, Trusting in his strength so great;
 3. Then to the har - vest let us go, Bugles sounding no retreat;

Ris - ing, glean - ing, just like Ruth, Feed me on the finest of the wheat.
 Liv - ing in his pastures new, Feed me on the finest of the wheat.
 Workers for Je - sus, he wants you Fed up - on the finest of the wheat.

CHORUS.

Bread of life it is now to me, Hon - ey, milk and meat;

In thy love I will ev - er be Fed upon the finest of the wheat.

CLARA TEARE.

Psalm xxxvi. 8.

R. E. HUDSON. By per.

1. All my life long I had pant-ed For a draught from some cool spring,
 2. Feeding on the husks a-round me, Till my strength was almost gone,
 3. Poor I was, and sought for rich-es, Something that would satis-fy,
 4. Well of wa-ter ev-er springing, Bread of life so rich and free,

That I hoped would quench the burning Of the thirst I felt with-in.
 Longed my soul for something bet-ter, On-ly still to hunger on.
 But the dust I gathered round me On-ly mocked my soul's sad cry.
 Untold wealth that nev-er fail-eth, My Redeem-er is to me.

REFRAIN.

Hal-le-lu-jah! I have found it—What my soul so long has craved!

Je-sus sat-is-fies my long-ings; Thro' his blood I now am saved.

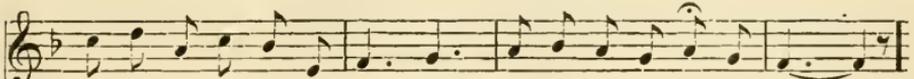
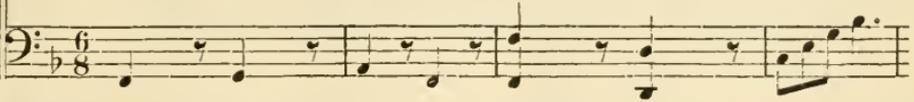
Jesus will Welcome Me There. 131

FANNY J. CROSBY.

JNO. R. SWENEY.



1. Over the riv-er they call me, Friends that are dear to my heart;
2. Over the riv-er they call me, Hark, 'tis their voices I hear,
3. Over the riv-er, how love-ly, There is no sorrow nor night;
4. Over the riv-er they call me, Watching with glad, beaming eyes;



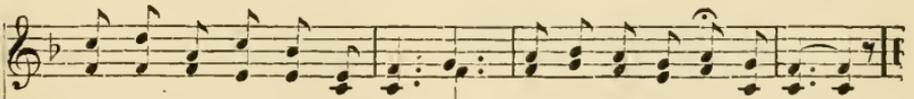
Soon shall I meet them in glo - ry, Never, no nev-er to part.
Borne on the wings of the twi - light, Murmuring soft-ly and clear.
There they are walking with Je- sus, Clothed in his garment of light.
O - ver the riv - er I'm com - ing, Joyful my spir- it re - plies.



CHORUS.



O - ver the riv - er to E - den, Home to their dwelling so fair;



An- gels will car - ry me safe - ly, Je- sus will welcome me there.



We'll Meet Again.

From "Songs of Worship," by permission.

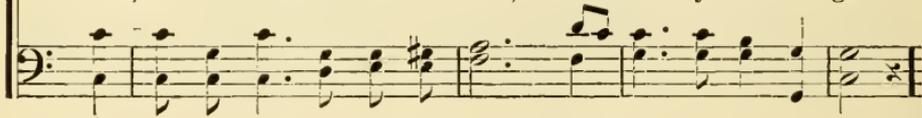
T. C. O'KANE.



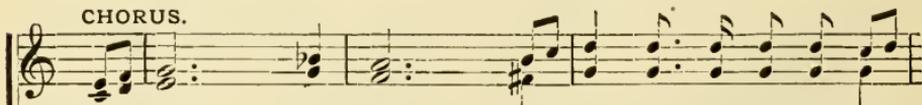
1. "We'll meet again"—how sweet the word! How soothing is its sound!
2. "We'll meet again, the true heart speaks, When dearest ones de - part;
3. "We'll meet again"—then we'll not weep, Whatev - er may di - vide;
4. In heaven's serene and endless rest, Secure from care and pain:



Like strains of far - off mu - sic heard On some enchant - ed ground.
 And in the pleasing prospect seeks Balm for the bleeding heart.
 Nor time, nor death can always keep The loved ones from our side.
 There, in the mansions of the blest, We'll sure - ly meet a - gain.



CHORUS.



We'll meet a - gain, We'll meet on "the ev - er - green
 We'll meet a - gain, we'll meet a - gain,



shore," We'll meet a - gain, Yes, meet to part no more.
 We'll meet, we'll meet a - gain,



Never to Say Farewell.

Rev. ELISHA. A. HOFFMAN.

IRA ORWIG HOFFMAN. By per.

*Unison.**

1st.

2d.

1. { We journey to the home above, Never to say farewell,
To yon fair pala- ces of love, Never to say fare-

2. { We'll meet our sainted parents there, Never to say farewell,
And heav'n with sisters, brothers share, Never to say fare-

Harmony.

Unison.

rit.

well; Within that glorious summer land The many jewel'd mansions stand, And
well; Upon the plains of perfect light, Upon the pavements golden bright, We'll

Harmony.

CHORUS.

there we'll meet, at God's right hand, Never to say farewell. Never to say farewell,
walk with them, enrobed in white, Never to say farewell.

Never to say farewell, O, we shall meet at God's right hand, Never to say farewell.

Copyright, 1891, by the Hoffman Music Co.

3 We'll meet beyond life's swelling flood,
Never to say farewell,
Redeemed and washed in Jesus' blood,
Never to say farewell;
Earth's long, long night will pass away,
Dissolving into heavenly day,
And we shall with our loved ones stay,
Never to say farewell.

4 Oh, what a blessed hope is this,
Never to say farewell!
What pure and perfect happiness,
Never to say farewell!
Delivered from all sin and pain,
To reach yon fair, celestial plain,
And meet the loved and lost again,
Never to say farewell.

*Very effective if unison parts are sung as a solo.

The Shepherd's Call.

J. M. B.

J. M. BALDWIN.

With spirit.

1. The Shepherd Jesus is read - y now The wand'ring sheep to save;
 2. The Shepherd Jesus is call - ing now, He's called you oft be - fore
 3. This Shepherd gave for the sheep his life—He bled and died for you;
 4. And as you enter this Shepherd's fold Your sins will be for - given;

He calls the wand'rer from plain and mountain, And from the brink of the grave.
 To en - ter into his fold and pasture—Lo! he himself is the door.
 Will you reject now his love and mercy, Your Friend most loving and true.
 He'll find your heart with his joy o'erflowing, And lead you safely to heaven.

CHORUS.

The fold is now open, the Shepherd is calling, "Poor, wandering sinner, come in,"
 come in;"

The fold is now open, the Shepherd is calling, "Poor, wandering sinner, come in."
 come in;"

That Gentle Whisper.

E. E. HEWITT.

ADAM GEIBEL.



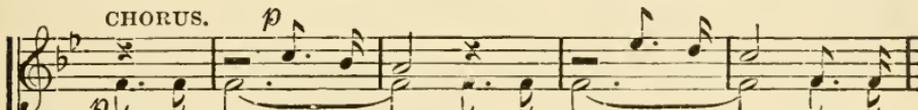
1. Do you hear that gentle whisper? Sweeter accents cannot be;
2. Wait not till the evening shadows Close around your dark'ning way,
3. Come, and bring your fresh affections, Youth's bright flowers of joy and love,
4. Leave these shallow streams untasted, Nev - er can they sat - is - fy,



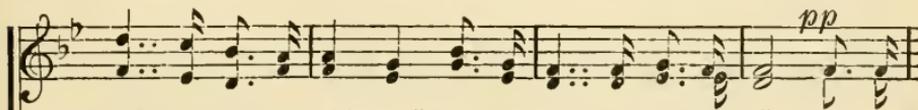
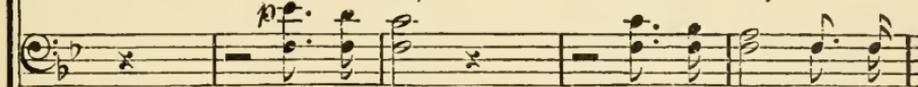
'Tis the Saviour's in - vi - ta - tion, "Come, my child, oh, come to me."
 Come, while morning dew-drops sparkle, Come, while ear-ly sunbeams play.
 Come, to find e - ternal treasures, Find your tru - est Friend above.
 Come, to drink of living wa - ters, Freely flowing from on high.



CHORUS.



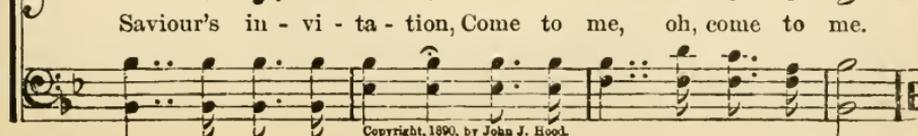
Come to me, Come to me, come to me; come to me; Sweetly



breathes that gentle whisper, "Come to me, oh, come to me," Breathes the



Saviour's in - vi - ta - tion, Come to me, oh, come to me.



E. E. HEWITT.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. For Christ and the church, let our voices ring, Let us hon - or the
 2. For Christ and the church, be our earnest prayer, Let us fol - low his
 3. For Christ and the church, willing off'rings make, Time and talents and
 4. For Christ and the church, let us cast a - side, By his con - quering

name of our own blessed King, Let us work with a will in the
 ban - ner, the cross dai - ly bear, Let us yield, wholly yield, to his
 gold, for the dear Master's sake; We'll re - member the best we can
 grace, chains of self, fear, and pride; May our lives be enriched by an

strength of youth, And loy - al - ly stand for the kingdom of truth.
 Spir - it's power, And faithful - ly serve him in life's brightest hour.
 bring to him, The heart's wealth of love, that will nev - er grow dim.
 aim so grand, Then hap - py the call to the Saviour's right hand.

CHORUS.

For Christ our dear Redeem - er, For Christ who died to save,

For the Church his blood hath purchased, Lord, make us pure and brave.

Words arr. from CENNICK.

T. C. O'KANE.

1. Je- sus my all . . . to heav'n is gone, . . . He whom I fix . . . my hopes up-
 2. The ho- ly way . . . the prophets went, The road that leads from banish-
 3. This is the way . . . I long have sought, And mourn'd because I found it
 4. Lo, glad I come, . . . and thou, blest Lamb, Wilt me receive . . . just as I

on; . . . His track I see, . . . and I'll pursue . . . The narrow
 ment, . . . The king's highway . . . of ho- liness, . . . I'll go, for
 not; . . . Till late I heard . . . the Saviour say: . . . "Come hither,
 am; . . . Nothing but sin . . . have I to give, . . . Nothing but

CHORUS.

way . . . till him I view. . . Then will I tell to sinners round
 all . . . his paths are peace. . .
 soul, . . . I am the way. . .
 love . . . shall I receive. . .

What a dear, dear Saviour I have found; I'll point to thy re-
 I have found;

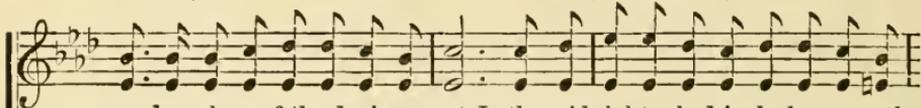
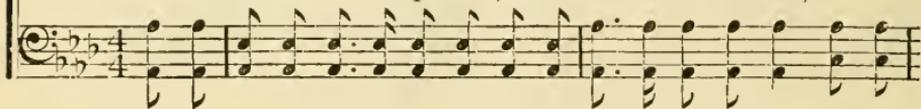
deeming blood, And say, be - hold the way to God,
 And say, behold

LYMAN WHITNEY ALLEN.

JNO. R. SWENEY.



1. In the crimson of the morning, in the whiteness of the noon, In the
2. I have heard his weary footsteps on the sands of Gal-i - lee, On the
3. Down the minster isles of splendor, from betwixt the cherubim, Thro' the



am-ber glory of the day's retreat, In the midnight robed in darkness, or the temple's marble pavement, on the street, With the weight of sorrow falt'ring up the wond'ring throng, with motion strong and fleet, Sounds his victor tread approaching

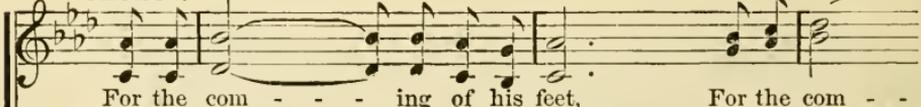
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gleaming of the moon, I list-en for the com-ing of his feet.
slopes of Cal-va-ry, The sor-row of the com-ing of his feet.
mu-sic far and dim—The mu-sic of the com-ing of his feet.

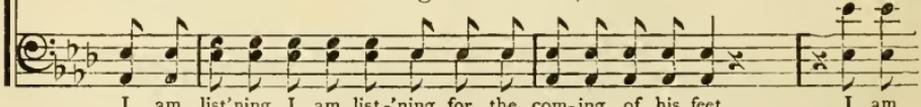


CHORUS.



For the com - - - ing of his feet,

For the com - -



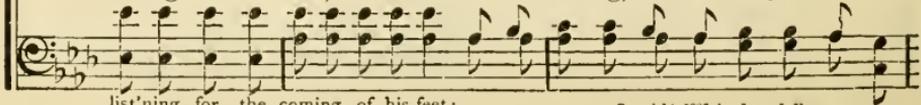
I am list'ning, I am list-ning for the com-ing of his feet,

I am

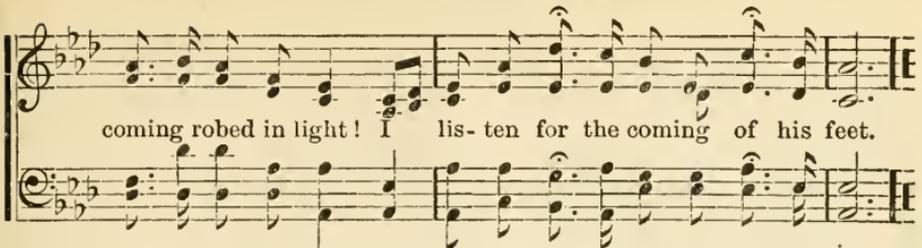


- - - ing of his feet;

He is coming, hal-le-lu-jah! he is



list'ning for the coming of his feet;



coming robed in light! I lis- ten for the coming of his feet.

4 Sandaled not with shoon of silver,
girdled not with woven gold,
Weighted not with shimm'ring gems
and oders sweet,
White-winged and shod with glory in
the Tabor-light of old—
The glory of the coming of his feet.

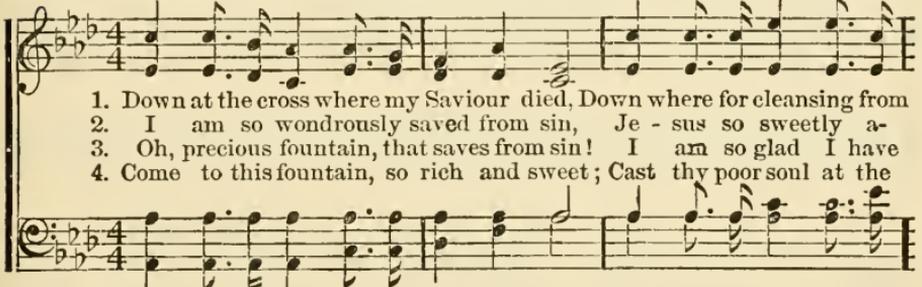
5 He is coming, O my spirit! with his
everlasting peace,
With his blessedness immortal and
complete;
He is coming, O my spirit! and his
coming brings release;
I listen for the coming of his feet.

Glory to His Name.

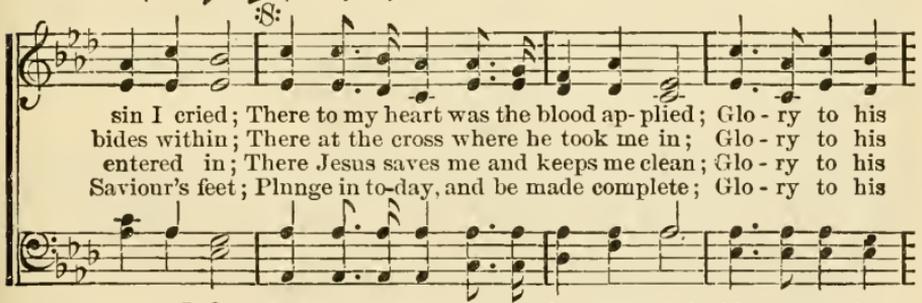
REV. E. A. HOFFMAN.

"I will glorify thy name forevermore."

REV. J. H. STOCKTON.



1. Down at the cross where my Saviour died, Down where for cleansing from
2. I am so wondrously saved from sin, Je - sus so sweetly a-
3. Oh, precious fountain, that saves from sin! I am so glad I have
4. Come to this fountain, so rich and sweet; Cast thy poor soul at the

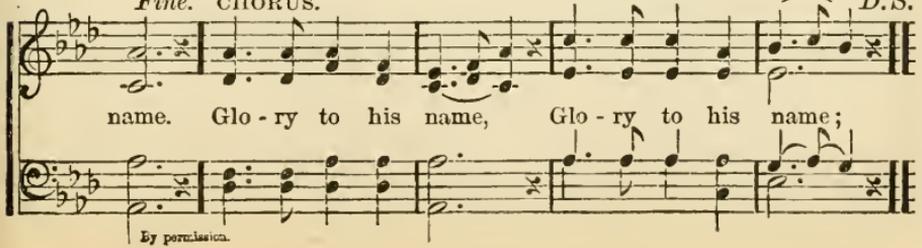


sin I cried; There to my heart was the blood ap-plied; Glo - ry to his
bides within; There at the cross where he took me in; Glo - ry to his
entered in; There Jesus saves me and keeps me clean; Glo - ry to his
Saviour's feet; Plnng in to-day, and be made complete; Glo - ry to his

D.S.—There to my heart was the blood applied; Glo - ry to his

Fine. CHORUS.

D.S.



name. Glo - ry to his name, Glo - ry to his name;
By permission.

Where Shall We Go?

CARRIE M. WILSON.

Text.—“To whom shall we go but unto thee?”

JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. Where shall we go when the heart is oppress'd, Where but to Je - sus for
 2. Where shall we go when the tempest is high? Where but to Je - sus, oh,
 3. Where shall we go when the tempter assails? When o'er our weakness he
 4. Where shall we go but to Je - sus our Lord? He is our ref - uge, oh,

shel - ter and rest? Rocked on the waves of a per - il - ous sea,
 where can we fly? He is the life, and that life he will give;
 al - most pre - vails? Where but to him who was tempted as we?
 cling to his word; Je - sus a - lone our Re - deem - er must be,
D.S.—He, and he on - ly, our wants can relieve:

Fine. CHORUS.

None can de - liv - er or save us but he. Where shall we go,
 Look, and for - ev - er with him we may live.
 None can de - liv - er nor save us but he.
 None can de - liv - er nor save us but he.
 Why are we faithless, oh, why not believe?

D.S.

where shall we go? He, and he on - ly, our tri - als can know;

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He's Mighty to Save.

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E. E. HEWITT.

Isaiah lxiii: 1.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



1. Je - sus is wait - ing his grace to be - stow; Sin "red like crimson" he
2. Standing a - lone in the strife we shall fail, Close to our Leader his
3. Take him the burden that weighs on your heart, Take him the trouble, he'll
4. Up from the val - ley the darkness is gone When Jesus brings there the



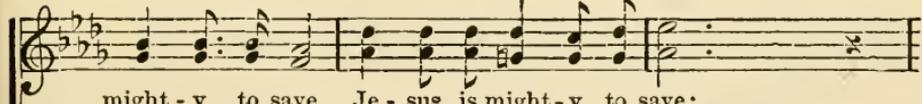
makes white as snow; Lov - ing us free - ly, his life - blood he gave;
might will pre - vail; Or if a bless - ing for oth - ers we crave,
com - fort im - part; Held by his hand we can walk on the wave;
beau - ty of dawn; Vic - t'ry, glad vic - t'ry, we sing o'er the grave!



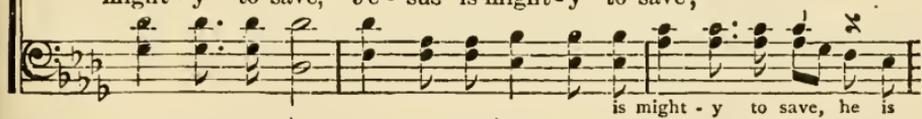
CHORUS.



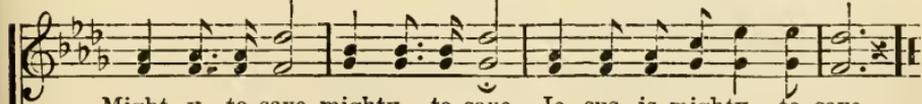
Bless - ed Redeem - er! he's might - y to save. Might - y to save,
Pray on, be - liev - ing, — he's might - y to save.
Look up to Je - sus, he's might - y to save.
Glo - ry to Je - sus! he's might - y to save.



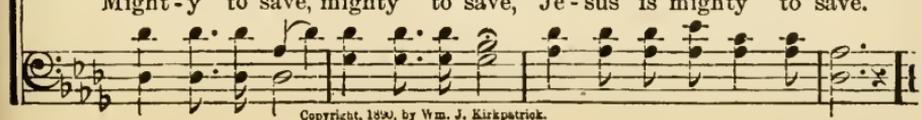
might - y to save, Je - sus is might - y to save;



is might - y to save, he is



Might - y to save, mighty to save, Je - sus is mighty to save.



MARY D. JAMES.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Oh, bless-ed fel-low-ship di-vine! Oh, joy supremely sweet! Com-
 2. I'm walk-ing close to Je-sus' side, So close that I can hear The
 3. I'm lean-ing on his lov-ing breast, Along life's weary way; My
 4. I know his shelt'ring wings of love Are always o'er me spread, And

pan-ion-ship with Je-sus here Makes life with bliss re-plete. In
 soft-est wisp-ers of his love, In fel-low-ship so dear, And
 path, il-lu-mined by his smiles, Grows brighter day by day. No
 tho' the storms may fiercely rage, All calm and free from dread, My

un-ion with the pur-est one I find my heav'n on earth be-gun.
 feel his great, al-might-y hand Protects me in this hos-tile land.
 foes, no woes my heart can fear, With my al-might-y Friend so near.
 peace-ful spir-it ev-er sings, "I'll trust the cov-ert of thy wings."

CHORUS.

Oh, wondrous bliss! oh, joy sublime! I've Je-sus with me all the time,

Oh, wondrous bliss! oh, joy sublime! I've Je-sus with me all the time.

The Song of the Soul.

143

Rev. HENRY A. VON DULSEM.

T. C. O'KANE.

1. Oh, the song of the soul shall not die nor grow old, Nor languish nor
2. In the beau-ti-ful land far a-way o'er the tide, The jasper-walled
3. And the fair, golden harps in the hands of the blest, Shall thrill to a
4. And as a - ges fly onward, tho' worlds cease to be, And per - ish the

pine in the home of our King! But as ages fly onward new chords shall un-
home of the Ancient of Days, Where the ransomed onesshineas the sun in his
touch that no angel can give, As we sing, in that land where the weary shall
stars that in heaven do throng, Still the joy of the soul shall be deathless and

REFRAIN.

fold, New mel-odies meeting inspire us to sing. Oh, the song of the
pride, Our long hal-le-lujahs of glo-ry we'll raise.
rest, Of One who hath died that a sinner might live.
free, And deathless and free the sweet notes of her song.

soul! Oh, the song of the soul! Forev - er in glo- ry the song of the soul!

Copyright, 1880, by T. C. O'Kane.

1. In darkness I wandered till Jesus I found, And then, praise his name! And
 2. The birds o'er my head seemed to sing a new song, So wondrously sweet, So
 3. And now we are walk - ing to - geth - er a - long, My Sa - viour and I, My
 4. Oh, wonder - ful Brother, Redeemer and Friend! I love him I know, I

then, praise his name! The clear light of heaven my pathway shone round, And
 wondrously sweet; All nature seemed praising in notes loud and long, My
 Sa - viour and I; He blesses and leads me with hand kind and strong, And
 love him I know; This blessed com - pan - ion - ship, nev - er to end, Grows

CHORUS.

peace to my spir - it there came. And now I'm con - fid - ing, And
 Saviour, when first we did meet.
 free - ly his grace does sup - ply.
 sweet - er as on - ward I go.

sweet - ly a - bid - ing In Je - sus, my Sa - viour, Com - pan - ion and

Guide: His name I'm confess - ing, He fills me with bless - ing; To

me he's far dear - er Than all else be - side.

Do the Right.

NORMAN MACLEOD, D. D.

PHILIP PHILLIPS.

1. Courage, brother, do not stum- ble, Tho' thy path be dark as night;
2. Let the road be rough and dreary, And its end far out of sight,
3. Simple rule and saf - est guiding, Inward peace and inward light,
4. Some will hate thee, some will love thee, Some will flatter, some will slight;

There's a star to guide the humble: "Trust in God and do the right."
 Foot it brave-ly, strong or wea - ry, "Trust in God and do the right."
 Star up - on our path a - bid - ing, "Trust in God and do the right."
 Cease from man and look a - bove thee, "Trust in God and do the right."

REFRAIN.

Do the right, do the right, "Trust in God and do the right."
 Do the right, do the right,

It will Never Grow Old.

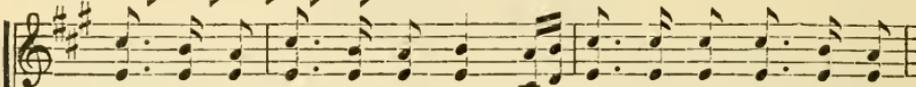
"And the city had no need of the sun: for the glory of God did lighten it."—Rev. xxi: 23.

Rev. W. W. BAILY.

I. N. McHose. By per.



1. O have you not heard of that country a - bove, The name of its
2. That wonder - ful land has a cit - y of life, Ne'er darken'd with
3. A mausion of wonder - ful beauty is there, And Je - sus that
4. They tell me its friendships and love are so pure, Its joys nev - er



King, and his in - fi - nite love? His children are deathless and
anguish, nor dy - ing, nor strife; Its tem - ples and streets all are
mansion has gone to pre - pare; Its bright jas - per walls how I
die, and its treasures are sure; And loved ones, depart - ed, so



hap - py, I'm told; . Oh, will it a - bide, will it never grow old?
flashing with gold, Oh, can it be true, it will never grow old?
long to be - hold, And join in the song that will never grow old.
si - lent and cold, Will greet us a - gain where we'll never grow old.



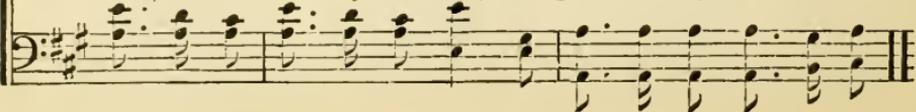
D.S.—joy that's untold, To think of that land that will never grow old.



'Twill always be new, it will nev - er de - cay; No night ev - er



comes, it will al - ways be day; It glad - dens my heart with a



The Everlasting Arms.

147

"Underneath are the everlasting arms."—Deut. xxxiii: 27.

Rev. Wm. T. C. HANNA. Arranged.

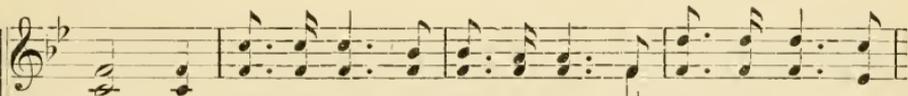
JNO. R. SWENEY.



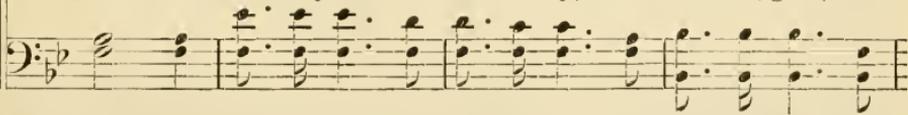
1. Se - re - ly dwell the heirs of 'grace In ev - 'ry age and
 2. When tri - als and temp - ta - tions sore Are hurled against them
 3. When threat'ning foes make loud pretence Of numbers vast and
 4. And when they reach the riv - er's brink, E'en death's cold wave they



clime and place, Support - ed by the firm embrace Of ev - er - lasting
 o'er and o'er, They find the vic - t'ry ev - 'ry hour In ev - er - lasting
 strength immense, They ev - er find a sure defense In ev - er - lasting
 need not shrink; They per - ish not, but on - ly sink In ev - er - lasting



arms! Tho' they are pilgrims far from home, Who seek a cit - y
 arms! And, leaving all the world behind, They per - fect peace thro'
 arms! Thus pillow'd on God's loving breast, They know what he per -
 arms! In heav'n they walk at lib - er - ty, From Sa - tan, grief, and



yet to come. They camp each night, where'er they roam, In ev - er - lasting arms!
 Jesus find, Which keeps and rules their heart and mind In ev - er - lasting arms!
 mits is best; And so thro' all they calmly rest In ev - er - lasting arms!
 death set free; A - bid - ing thro' e - ter - ni - ty In ev - er - lasting arms!



Follow Me.

T. C. O'K.

T. C. O'KANE.

1. Hear you not the Saviour calling, Calling you so earnest - ly?
 2. Lay not up on earth your treasure, Transient, perish - ing 'twill be;
 3. In my Father's house in heaven, Let your hearts untroubled be,

Gent - ly, too, the tones are fall - ing, "Come, oh, come, and follow me."
 Rath - er seek e - ter - nal pleasure; Would you find it? follow me.
 Glorious man - sion will be giv - en, On - ly come and follow me.

CHORUS.

Let us round our Leader ral - ly, Je - sus bids us each to come;

He will lead us thro' the val - ley, O'er the riv - er, safe - ly home.

4 Be thy pathway bright or dreary
 Whither duty leadeth thee,
 Strong thy steps, or faint and weary,
 I will guide thee,—follow me.

5 When thy days on earth are ending,
 And the close of life you see,
 Even to the grave descending,
 Never fear, but follow me.

The Haven of Rest.

149

H. L. GILMOUR.

GEO. D. MOORE.

1. My soul in sad ex - ile was out on life's sea, So
 2. I yield - ed my - self to his ten - der embrace, And
 3. The song of my soul, since the Lord made me whole, Has
 4. How pre - cious the thought that we all may re - cline, Like
 5. Oh, come to the Sav - iour, he pa - tient - ly waits To

burdened with sin, and dis - tress, Till I heard a sweet voice saying,
 faith taking hold of the word, My fetters fell off, and I
 been the OLD STORY so blest Of Jesus, who'll save who-so-
 John the be - lov - ed and blest, On Jesus' strong arm, where no
 save by his power di - vine; Come, anchor your soul in the

D. S.—The tempest may sweep o'er the

make me your choice; And I entered the "Ha - ven of Rest!"
 anchored my soul; The ha - ven of rest is my Lord.
 ev - er will have A home in the "Ha - ven of Rest!"
 tem - pest can harm, — Se - cure in the "Ha - ven of Rest!"
 ha - ven of rest, And say, "my Be - lov - ed is mine."
 wild, stormy deep, In Je - sus I'm safe ev - er - more.

CHORUS.

D. S.

I've anchored my soul in the haven of rest, I'll sail the wide seas no more;

W. J. K.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Saved to the uttermost: I am the Lord's, Jesus my Saviour salvation affords,
 2. Saved to the uttermost: Jesus is near, Keeping me safely, he casteth out fear;
 3. Saved to the uttermost: this I can say, "Once all was darkness, but now it is day,"
 4. Saved to the uttermost: cheerfully sing Loud hallelujahs to Jesus, my King;

Gives me his Spirit a witness within, Whisp'ring of pardon, and saving from sin.
 Trusting his promises, how I am blest! Leaning upon him, how sweet is my rest!
 Beautiful visions of glory I see, Je- sus in brightness revealed unto me.
 Ransom'd and pardon'd, redeemed by his blood, Cleansed from unrighteousness, glory
 [to God!]

CHORUS.

Saved, saved, saved to the uttermost, Saved, saved by pow- er di- vine ;

Saved, saved, I'm saved to the uttermost, Je - sus the Saviour is mine.

The Saviour with me.

151

LIZZIE EDWARDS.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

DUET.



1. I must have the Saviour with me, For I dare not walk alone, I must
2. I must have the Saviour with me, For my faith, at best, is weak; He can
3. I must have the Saviour with me In the onward march of life, Thro' the
4. I must have the Saviour with me, And his eye the way must guide, Till I

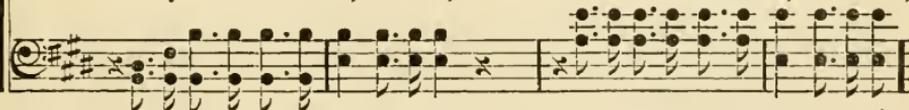


CHORUS.

feel his presence near me, And his arm around me thrown. Then my
whisper words of comfort That no oth - er voice can speak.
tempest and the sunshine, Thro' the bat - tle and the strife.
reach the vale of Jordan, Till I cross the roll - ing tide.



soul shall fear no ill, Let him lead me where he will,
Then my soul shall fear no ill, fear no ill, Let him lead me where he will, where he will,



I will go without a mur - mur, And his foot-steps follow still.



Still out of Christ.

H. E. BLAIR.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



1. Still out of Christ, when so oft he has called you, Why will you longer re-
2. Still out of Christ, and the moments so precious, Night is approaching, oh,
3. Still out of Christ, yet for you there is mercy, If you are willing to
4. Still out of Christ, and the love he has promised, How you are longing that



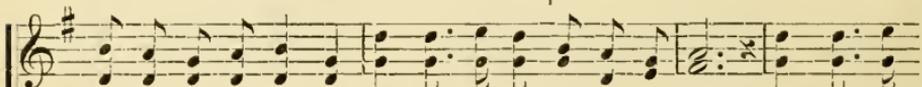
fuse to be-lieve? What can you hope from the world or its pleasure?
 what will you do? Still out of Christ, yet there's room at the fountain,
 turn from your sin; Yon-der he stands at the door of sal-va-tion,
 love to re-ceive: Haste where the star of your faith is di-recting,



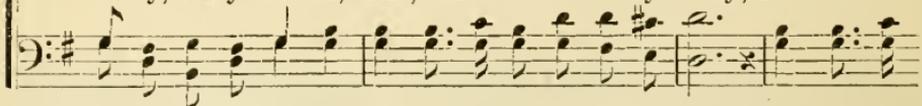
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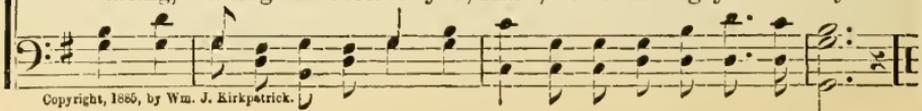
How can you trust them when both will deceive? Come, come to Je - sus,
 Free are its wa-ters, and flow-ing for you.
 Wait-ing to par-don and welcome you in.
 Haste, and this moment repent and believe.



wea-ry, heavy-hearted, Come, come to Jesus while you may; Now he is



waiting, waiting to receive you, Hark, he is calling you to-day.



Why Still Unsaved To-night?

ELISHA HOFFMAN.

T. C. O'KANE.

1. The ten-der voice of Je - sus has oft - en thrill'd thy heart,
 2. The Lord has lavished bless - ings pro - fuse - ly on thy way,
 3. Come, give thyself to Je - sus, who died to ran - som thee,

Be - seeing thee in gen - tle tones from all thy sins to part;
 Ten thousand are the mer - cies rich he sends thee day by day;
 Come, bring thy heart so press'd with sin, and he will set it free;

Why do you all the call - ings of the blessed Spir - it slight?
 Why with in - grat - i - tude do you the love of God requite?
 O do not now a - gain the call of thy Re - deem - er slight,

f *ritard.*
 O soul, for whom the Saviour died, why still unsaved to-night?
 O soul, for whom the Saviour died, why still unsaved to-night?
 Per - haps thy la - test call may be the call that comes to-night.

D.S.—O soul, for whom the Saviour died, why still unsaved to-night?

REFRAIN. *Slow'y.*

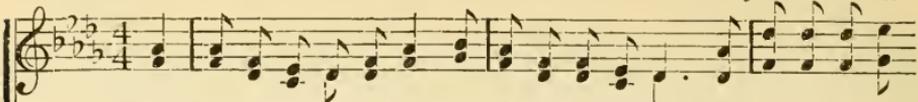
D.S.

1st & 2d.—Why still unsaved to-night? Why still unsaved to-night?
 3d.—Why not be saved to-night? Why not be saved to-night?

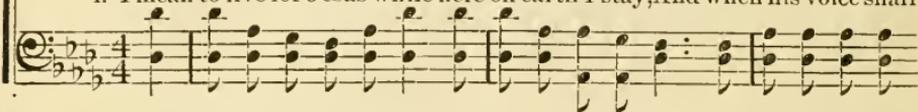
154 I will Shout His Praise in Glory.

P. H. DINGMAN.

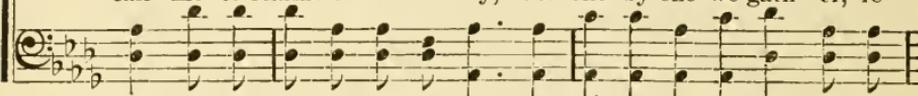
JNO. R. SWENEY.



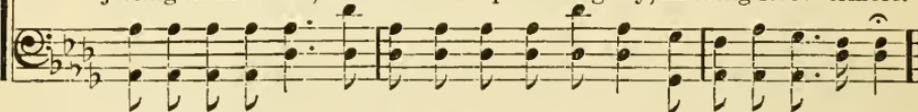
1. You ask what makes me happy, my heart so free from care, It is because my
2. I was a friendless wand'rer till Jesus took me in, My life was full of
3. I wish that ev'ry sinner before his throne would bow; He waits to bid them
4. I mean to live for Jesus while here on earth I stay, And when his voice shall



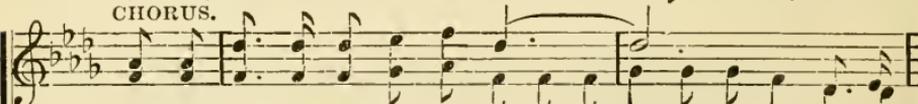
Sav - iour in mercy heard my prayer; He brought me out of darkness and
sor - row, my heart was full of sin; But when the blood so precious spoke
welcome, he longs to bless them now; If they but knew the rapture that
call me to realms of endless day, As one by one we gath - er, re-



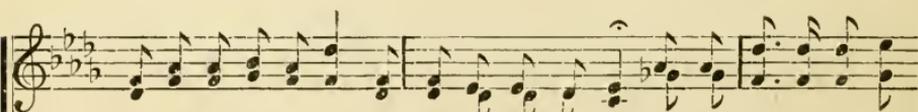
now the light I see; O blessed, loving Saviour! to him the praise shall be.
pardon to my soul; Oh, blissful, blissful moment! 'twas joy beyond control.
in his love I see, They'd come and shout salvation, and sing his praise with me.
joicing on the shore, We'll shout his praise in glory, and sing forev - ermore.



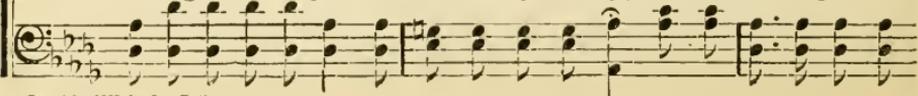
CHORUS.



I will shout his praise in glo - ry, So will I, so will I, And we'll



all sing halle - lu - jah in heav - en by and by; I will shout his praise in



glo - ry, And we'll all sing hallelujah in heaven by and by.
So will I, so will I,

Hear and Answer Prayer.

FANNY J. CROSEY.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. I am pray - ing, bless - ed Sav - iour, To be more and more like thee;
2. I am pray - ing, bless - ed Sav - iour, For a faith so clear and bright
3. I am pray - ing to be hum - bled By the power of grace di - vine,
4. I am pray - ing, bless - ed Sav - iour, And my constant prayer shall be

I am pray - ing that thy Spir - it Like a dove may rest on me.
That its eye will see thy glo - ry Thro' the deep - est, dark - est night.
To be clothed up - on with meekness, And to have no will but thine.
For a per - fect con - se - cra - tion, That shall make me more like thee.

CHORUS.

Thou who know - est all my weak - ness, Thou who knowest all my care,

While I plead each precious promise, Hear, oh, hear and answer prayer.

E. E. HEWITT.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

Not too fast.

1. We shall walk with him in white, In that country pure and bright, Where shall
2. We shall walk with him in white, Where faith yields to blissful sight, When the
3. We shall walk with him in white, By the fountains of delight, Where the

enter naught that may defile; Where the day-beam ne'er declines, For the
beauty of the King we see; Holding converse full and sweet, In a
Lamb his ransomed ones shall lead, For his blood shall wash each stain, Till no

blessed light that shines Is the glo - ry of the Saviour's smile.
fel - lowship complete; Waking songs of ho - ly mel - o - dy.
spot of sin remain, And the soul for - ev - ermore is freed.

CHORUS.

Beau - - tiful robes, . . Beau - - tiful robes, . .
Beautiful robes, beautiful robes, Beautiful robes, beautiful robes,

Beau - - - ti - ful robes we then shall wear, . .
Beau - ti - ful robes we then shall wear, Beau - ti - ful robes we then shall wear,

Gar - - ments of light, . . . Love - - ly and bright, . . .
 Garments of light, . . . Garments of light, Lovely and bright, . . . Lovely and bright,

Walking with Je - sus in white, Beau - ti - ful robes we shall wear.

More Faith in Jesus.

HENRIETTA E. BLAIR.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. While struggling thro' this vale of tears I want more faith in Je - sus;
 2. To war against the foes with- in I want more faith in Je - sus;
 3. To brave the storms that here I meet I want more faith in Je - sus;
 4. I want a faith that works by love, A con- stant faith in Je - sus;

Fine.

A - mid temptations, cares, and fears, I want more faith in Je - sus.
 To rise a - bove the powers of sin I want more faith in Je - sus.
 To rest con - fid - ing at his feet I want more faith in Je - sus.
 A faith that mountains can remove, A liv - ing faith in Je - sus.

D.S.—And this my cry, as time rolls by, I want more faith in Je - sus.

CHORUS. *D.S.*

I want more faith, I want more faith, A clearer, brighter, stronger faith in Jesus;

Every Need Supplied.

FRANCES RIDLEY HAVERGAL.

T. C. O'KANE.

1. I am so weak, dear Lord, I cannot stand One moment without thee;
 2. I am so weary, Lord, and yet I know All fulness dwells in thee;
 3. It is so sweet to trust thy word alone, I do not ask to see

But, oh, the tenderness of thy en - folding, And, oh, the faithfulness of
 And, hour by hour, that never - failing treasure Supplies, in full and o - ver -
 Th' unveiling of thy purpose, or the shining Of future light on myster -

thy upholding, And oh, the strength of thy right hand, That strength is enough for me.
 flowing measure, My least my greatest need, and so Thy grace is enough for me.
 ies entwining, Thy promise roll is all my own, — Thy word is enough for me.
 for me.

That strength is enough for me, That strength is enough for me; And
 Thy grace is enough for me, Thy grace is enough for me; My
 Thy word is enough for me, Thy word is enough for me; Thy
 for me, for me;

Always Abounding.

159

"Always abounding in the work of the Lord."—1 Cor. xv. 58.

E. A. BARNES.

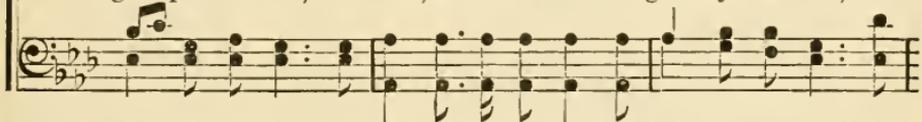
WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



1. Be earnest, my brothers, in word and in deed, Be active in reaping and
2. Be ready, my brothers, his call to o-bey, In seeking the erring and
3. Be zealous, my brothers, the light to extend, And unto all nations the



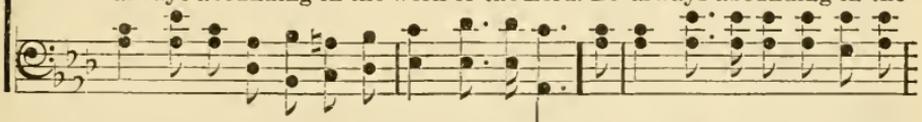
sow- ing the seed; And thus in the vineyard, with Je- sus to lead, Be
show- ing the way; And thus as his servants, remem- ber, we pray, Be
gos- pel to send; And thus, till the harvest in glo- ry shall end, Be



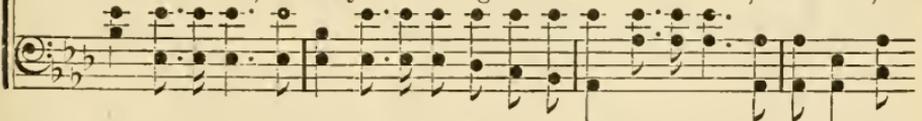
REFRAIN.



always abounding in the work of the Lord. Be always abounding in the



work of the Lord, Be always abounding in the work of the Lord; Be earnest, be



active, re- lying on his word, Be always abounding in the work of the Lord.

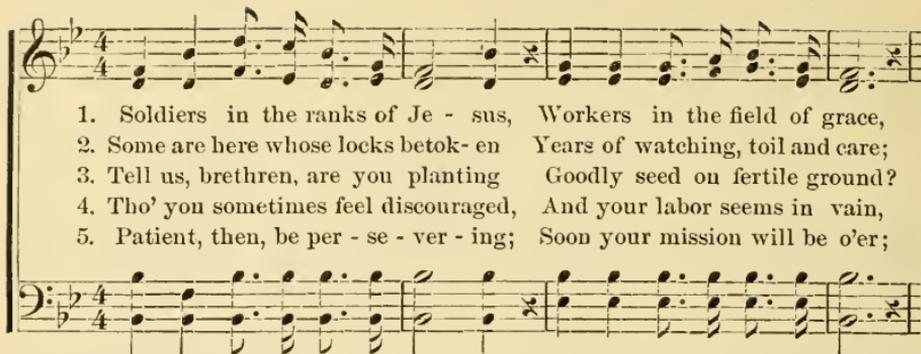


Christian Reunion.

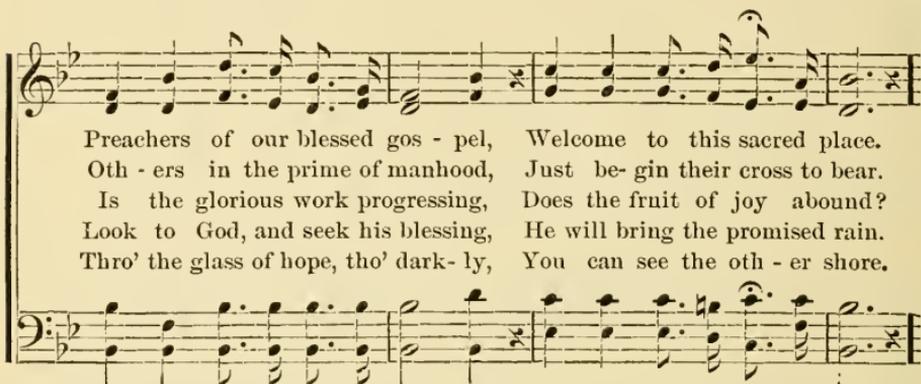
By permission.

"Let brotherly love continue."

S. J. VAIL.

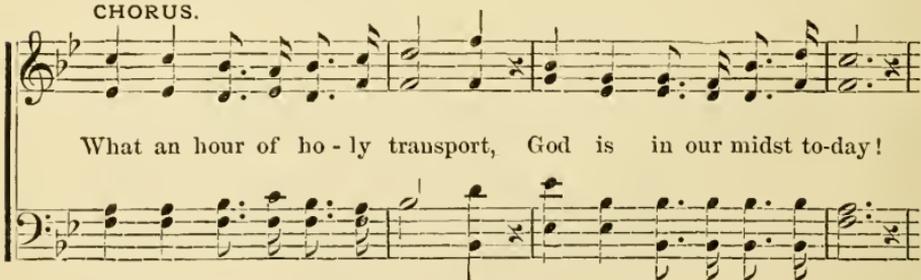


1. Soldiers in the ranks of Je - sus, Workers in the field of grace,
 2. Some are here whose locks betok - en Years of watching, toil and care;
 3. Tell us, brethren, are you planting Goodly seed on fertile ground?
 4. Tho' you sometimes feel discouraged, And your labor seems in vain,
 5. Patient, then, be per - se - ver - ing; Soon your mission will be o'er;

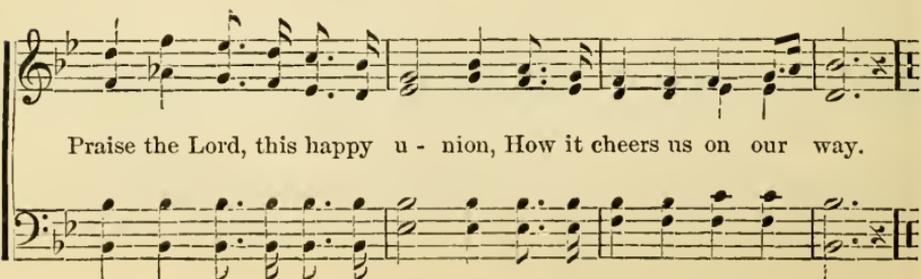


Preachers of our blessed gos - pel, Welcome to this sacred place.
 Oth - ers in the prime of manhood, Just be - gin their cross to bear.
 Is the glorious work progressing, Does the fruit of joy abound?
 Look to God, and seek his blessing, He will bring the promised rain.
 Thro' the glass of hope, tho' dark - ly, You can see the oth - er shore.

CHORUS.



What an hour of ho - ly transport, God is in our midst to-day!



Praise the Lord, this happy u - nion, How it cheers us on our way.

Though Your Sins be as Scarlet. 161

"Though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow."—Isaiah i. 18.

FANNY J. CROSSBY.

W. H. DOANE. By per.

DUET. *Gently.*

| 1st. | 2nd.

1. "Tho' your sins be as scalet, They shall be as white as snow ; as snow :
2. Hear the voice that entreats you, Oh, return ye unto God ! to God !
3. He'll forgive your transgressions, And remember them no more ; no more ;

QUARTET.

Tho' they be red like crimson, They shall be as wool ;"
 He is of great compassion, And of wondrous love ;
 "Look un- to me, ye people," Saith the Lord your God ;

Tho' they be red

DUET. *p*

QUARTET. *f*

"Tho' your sins be as scarlet, Tho' your sins be as scarlet,
 Hear the voice that entreats you, Hear the voice that entreats you,
 He'll forgive your transgressions, He'll forgive your transgressions,

p ritard.

They shall be as white as snow, They shall be as white as snow."
 Oh, return ye un- to God ! Oh, return ye un- to God !
 And remem - ber them no more, And remem - ber them no more.

Copyright, 1897, by W. H. Doane

Lead Me, Saviour.

F. M. D.

"For thy name's sake lead me, guide me."—Ps. xxxi. 3.

FRANK M. DAVIS.

With expression.

1. Saviour, lead me, lest I stray, Gent-ly lead me all the way ;
 2. Thou the refuge of my soul When life's stormy billows roll,
 3. Saviour, lead me, then at last, When the storm of life is past,

1. Sav - iour, lead me, lest I stray, Gent - ly lead me all the way ;

I am safe when by thy side, I would in thy love abide.
 I am safe when thou art nigh, All my hopes on thee rely.
 To the land of endless day, Where all tears are wiped away.

I am safe when by thy side, I would in thy love abide.

CHORUS.

Lead me, lead me, Sav - iour, lead me, lest I stray ; . . .
 lest I stray ;

rit. e dim.

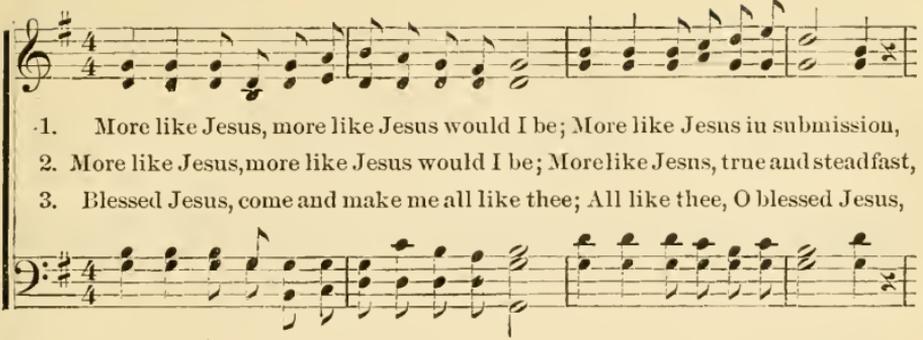
Gently down the stream of time, Lead me, Saviour, all the way.
 stream of time, all the way.

More Like Jesus.

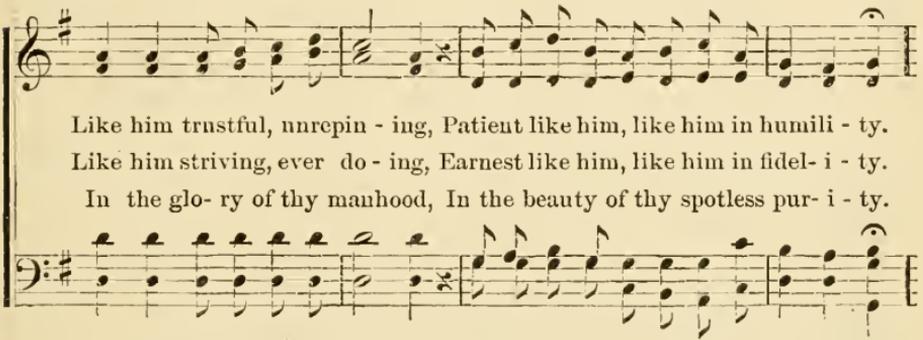
163

Rev. F. MERRICK, D. D.

T. C. O'KANE.

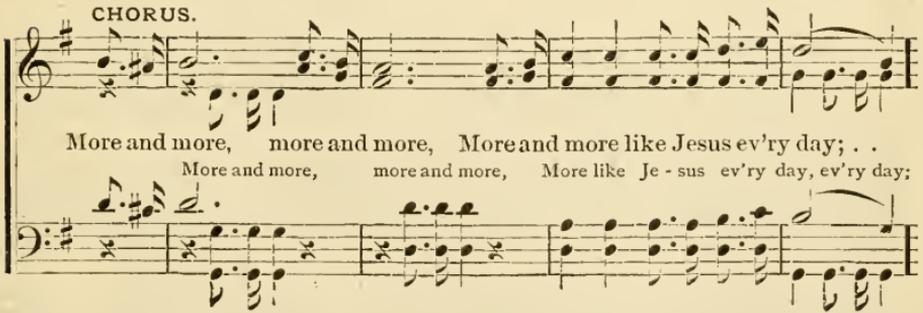


1. More like Jesus, more like Jesus would I be; More like Jesus in submission,
2. More like Jesus, more like Jesus would I be; More like Jesus, true and steadfast,
3. Blessed Jesus, come and make me all like thee; All like thee, O blessed Jesus,



Like him trustful, unrepin - ing, Patient like him, like him in humili - ty.
Like him striving, ever do - ing, Earnest like him, like him in fidel - i - ty.
In the glo - ry of thy manhood, In the beauty of thy spotless pur - i - ty.

CHORUS.



More and more, more and more, More and more like Jesus ev'ry day; . .
More and more, more and more, More like Je - sus ev'ry day, ev'ry day;



More and more, more and more, More like Jesus ev - 'ry day.
More and more, more and more,

Copyright, 1879, by T. C. O'Kane.

1. A lit - tle talk with Je - sus, How it smooths the rugged road!
 2. Ah, this is what I'm wanting, His love - ly face to see;
 3. I can - not live without him, Nor would I if I could;
 4. So I'll wait a lit - tle long - er, Till his appoint - ed time,

How it seems to help me on - ward, When I faint beneath my load;
 And I'm not a - afraid to say it, I know he's wanting me.
 He is my dai - ly por - tion, My med - i - cine and food.
 And a - long the upward path - way My pil - grim feet shall climb.

When my heart is crushed with sorrow, And my eyes with tears are dim,
 He gave his life a ran - som, To make me all his own,
 He is al - to - geth - er love - ly, None can with him com - pare;
 There, in my Father's dwell - ing, Where man - y mansions be,

There is naught can yield me comfort Like a lit - tle talk with him.
 And he'll ne'er forget his prom - ise To me, his purchased one.
 Chief - est among ten thousand, And fair - est of the fair.
 I shall sweetly talk with Je - sus, And he will talk with me.

We Have an Anchor.

165

PRISCILLA J. OWENS.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Will your anchor hold in the storms of life, When the clouds unfold their
2. It is safely moored, 'twill the storm withstand, For 'tis well secured by the
3. It will firmly hold in the straits of fear, When the breakers have told the
4. It will surely hold in the floods of death, When the waters cold chill our
5. When our eyes behold thro' the gath'ring night The city of gold, our

wings of strife? When the strong tides lift, and the cables strain, Will your
Saviour's hand; And the cables, passed from his heart to mine, Can de-
reef is near, Tho' the tempest rave and the wild winds blow. Not an
lat-est breath, On the ris-ing tide it can nev-er fail, While our
har-ber bright, We shall anchor fast by the heav'nly shore, with the

CHORUS.

anchor drift, or firm remain? We have an anchor that keeps the soul
fy the blast, thro' strength divine.
angry wave shall our bark o'erflow.
hopes a-bide with - in the veil.
storms all past for - ev - ernore.

steadfast and sure while the billows roll, Fastened to the Rock which

can - not move, Grounded firm and deep In the Saviour's love.

Glory to God, Hallelujah!

FANNY J. CROSBY.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. We are nev - er, nev - er wea - ry of the grand old song; Glo - ry to
 2. We are lost a - mid the rapture of redeem - ing love; Glo - ry to
 3. We are go - ing to a palace that is built of gold; Glo - ry to
 4. There we'll shout redeeming mercy in a glad, new song; Glo - ry to

God, hal - le - lu - jah! We can sing it loud as ever, with our faith more strong:
 God, hal - le - lu - jah! We are rising on its pinions to the hills a - bove:
 God, hal - le - lujah! Where the King in all his splendor we shall soon behold:
 God, hallelujah! There we'll sing the praise of Jesus with the blood-wash'd throng:

Fine. CHORUS.

Glo - ry to God, hal - le - lu - jah! O, the children of the Lord have a

right to shout and sing, For the way is grow - ing bright, and our

D.S.

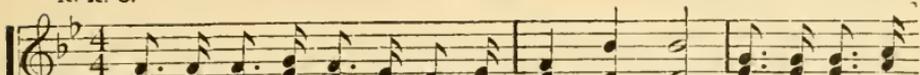
souls are on the wing; We are going by and by to the palace of a King!

Standing on the Promises.

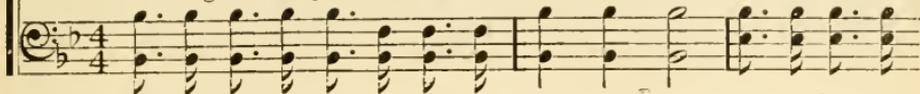
167

R. K. G.

R. KELSO CARTER.



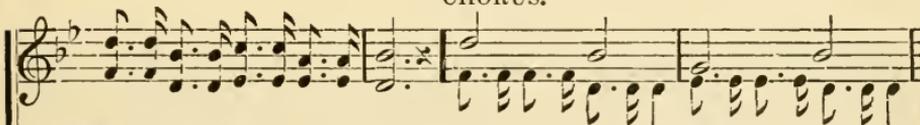
1. Standing on the prom-is - es of Christ my King, Thro' e - ter - nal
 2. Standing on the prom-is - es that can - not fail, When the howling
 3. Standing on the prom-is - es I now can see Per - fect, present
 4. Standing on the prom-is - es of Christ the Lord, Bound to him e -
 5. Standing on the prom-is - es I can - not fall, Listening ev - ery




a - ges let his prais - es ring; Glo - ry in the highest, I will shout and sing,
 storms of doubt and fear as - sail, By the liv - ing Word of God I shall pre - vail,
 cleansing in the blood for me; Standing in the liberty where Christ makes free,
 ter - nally by love's strong cord, O - vercoming dai - ly with the Spir - its' sword,
 moment to the Spir - its' call, Rest - ing in my Saviour, as my all in all,



CHORUS.



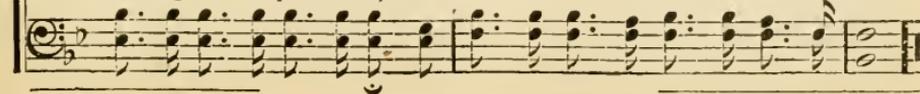
Standing on the promises of God. Stand - ing, stand - ing,
 Standing on the promises, Standing on the promises,




Standing on the promis - es of God my Saviour; Stand - - ing,
 Standing on the promis - es,




stand - - ing, I'm standing on the promis - es of God.
 Standing on the prom - is - es,



Leaning on Jesus.

Rev. W. F. CRAFTS.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Wea-ry with walking a - lone, Long heav-y - laden with sin;
2. Fearing to stand for my Lord, Trembling for weakness in prayer;

Toil-ing all night with-out Christ,—Rest for my soul shall I win,
Yet on the bo - som di - vine Los - ing each sor-row and fear,

CHORUS.

Lean - ing on Je - sus, I walk - at his side; . . .
Leaning on Je - sus, in him I a - bide, Leaning on Je - sus, I walk at his side;

Lean - - ing on Je - - sus, I trust him, my Shepherd and Guide.
Leaning on Je - sus, what-ev - er be - tide,

3 Anxious no longer for self,
Shrinking no longer from pain,
Leaning on Jesus alone,
He all my care will sustain.

4 Leaning, I walk in "the way,"
Leaning, "the truth" I shall know;
Leaning on heart-throbs of Christ,
Safe into "life" I may go.

The Beautiful Light.

169

R. KELSO CARTER.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. Je-sus is the light, the way, We are walking in the light, We are
2. We who know our sins forgiven, We are walking in the light, We are
3. As we journey here be-low, We are walking in the light, We are
4. We will sing his power to save, We are walking in the light, We are

walking in the light; Shining brighter day by day, We are walking in the
walking in the light; Find on earth the joy of heaven, We are walking in the
walking in the light; Oh, what joy and peace we know, We are walking in the
walking in the light; We will triumph o'er the grave, We are walking in the

REFRAIN.

beautiful light of God. We are walk - - ing in the light, We are
Walking in the light, beautiful light of God,

walk - - ing in the light, We are walk - - ing in the
Walking in the light, beau-ti-ful light of God, Walking in the light,

light, We are walking in the beau-ti-ful light of God.
Walk-ing in the light,

1. How happy ev'ry child of grace, Who knows his sins forgiven! "This earth," he
 2. O what a blessed hope is ours! While here on earth we stay, We more than
 3. O would he more of heaven bestow, And let the vessels break, And let our

cries, "Is not my place, I seek my place in heaven,—A country far from
 taste the heav'nly pow'rs, And ante-date that day; We feel the res-ur-
 ransomed spirits go To grasp the God we seek; In rapturous awe on

mortal sight; Yet oh, by faith I see The land of rest, the saints' delight, The
 rection near, Our life in Christ concealed, And with his glorious presence here Our
 him to gaze, Who bought the sight for me; And shout and wonder at his grace Thro'

CHORUS.

heaven prepared for me." How hap- py ev'ry child of grace, Who knows his
 earthen vessels filled.
 all e - ter - ni - ty.

sins forgiven! "This earth," he cries, "is not my place, I seek my place in heav'n."

Leaning on the Everlasting Arms. 171

Rev. E. A. HOFFMAN.

A. J. SHOWALTER.



1. What a fel- lowship, what a joy divine, Leaning on the ev - er -
2. Oh, how sweet to walk in this pilgrim way, Leaning on the ev - er -
3. What have I to dread, what have I to fear, Leaning on the ev - er -



last - ing arms; What a bless - ed - ness, What a peace is mine,
last - ing arms; Oh, how bright the path grows from day to day,
last - ing arms? I have bless - ed peace with my Lord so near,



REFRAIN.



Lean - ing on the ev - er - last - ing arms. Lean - ing,
Lean - ing on the ev - er - last - ing arms.
Lean - ing on the ev - er - last - ing arms. Lean - ing on Je - sus,



lean - ing, Safe and se - cure from all a - larms;
Lean - ing on Je - sus,



Lean - ing, lean - ing, Leaning on the ev - er - lasting arms.
Lean - ing on Je - sus, lean - ing on Je - sus,



Ashamed of Jesus.

GRIGG. DUET.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. Je- sus, and shall it ev- er be, A mortal
 2. Ashamed of Je - - - - sus! sooner far Let evening
 3. Ashamed of Je - - - - sus! just as soon Let midnight
 4. Ashamed of Je - - - - sus! that dear Friend On whom my
 INST.

man ashamed of thee? Ashamed of thee, whom angels
 blush to own a star; He sheds the beams of light di-
 be ashamed of noon; 'Tis midnight with my soul till
 hopes of heav'n depend! No; when I blush, be this my

praise, Whose glories shine thro' endless days.
 vine O'er this benight - - - - ed soul of mine.
 he, Bright Morning Star, bids darkness flee.
 shame, That I no more revere his name.

CHORUS.

Ashamed of Jesus! never, No, nev- er, no, nev- er; Ashamed of Jesus! never,

5 Ashamed of Jesus! yes, I may,
 When I've no guilt to wash away;
 No tear to wipe, no good to crave,
 No fears to quell, no soul to save.
 My best, my dearest Friend.
 6 Till then—nor is my boasting vain—
 Till then I boast a Saviour slain;
 And oh, may this my glory be,
 That Christ is not ashamed of me!

Amazing Grace.

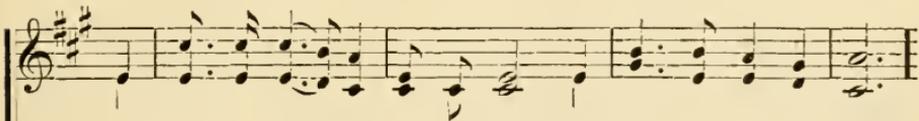
173

J. NEWTON.

T. C. O'KANE.



1. Amazing grace! how sweet the sound! That rescued one like me;
2. 'Twas grace that taught my heart to fear, And grace my fears relieved;
3. Through many dangers, toils, and snares, I have al - read - y come;
4. The earth shall soon dissolve like snow, The sun for - bear to shine;



I once was lost, but now am found, Was blind, but now I see.
How precious did that grace ap - pear, The hour I first believed.
'Twas grace that brought me safe thus far, And grace will lead me home.
But God, who called me here be - low, Will be for - ev - er mine.



REFRAIN.



Wondrous grace, full and free, Un - to all, . . . to e - ven me;
Wondrous grace! full and free, Un - to all, to even me;



O blessed the Lord, my soul, exalt his holy name, His saving grace proclaim.



Cross and Crown.

THOS. SHEPHERD, alt.

Chorus by T. C. O'KANE.

GEORGE N. ALLEN.

1. Must Je - sus bear the cross a - lone, And all the world go free?
 2. How hap - py are the saints a - bove, Who once went sorrowing here!
 3. Up - on the crystal pavement, down At Je - sus' pierced feet,

No, there's a cross for ev - 'ry one, And there's a cross for me.
 But now they taste un - mingled love, And joy without a tear.
 Joy - ful I'll cast my gold - en crown, And his dear name re - peat.

CHORUS.

O Je - sus, hear my earn - est prayer, Help me the cross to

dai - ly bear, And then go home my crown to wear, For

there's a crown for me; Yes, there's a crown for me.
 for me.

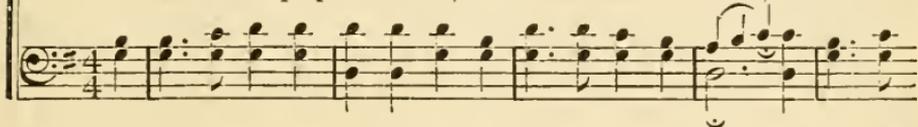
Since I Have Been Redeemed. 175

E. O. E.

E. O. EXCELL. By per.



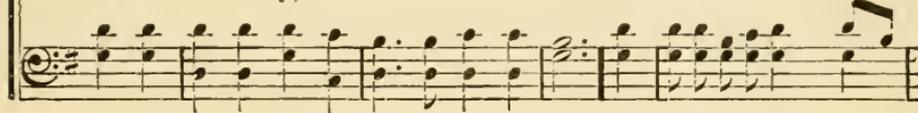
1. I have a song I love to sing, Since I have been redeemed, Of my Re-
2. I have a Christ that satis - fies, Since I have been redeemed, To do his
3. I have a Witness bright and clear, Since I have been redeemed, Dispelling
4. I have a joy I can't express, Since I have been redeemed, All thro' his
5. I have a home prepared for me, Since I have been redeemed, Where I shall



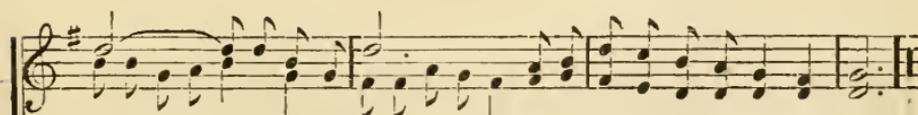
CHORUS.



deemer, Saviour King, Since I have been redeemed. Since I . . . have been re-
 will my highest prize, Since I have been redeemed.
 every doubt and fear, Since I have been redeemed.
 blood and righteousness, Since I have been redeemed.
 dwell e - ter - nal - ly, Since I have been redeemed. Since I have been redeemed, since



deemed, Since I have been redeemed, I will glory in his name, Since
 I have been redeemed,



I . . . have been redeemed, I will glory in the Saviour's name.
 I have been redeemed, since I have been redeemed,



W. T. DALE.

D. E. DORTCH.

1. I have been to Jesus, he has cleansed my soul, I've been washed in the
 2. I am dai - ly trusting Je - sus at my side, I've been washed in the
 3. I am working in the vineyard of the Lord, I've been washed in the
 4. I am list'n'ing now to hear the Bridegroom's voice, I've been washed in the

blood of the Lamb; By the precious fountain I have been made whole,
 blood of the Lamb; I am sweet - ly rest - ing in the Cru - ci - fied,
 blood of the Lamb; I am trust - ing in the promise of his word,
 blood of the Lamb; How his coming will each faithful heart re - joice,

CHORUS.

I've been washed in the blood of the Lamb. I've been washed, I've been
 in the blood,

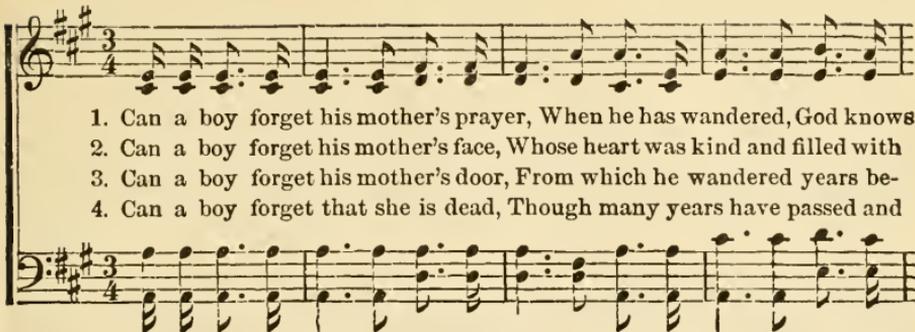
washed, I've been washed in the blood the Lamb; And my robe is
 in the blood, of the Lamb;

spotless, it is white as snow, I've been washed in the blood of the Lamb.

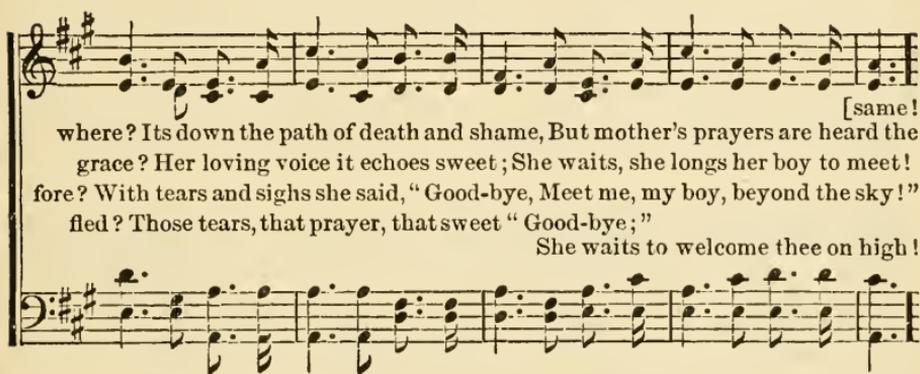
Can a Boy Forget his Mother? 177

J. H. W.

Rev. J. H. WEBER. By per.

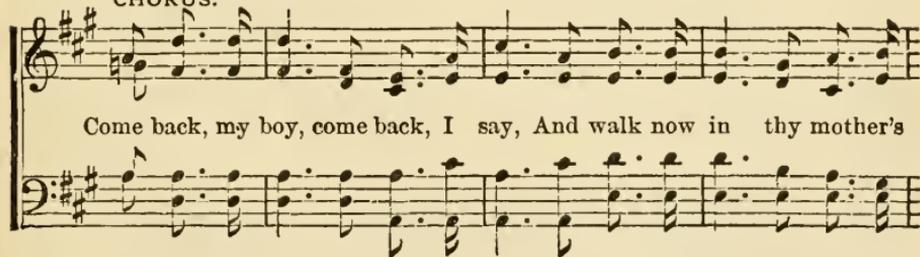


1. Can a boy forget his mother's prayer, When he has wandered, God knows
2. Can a boy forget his mother's face, Whose heart was kind and filled with
3. Can a boy forget his mother's door, From which he wandered years be-
4. Can a boy forget that she is dead, Though many years have passed and

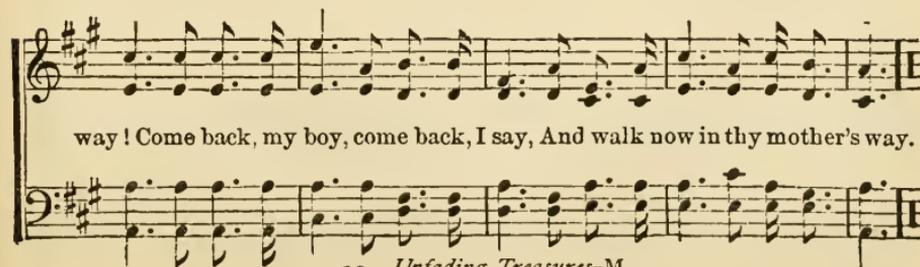


[same!
where? Its down the path of death and shame, But mother's prayers are heard the
grace? Her loving voice it echoes sweet; She waits, she longs her boy to meet!
fore? With tears and sighs she said, " Good-bye, Meet me, my boy, beyond the sky!"
fied? Those tears, that prayer, that sweet " Good-bye; "
She waits to welcome thee on high!

CHORUS.



Come back, my boy, come back, I say, And walk now in thy mother's



way! Come back, my boy, come back, I say, And walk now in thy mother's way.

Rock of Ages.

A. M. TOPLADY.

Tune, CRANSTON.

T. C. O'KANE.

1. Rock of A - ges, cleft for me, Let me hide my - self in thee;
 2. Could my tears for - ev - er flow, Could my zeal no languor know;
 3. While I draw this fleeting breath, When my eyes shall close in death,

Let the wa - ter and the blood, From thy wounded side which flowed,
 These for sin could not a - tone; Thou must save, and thou a - lone;
 When I rise to worlds unknown, And be - hold thee on thy throne,

Be of sin the dou - ble cure, Save from wrath and make me pure.
 In my hand no price I bring, Simply to thy cross I cling.
 Rock of A - ges, cleft for me, Let me hide my - self in thee.

Rock of A - ges, cleft for me, Let me hide myself in thee.

Copyright, 1893, by T. C. O'Kane.

Tune, TOPLADY. 7s.

THOS. HASTINGS.

*Fine.**D. C.*

Jesus, Lover of My Soul.The first eight measures may be sung
as a duet by male or female voices. 3

T. C. O'KANE.

1. Je - sus, lov - er of my soul, Let me to thy bos - om fly,
2. Oth - er ref - uge have I none; Hangs my helpless soul on thee:
3. Plenteous grace with thee is found, Grace to cov - er all my sin;

While the near - er wa - ters roll, While the tempest still is high.
Leave, oh, leave me not a - lone, Still sup - port and comfort me:
Let the heal - ing streams a - bound; Make and keep me pure within.

Hide me, O my Sa - viour, hide, Till the storm of life is past;
All my trust on thee is stayed, All my help from thee I bring;
Thou of life the fount - ain art, Free - ly let me take of thee:

Safe in - to the ha - ven guide, O, receive my soul at last.
Cov - er my de - fence - less head With the shadow of thy wing.
Spring thou up with - in my heart, Rise to all e - ter - ni - ty.

Copyright, 1893, by T. C. O'Kane.

Tune, MARTYN. 7s.

S. B. MARSH.

*Fine.**D. C.*

1. Sal- vation! O the joyful sound! What pleasure to our ears! A sovereign
 2. Sal- vation! let the ech - o fly The spacious earth around, While all the
 3. Sal- vation! O thou bleeding Lamb! To thee the praise belongs: Salvation

CHORUS.

balm for ev'ry wound, A cordial for our fears. Sal- vation! sal- va - tion!
 armies of the sky Conspire to raise the sound.
 shall inspire our hearts, And dwell upon our tongues.

O the joyful sound! Come, let us sing with happy hearts, The Saviour we have found.

Copyright, 1893, by Jno. R. Sweney.

1. A beau- ti- ful land by faith I see, A land of rest, from sorrow free,
 2. That beautiful land, where all is light, It ne'er has known the shades of night,
 3. The heavenly throng arrayed in white, In rapture range the plains of light;

The home of the ransomed bright and fair, And beautiful angels, too, are there.
 The glo - ry of God, the light of day, Hath driven the darkness far a- way.
 In harmony grand and pure they praise Their glorious Saviour's matchless grace.

By permission.

Will You Go with Me?—CONCLUDED.

CHORUS.

Will you go? will you go? Go to that beautiful land with me? land with me?

1st. 2d.

183

The Voice of Jesus.

HORATIUS BONAR, D. D.

T. C. O'KANE.

1. { I heard the voice of Je - sus say, "Come un-to me and rest,
Lay down, thou wea-ry one, lay down Thy head up-on my breast." }

2. { I heard the voice of Je - sus say, "Behold, I free - ly give
The liv - ing wa - ter, thirs- ty one, Stoop down, and drink and live." }

3. { I heard the voice of Je - sus say, "I am this dark world's light;
Look un - to me, thy morn shall rise, And all thy day be bright." }

I came to Je - sus, as I was, Wea-ry, and worn and sad,
I came to Je - sus, and I drank Of that life - giv - ing stream,
I looked to Je - sus, and I found In him my star, my sun,

I found in him a rest - ing place, And he has made me glad.
My thirst was quenched, my soul revived, And now I live in him.
And in that light of life I'll walk Till all my journey's done.

We are Sailing O'er the Sea.

I. B.

"They came over to the other side of the sea."—Mark v: 1.

I. BALTZELL.

1. { We're a hap - py, pil - grim band, Sail - ing to the good - ly land;
 Tho' the tem - pest ra - ges long, There is One among the throng
 2. { Tho' the might - y bil - lows swell, They shall nev - er o - verwhelm,
 'Mid the strife his praise will swell, For we've Je - sus at the helm,

CHORUS.

With a swelling sail we onward sweep; } We are sail - - ing o'er the
 Who will guide the sailor o'er the deep. } We are sail - - ing o'er the
 Tho' the breakers roll up - on the lea; } We are sailing, sailing, sailing, we are
 And he'll guide her safely o'er the sea. } We are sailing, sailing, sailing, we are

sea, We are sail - ing o'er the sea; *1st.*
 sea, Praise the Lord, we'll soon be . . . free. *2d.*
 sailing o'er the sea, We are sailing, sailing, sailing, we are sailing o'er the sea;
 sailing o'er the sea, Praise the Lord, we'll soon be free, yes, praise the . . . Lord, we'll soon be free.

By permission.

3 Though for many ages past
 She has braved the stormy blast,
 She's the old ship Zion as of yore;
 Safe amid the rocks and shoals
 She has landed many souls,
 Safe at home, on Canaan's happy shore.

4 Ho! ye sinners, hear to-day,
 There is danger in your way!
 By the chart of folly you're misled;
 There is danger underneath,
 And above a storm of wrath,
 And the rocks of destruction are ahead

185

I will Give You Rest.

Mrs. C. H. ESLING.

T. C. O'KANE.

1. Come un - to me when shadows darkly gath - er, When the sad
 2. Large are the mansions in thy Father's dwelling, Glad are the
 3. There, like an E - den blossom - ing in gladness, Bloom the fair

I will Give You Rest.—CONCLUDED.

heart is wea-ry and distressed; Seek-ing for com-fort from your
homes that sorrows nev-er dim; Sweet are the harps in ho-ly
flow'rs the earth too rude-ly pressed; Come un-to me, all ye who

heav'nly Fa-ther, Come un-to me, and I will give you rest.
mu-sic swelling, Soft are the tones which raise the heav'nly hymn.
droop in sad-ness, Come un-to me, and I will give you rest.

Copyright, 1890, by T. C. O'Kane.

186

Go to Jesus.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

1st. *Fine.* || 2d.

1. { Would'st thou find a friend to love thee More than human hearts can love,
One who knows thy ev'ry trial? Such a friend thou . . . hast above.

2. { Would'st thou find the blessed fountain, Flowing at the cross so free?
Go to Jesus; he will guide thee; Cleansed by him thy . . . soul shall be.

D. C.—He has promised to receive thee—Take thy Saviour at his word.

CHORUS.

D. C.

Go, in trusting faith be-lieving, Cast thy burden on the Lord;

Copyright, 1879, by Jno. R. Sweeney.

3 Would'st thou find a friend to teach
thee
How thy soul by faith may live,
How to reach those heights of rapture
Earthly joy can never give?

4 Would'st thou find a friend to shield
thee,
When with clouds thy sky is dim?
Go to Jesus; ask his mercy;
Lo, he calls thee, go to him.

Gathering One by One.

T. C. O'K.

T. C. O'KANE.

1. { "One by one," the bonds are severed, Binding hearts togeth - er here; }
 2. { "One by one," new ties are add - ed To the land that }
 2. { "One by one" we cease our toil - ing For the Mas - ter here be - low; }
 { By the an - gel bands attend - ed, To our end - less }

2d. CHORUS.

knows no tear. Gath'ring home, gath'ring home, "One by one," we're gathering rest we go.

Repeat chorus pp.

home; Soon we'll all be gathered home, Gathered "one by one."

From "Songs of Worship."

- | | |
|--|--|
| 3 "One by one," we're gath'ring yon-
Out of every clime and land; [der,
"One by one" we're crossing over,
To the distant heavenly strand. | 4 "One by one" the Saviour calls us
In his perfect bliss to share;
May we for the call be ready—
Oh, may none be missing there! |
|--|--|

Come, Holy Spirit.

I. WATTS.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. Come, Ho-ly Spir - it, heavenly Dove, With all thy quick'ning powers;
 2. Look how we grov-el here be - low, Fond of these earth - ly toys;
 3. In vain we tune our for - mal songs, In vain we strive to rise;
 4. Father, and shall we ev - er live At this poor dy - ing rate,
 5. Come, Ho-ly Spir - it, heavenly Dove, With all thy quick'ning powers;

Come, Holy Spirit.—CONCLUDED.



Kin - dle a flame of sa - cred love In these cold hearts of ours.
 Our souls, how heav - i - ly they go, To reach e - ter - nal joys.
 Ho - san - nas languish on our tongues, And our de - vo - tion dies.
 Our love so faint, so cold to thee, And thine to us so great.
 Come, shed a - broad a Saviour's love, And that shall kin - dle ours.



CHORUS.



Come, Holy Spirit, Come, heav'nly Dove, We wait thy blessing, Fill us with love.



189 I Wish that I had Never Sinned.

F. L. CORNISH.

Tune, WANAMAKER. C. M.

JNO. R. SWENEY.



1. I wish that I had never sinned, But since that cannot be,
2. I feel the shame, I know the guilt, My soul cries out in pain;
3. The sad - dest hour my life has known Is that wherein I strayed
4. But pen - i - tent to - day I come, Almight - y God, to thee;
5. Speak to my soul in thine own way, Re - lieve its weight of care,



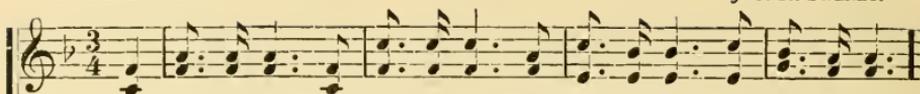
I'll lay my guilt - y bur - den on The Lamb of Cal - va - ry.
 Dear Je - sus, pur - i - fy me now, And make me whole a - gain.
 A - way from God's di - vine command, And pen - i - tence de - layed.
 For Je - sus' sake incline thine ear, Ac - cept my hum - ble plea.
 Teach me to go and sin no more, That I thy peace may share.



On the Way.

LIZZIE EDWARDS.

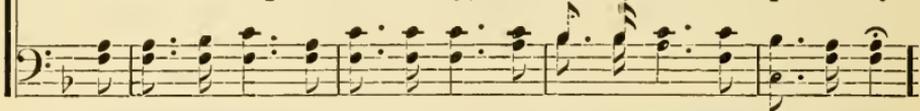
JNO. R. SWENEY.



1. Oh, bless the Lord, what joy is mine! What perfect peace thro' grace divine!
2. Oh, bless the Lord, he dwells with me, The voice I hear, the hand I see
3. Oh, bless the Lord for what I know Of heavenly bliss while here below!
4. Oh, bless the Lord 'twill not be long Till I shall join the holy throng,

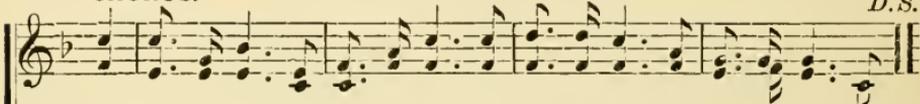


And now to realms of endless day, Oh, bless the Lord, I'm on the way.
Renew my strength from day to day While home to him I'm on the way.
My trusting heart thro' faith can say, To mansions bright I'm on the way.
And shout and sing thro' endless day, Where ev-ry tear is wiped a-way.

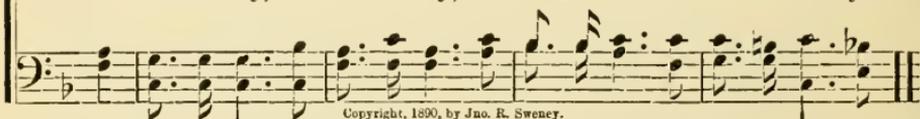


D.S.—crown to wear in end-less day, Oh, bless the Lord, I'm on the way.

CHORUS.

D.S.

I'm on the way, I'm on the way, In vain the world would bid me stay: A



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Follow All the Way.

GEO. W. COLLINS.

Arranged by Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.



1. I have heard my Saviour calling, I have heard my Saviour calling,
2. Tho' he leads me thro' the valley, Tho' he leads me thro' the valley,
3. Tho' he leads me thro' the garden, Tho' he leads me thro' the garden,



Copyright, 1891, by Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

CHO.—Where he leads me I will follow, Where he leads me I will follow,

Follow All the Way.—CONCLUDED.

Musical notation for the first system of 'Follow All the Way'. It features a treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 3/4 time signature. The melody is written on a single staff. Below the staff, the lyrics are: 'I have heard my Saviour calling, "Take thy cross and follow, follow me." Tho' he leads me thro' the valley, I'll go with him, with him all the way. Tho' he leads me thro' the garden, I'll go with him, with him all the way.'

Where he leads me I will follow, I'll go with him, with him all the way.

4 ||: Tho' the path be dark and dreary, :||
I'll go with him, with him all the way.

5 ||: Tho' he leads me to the conflict, :||
I'll go with him, with him all the way.

6 ||: Tho' he leads through fiery trials, :||
I'll go with him, with him all the way.

7 ||: I will follow on to know him, :||
He's my Saviour, Saviour, Brother,
Friend.

8 ||: He will give me grace and glory, :||
He will keep me, keep me all the way.

9 ||: O 'tis sweet to follow Jesus, :||
And be with him, with him all the way.

192

The Golden Key.

"Prayer is the key to unlock the door, and the bolt to shut in the night."

JNO. R. SWENEY.

Musical notation for the first system of 'The Golden Key'. It features a treble clef with a key signature of three sharps (F#, C#, G#) and a 3/4 time signature. The melody is written on a single staff. Below the staff, the lyrics are: '1. Prayer is the key For the bending knee To open the morn's first hours; 2. Not a soul so sad, Nor a heart so glad, When cometh the shades of night, 3. Take the golden key In your hand and see, As the night tide drifts away,'

1. Prayer is the key For the bending knee To open the morn's first hours;
2. Not a soul so sad, Nor a heart so glad, When cometh the shades of night,
3. Take the golden key In your hand and see, As the night tide drifts away,

Musical notation for the second system of 'The Golden Key'. It features a treble clef with a key signature of three sharps (F#, C#, G#) and a 3/4 time signature. The melody is written on a single staff. Below the staff, the lyrics are: 'See the incense rise To the starry skies, Like perfume from the flow'rs. But the daybreak song Will the joy prolong, And some darkness turn to light. How its blessed hold Is a crown of gold, Thro' the weary hours of day.'

See the incense rise To the starry skies, Like perfume from the flow'rs.
But the daybreak song Will the joy prolong, And some darkness turn to light.
How its blessed hold Is a crown of gold, Thro' the weary hours of day.

Copyright, 1875, by John J. Hood.

4 When the shadows fall,
And the vesper call
Is sobbing its low refrain,
'Tis a garland sweet
To the toil-dent feet,
And an antidote for pain.

5 Soon the year's dark door
Shall be shut no more:
Life's tears shall be wiped away,
As the pearl gates swing,
And the gold harps ring,
And the sun unsheathes for aye.

Pass Me Not.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

W. H. DOANE. By per.

1. Pass me not, O gen - tle Sav - iour, Hear my humble cry;
 2. Let me at a throne of mer - cy Find a sweet re - lief;
 3. Trusting on - ly in thy mer - it, Would I seek thy face;
 4. Thou the spring of all my com - fort, More than life to me;

Fine.

While on oth - ers thou art call - ing, Do not pass me by.
 Kneel - ing there in deep con - tri - tion, Help my un - be - lief.
 Heal my wounded, broken spir - it, Save me by thy grace.
 Whom have I on earth be - side thee? Whom in heaven but thee?

D. S.—While on oth - ers thou art call - ing, Do not pass me by.

CHORUS. *D. S.*

Sav - iour, Sav - iour, Hear my hum - ble cry,

Copyright, 1868, by W. H. Doane.

194 Sometimes a Light Surprises.

WILLIAM COWPER.

Tune, ENDSLEIGH.

S. SALVATORI.

Fine.

1. { Sometimes a light sur - pris - es The Christian while he sings ;
 It is the Lord who ris - es With healing on his wings ; }

D. C.—A sea - son of clear shin - ing, To cheer it aft - er rain,

Sometimes a Night, etc.—CONCLUDED.

D. C.

When comforts are de - clin - ing, He grants the soul a - gain

2 In holy contemplation,
We sweetly then pursue
The theme of God's salvation,
And find it ever new :
Set free from present sorrow,
We cheerfully can say,
Let the unknown to-morrow
Bring with it what it may.

3 It can bring with it nothing
But he will bear us through ;
Who gives the lilies clothing,
Will clothe his people too :
Beneath the spreading heavens
No creature but is fed ;
And he who feeds the ravens
Will give his children bread.

195

I Do Believe.

CHAS. WESLEY.

C. M.

1. Fath - er, I stretch my hands to thee; No oth - er help I know:
2. What did thine on - ly Son en - dure, Be - fore I drew my breath!

CHO.—I do be - lieve, I now be - lieve, That Je - sus died for me;

If thou withdraw thy - self from me, Ah! whither shall I go?
What pain, what la - bor, to se - cure My soul from endless death!

And thro' his blood, his pre - cious blood, I shall from sin be free.

3 O Jesus, could I this believe,
I now should feel thy power;
And all my wants thou wouldst relieve,
In this accepted hour.

5 Surely thou canst not let me die;
Oh, speak, and I shall live;
And here I will unwearied lie,
Till thou thy Spirit give.

4 Author of faith! to thee I lift
My weary, longing eyes:
Oh, let me now receive that gift;
My soul without it dies.

6 How would my fainting soul rejoice
Could I but see thy face!
Now let me hear thy quickening voice,
And taste thy pardoning grace.

Jesus, I Come to Thee.

FANNY J. CROSEY.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Je - sus, I come to thee, Longing for rest; Fold thou thy
 2. Je - sus, I come to thee, Hear thou my cry; Save, or I
 3. Now let the roll - ing waves Bend to thy will, Say to the
 4. Swiftly the part - ing clouds Fade from my sight; Yon - der thy

CHORUS.

wea - ry child Safe to thy breast. Rocked on a storm - y sea,
 per - ish, Lord, Save, or I die.
 troubled deep, Peace, peace, be still.
 bow ap - pears, Love - ly and bright.

Oh, be not far from me, Lord, let me cling to thee, On - ly to thee.

Copyright, 1884, by John J. Hood.

Nearer, My God! to Thee.

- 1 Nearer, my God! to thee,
 Nearer to thee!
 E'en though it be a cross
 That raiseth me!
 Still all my song shall be,
 Nearer, my God! to thee,
 Nearer to thee!
- 2 Though like the wanderer,
 The sun gone down,
 Darkness be over me,
 My rest a stone,
 Yet in my dreams I'd be
 Nearer, my God! to thee,
 Nearer to thee!
- 3 There let the way appear,
 Steps unto heaven;
 All that thou sendest me,
 In mercy given;

- Angels to beckon me
 Nearer, my God! to thee,
 Nearer to thee!
- 4 Then, with my waking thoughts
 Bright with thy praise,
 Out of my stony griefs
 Bethel I'll raise;
 So by my woes to be
 Nearer, my God! to thee,
 Nearer to thee!
- 5 Or if, on joyful wing
 Cleaving the sky,
 Sun, moon and stars forgot,
 Upward I fly,
 Still all my song shall be,
 Nearer, my God! to thee,
 Nearer to thee!

1. We praise thee, O God! for the Son of thy love,
For Jesus who died and is now gone above.

REFRAIN.

Hal-le-lujah! thine the glory; Halle-lujah! a-men! Revive us a-gain.

1st. *2d.*

- 2 We praise thee, O God! for thy Spirit of light,
Who has shown us our Saviour and scattered our night.
- 3 All glory and praise to the Lamb that was slain,
Who has borne all our sins, and has cleansed every stain.
- 4 All glory and praise to the God of all grace,
Who has bought us, and sought us, and guided our ways.

Faithful Guide.

M. M. WELLS. By per.

1. Ho - ly Spir - it, faith - ful guide, Ev - er near the Christian's side; }
Gen - tly lead us by the hand, Pil - grims in a des - ert land; }
D.C. Whis - p'ring soft - ly, wan - d'r'er, come! Follow me, I'll guide thee home.

D.C.
Wea - ry souls for e'er re - joice, While they hear that sweet - est voice,

- 2 Ever present, truest Friend,
Ever near thine aid to lend,
Leave us not to doubt and fear,
Groping on in darkness drear,
When the storms are raging sore,
Hearts grow faint, and hopes give o'er,
Whispering softly, wanderer, come!
Follow me, I'll guide thee home.

- 3 When our days of toil shall cease,
Waiting still for sweet release,
Nothing left but heaven and prayer,
Wond'ring if our names were there;
Wading deep the dismal flood,
Pleading nought but Jesus' blood;
Whispering softly, wanderer, come!
Follow me, I'll guide thee home!

The Gospel Feast.

CHARLES WESLEY.
Cho. by H. L. G.

"Come, for all things are ready."
Luke xiv: 16.

H. L. GILMOUR. By per.

1. Come, sinners, to the gos-pel feast; It is for you, it is for me;
2. Ye need not one be left behind, It is for you, it is for me;

Fine.
Let ev-'ry soul be Je-sus' guest; It is for you, it is for me.
For God hath bidden all mankind, It is for you, it is for me.

D.S.—O wea-ry wand'rer, come and see, It is for you, it is for me.

CHORUS.

D.S.

Sal-vation full, sal-vation free, The price was paid on Cal-va-ry;

Copyright, 1889, by H. L. Gilmour.

- 3 Sent by my Lord, on you I call;
The invitation is to all:
- 4 Come, all the world! come, sinner thou!
All things in Christ are ready now.
- 5 Come, all ye souls by sin oppressed,
Ye restless wanderers after rest;
- 6 Ye poor, and maimed, and halt, and blind
In Christ a hearty welcome find.

- 7 My message as from God receive;
Ye all may come to Christ and live:
- 8 O let this love your hearts constrain,
Nor suffer him to die in vain.
- 9 See him set forth before your eyes,
That precious, bleeding sacrifice:
- 10 His offered benefits embrace,
And freely now be saved by grace.

Loving Kindness.

MEDLEY.

1. Awake, my soul to joyful lays, And sing thy great Redeemer's praise;
2. He saw me ru-ined in the fall, Yet loved me not-withstanding all;

Loving Kindness.—CONCLUDED.

He just-ly claims a song from me, His lov-ing-kind-ness, oh, how free!
He saved me from my lost e-state, His lov-ing-kind-ness, oh, how great!

Lov-ing-kindness, lov-ing-kindness, His lov-ing-kind-ness, oh, how free!
Lov-ing-kindness, lov-ing-kindness, His lov-ing-kind-ness, oh, how great!

<p>3 Though num'rous hosts of mighty foes, Though earth and hell my way oppose, He safely leads my soul along, His loving-kindness, oh, how strong!</p>	<p>4 When trouble, like a gloomy cloud, Has gathered thick, and thundered loud, He near my soul has always stood, His loving-kindness, oh, how good!</p>
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202

My Faith Looks Up to Thee.

RAY PALMER.

L. MASON.

1 My faith looks up to thee,
Thou Lamb of Calvary,
Saviour divine!
Now hear me while I pray;
Take all my guilt away;
Oh, let me from this day
Be wholly thine!

2 May thy rich grace impart
Strength to my fainting heart,
My zeal inspire!

As thou hast died for me,
Oh, may my love to thee
Pure, warm, and changeless be—
A living fire!

3 While life's dark maze I tread,
And griefs around me spread,
Be thou my guide;
Bid darkness turn to day,
Wipe sorrow's tears away,
Nor let me ever stray
From thee aside.

4 When ends life's transient dream,
When death's cold sullen stream
Shall o'er me roll,
Blest Saviour! then, in love,
Fear and distrust remove;
Oh, bear me safe above—
A ransomed soul!

13

Unfading Treasures—N

193

SAMUEL F. SMITH.

Tune, WEBB. 7, 6.
ffine.

2 See heathen nations bending
Before the God we love,
And thousand hearts ascending
In gratitude above;
While sinners, now confessing,
The gospel call obey,
And seek the Saviour's blessing,
A nation in a day.

3 Blest river of salvation,
Pursue thine onward way;
Flow thou to every nation,
Nor in thy richness stay:
Stay not till all the lowly
Triumphant reach their home:
Stay not till all the holy
Proclaim, "The Lord is come!"

204 GEO. DUFFIELD, JR. Stand up, stand up for Jesus. Tune above.

1 STAND up, stand up for Jesus,
Ye soldiers of the cross;
Lift high his royal banner,
It must not suffer loss;
From victory unto victory
His army shall he lead
Till every foe is vanquished
And Christ is Lord indeed.

2 Stand up, stand up for Jesus,
The trumpet call obey;
Forth to the mighty conflict,
In this his glorious day:
"Ye that are men, now serve him,"
Against unnumbered foes:
Your courage rise with danger,
And strength to strength oppose.

3 Stand up, stand up for Jesus,
Stand in his strength alone;
The arm of flesh will fail you;
Ye dare not trust your own:
Put on the gospel armor,
Each piece put on with prayer;
Where duty calls, or danger,
Be never wanting there.

4 Stand up, stand up for Jesus,
The strife will not be long;
This day the noise of battle,
The next the victor's song:
To him that overcometh,
A crown of life shall be;
He with the King of glory
Shall reign eternally.

205 Work, for the Night is Coming.

WORK, for the night is coming,
Work through the morning hours;
Work, while the dew is sparkling,
Work 'mid springing flowers;
Work, when the days grow brighter,
Work in the glowing sun;
Work, for the night is coming,
When man's work is done.

2 Work, for the night is coming,
Work through the sunny noon;
Fill brightest hours with labor,
Rest comes sure and soon,

3 Give every flying minute
Something to keep in store:
Work, for the night is coming,
When man works no more.

3 Work, for the night is coming,
Under the sunset skies;
While their bright tints are glowing,
Work, for daylight flies.
Work till the last beam fadeth,
Fadeth to shine no more;
Work while the night is darkening,
When man's work is o'er.

Come, Ye Disconsolate.

THOMAS MOORE, alt., and THOS. HASTINGS.

SAMUEL WEBER.

1. Come, ye disconsolate, where'er ye languish; Come to the mercy-seat, fervently kneel;

Here bring your wounded hearts, here tell your anguish;
Earth has no sorrow that heaven cannot heal.

2 Joy of the desolate, light of the straying,

Hope of the penitent, fadeless and pure,
Here speaks the Comforter, tenderly saying,

"Earth has no sorrow that heaven cannot cure."

3 Here see the bread of life; see waters flowing

Forth from the throne of God, pure from above;

Come to the feast of love; come, ever

Earth has no sorrow but heaven can

[remove.]

Rest in Jesus.

W. H. DOANE.

1. Come, with all thy sor - row, Wea - ry, wandering soul;
Come to him who loves thee, He will make - - - thee whole. }

CHORUS.

There is rest in Je - sus, Sweet, sweet rest,
There is rest in Je - sus, - - - Sweet, sweet rest. }

2 He thy strength in weakness,
Will thy refuge be;

Cast on him thy burden,
He will care for thee.

3 Come, in faith believing,
To his will resigned;

Ask, and he will give thee;
Seek, and thou shalt find.

4 See the door of Mercy,
Wouldst thou enter there?
Knock, and he will open;
Lo! the key is prayer.

Go, Labor On.

H. BONAR.

Tune, MISSIONARY CHANT. L. M.

1. Go, la- bor on; spend and be spent, Thy joy to do the Fa- ther's will;

It is the way the Master went; Should not the servant tread it still?

- 2 Go, labor on; 'tis not for naught;
Thine earthly loss is heavenly gain;
Men heed thee, love thee, praise thee not;
The Master praises,—what are men?
- 3 Go, labor on; your hands are weak;
Your knees are faint, your soul cast
down;
Yet falter not; the prize you seek
Is near,—a kingdom and a crown!

- 4 Toil on, faint not; keep watch, and pray!
Be wise the erring soul to win;
Go forth into the world's highway;
Compel the wanderer to come in.
- 5 Toil on, and in thy toil rejoice;
For toil comes rest, for exile home;
Soon shalt thou hear the Bridegroom's
voice,
The midnight peal, "Behold, I come!"

P. DODDRIDGE.

Awake, my Soul.

Tune,
CHRISTMAS. C. M.

1. A- wake, my soul, stretch ev'ry nerve, And press with vigor on; A

heavenly race demands thy zeal, And an immortal crown, And an immortal crown.

- 2 A cloud of witnesses around
Hold thee in full survey;
Forget the steps already trod,
And onward urge thy way.
- 3 'Tis God's all-animating voice
That calls thee from on high;
'Tis his own hand presents the prize
To thine aspiring eye:—

- 4 That prize, with peerless glories bright,
Which shall new luster boast,
When victors' wreaths and monarchs'
Shall blend in common dust. [gems]
- 5 Blest Saviour, introduced by thee,
Have I my race begun;
And, crowned with victory, at thy feet
I'll lay my honors down.

Dennis. S. M.



210 Blest be the Tie that Binds.

- 1 Blest be the tie that binds
Our hearts in Christian love;
The fellowship of kindred minds
Is like to that above.
- 2 Before our Father's throne
We pour our ardent prayers;
Our fears, our hopes, our aims are one,
Our comforts and our cares.
- 3 We share our mutual woes,
Our mutual burdens bear;
And often for each other flows
The sympathizing tear.
- 4 When we asunder part,
It gives us inward pain;
But we shall still be joined in heart,
And hope to meet again.

211 How Gentle God's Commands!

- 1 How gentle God's commands!
How kind his precepts are!
Come, cast your burdens on the Lord,
And trust his constant care.
- 2 His bounty will provide,
His saints securely dwell;
That hand which bears creation up,
Shall guard his children well.
- 3 Why should this anxious load
Press down your weary mind?
Oh, seek your heavenly Father's throne,
And peace and comfort find!
- 4 His goodness stands approved,
Unchanged from day to day;
I'll drop my burden at his feet,
And bear a song away.

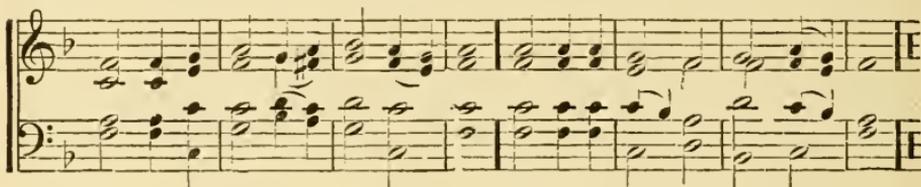
212 Sow in the Morn thy Seed.

- Sow in the morn thy seed;
At eve hold not thy hand;
To doubt and fear give thou no heed,
Broadcast it o'er the land.
- 2 Thou know'st not which shall thrive,
The late or early sown;
Grace keeps the precious germ alive,
When and wherever strown.
 - 3 Thou canst not toil in vain;
Cold, heat, and moist, and dry,
Shall foster and mature the grain
For garners in the sky.
 - 4 Then, when the glorious end,
The day of God, shall come,
The angel reapers shall descend,
And heaven shout, "Harvest home!"

213 Did Christ o'er Sinners weep.

- 1 Did Christ o'er sinners weep,
And shall our cheeks be dry?
Let floods of penitential grief
Burst forth from every eye.
- 2 A cloud of witnesses around
Hold thee in full survey;
Forget the steps already trod,
And onward urge thy way.
- 3 'Tis God's all-animating voice
That calls thee from on high;
'Tis his own hand presents the prize
To thine aspiring eye

Hamburg. V. M.



214 While Life Prolongs.

- 1 While life prolongs its precious light,
Mercy is found, and peace is given,
But soon, ah! soon, approaching night
Shall blot out every hope of heaven.
- 2 While God invites, how blest the day,
How sweet the Gospel's charming
sound;
Come, sinners, haste, oh, haste away,
While yet a pardoning God is found.
- 3 Soon, borne on time's most rapid wing,
Shall death command you to the
grave:
Before his bar your spirits bring,
And none be found to hear or save.
- 4 In that lone land of deep despair,
No Sabbath's heavenly light shall
rise—
No God regard your bitter prayer,
No Saviour call you to the skies.

215 Just as I am.

- 1 Just as I am, without one plea,
But that thy blood was shed for me,
And that thou bids't me come to thee,
O Lamb of God, I come! I come!
- 2 Just as I am, and waiting not
To rid my soul of one dark blot, [spot,
To thee, whose blood can cleanse each
O Lamb of God, I come! I come!
- 3 Just as I am, though tossed about
With many a conflict, many a doubt,
Fightings within and fears without,
O Lamb of God, I come! I come!
- 4 Just as I am—poor, wretched, blind;
Sight, riches, healing of the mind,
Yea, all I need, in thee to find,
O Lamb of God, I come! I come!
- 5 Just as I am—thou wilt receive,
Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve,

Because thy promise I believe,
O Lamb of God, I come! I come!

- 6 Just as I am—thy love unknown
Hath broken every barrier down;
Now, to be thine, yea, thine alone,
O Lamb of God, I come! I come!

216 Come, Holy Spirit.

- 1 Come, Holy Spirit, calm my mind,
And fit me to approach my God;
Remove each vain, each worldly thought,
And lead me to thy blest abode.
- 2 Hast thou imparted to my soul
A living spark of holy fire?
Oh! kindle now the sacred flame,
Make me to burn with pure desire.
- 3 A brighter faith and hope impart,
And let me now my Saviour see;
Oh! soothe and cheer my burdened heart,
And bid my spirit rest in thee.

217 When I Survey.

- 1 When I survey the wondrous cross,
On which the Prince of Glory died,
My richest gain I count but loss,
And pour contempt on all my pride.
- 2 Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast,
Save in the death of Christ, my God;
All the vain things that charm me most,
I sacrifice them to his blood.
- 3 See, from his head, his hands, his feet,
Sorrow and love flow mingled down;
Did e'er such love and sorrow meet,
Or thorns compose so rich a crown?
- 4 His dying crimson, like a robe,
Spreads o'er his body on the tree
Then am I dead to all the globe,
And all the globe is dead to me
- 5 Were the whole realm of nature mine,
That were a present far too small;
Love so amazing, so divine,
Demands my soul, my life, my all.

Rockingham. L. M.



218 Of Him Who Did Salvation Bring.

- 1 Of him who did salvation bring,
I could forever think and sing;
Arise, ye needy,—he'll relieve;
praise, ye guilty,—he'll forgive.
- 2 Ask but his grace, and lo, 'tis given;
Ask, and he turns your hell to heaven:
Though sin and sorrow wound my soul,
Jesus, thy balm will make it whole.
- 3 To shame our sins he blushed in blood;
He closed his eyes to show us God:
Let all the world fall down and know
That none but God such love can show.
- 4 'Tis thee I love, for thee alone
I shed my tears and make my moan;
Where'er I am, where'er I move,
I meet the object of my love.
- 5 Insatiate to this spring I fly;
I drink, and yet am ever dry:
Ah! who against thy charms is proof?
Ah! who that loves, can love enough?

219 So Let Our Lips and Lives Express.

- 1 So let our lips and lives express
The holy gospel we profess;
So let our works and virtues shine
To prove the doctrine all divine.
- 2 Thus shall we best proclaim abroad
The honors of our Saviour God,
When his salvation reigns within,
And grace subdues the power of sin.
- 3 Religion bears our spirits up,
While we expect that blessed hope,
The bright appearance of the Lord,
And faith stands leaning on his word.

220 Another Six Day's Work is Done.

- 1 Another six days' work is done,
Another sabbath is begun;
Return, my soul, enjoy thy rest,
Improve the day thy God hath blest.
- 2 Oh that our thoughts and thanks may
As grateful incense to the skies, [rise
And draw from heaven that sweet repose,
Which none but he that feels it knows.
- 3 This heavenly calm within the breast
Is the dear pledge of glorious rest,
Which for the church of God remains,
The end of cares, the end of pains.
- 4 In holy duties let the day,
In holy pleasures pass away;
How sweet a Sabbath thus to spend,
In hope of one that ne'er shall end!

221 Thine Earthly Sabbaths.

- 1 Thine earthly Sabbaths, Lord, we love,
But there's a nobler rest above;
To that our longing souls aspire,
With ardent love and strong desire.
- 2 In thy blest kingdom we shall be
From every mortal trouble free;
No groans shall mingle with the songs
Which warble from immortal tongues.
- 3 Oh, long expected day, begin,
Dawn on this world of woe and sin;
Fain would we leave this weary road,
And sleep in death, and rest in God.

222

Doxology.

To God the Father, God the Son,
And God the Spirit, three in one,
Be honor, praise and glory given.
By all on earth and all in heaven.

Jesus, Let Thy Pitying Eye.

CHAS. WESLEY.

Tune, PENITENCE.

W. H. OAKLEY

1. Je - sus, let thy pity - ing eye Call back a wand'ring sheep;
 2. Sav - iour, Prince, enthroned a - bove, Re - pentance to im - part,
 3. For thine own com - passion's sake The gracious won - der show;

Fine.
 False to thee, like Pet - er, I Would fain like Pet - er weep.
 Give me, through thy dy - ing love, The hum - ble, con - trite heart:
 Cast my sins be - hind thy back, And wash me white as snow.

D.S.—Turn and look up - on me, Lord, And break my heart of stone.

D.S. Refrain.
 Let me be by grace restored, On me be all long suff'ring shown;
 Give what I have long implored, A por - tion of thy grief unknown;
 Speak the rec - on - cil - ing word, And let thy mer - cy melt me down,

224

Vain, Delusive World.

- | | |
|--|--|
| <p>VAIN, delusive world, adieu,
 With all of creature good;
 Only Jesus I pursue,
 Who bought me with his blood.
 All thy pleasures I forego,
 I trample on thy wealth and pride;
 Only Jesus will I know,
 And Jesus crucified.</p> <p>2 Other knowledge I disdain:
 'Tis all but vanity;
 Christ, the Lamb of God, was slain,—
 He tasted death for me;
 Me to save from endless woe
 The sin-atonng Victim died;
 Only Jesus, etc.</p> <p>3 Here will I set up my rest;
 My fluctuating heart
 From the haven of his breast</p> | <p>Shall never more depart:
 Whither should a sinner go?
 His wounds for me stand open wide;
 Only Jesus, etc.</p> <p>4 Him to know is life and peace,
 And pleasure without end;
 This is all my happiness,
 On Jesus to depend:
 Daily in his grace to grow,
 And ever in his faith abide:
 Only Jesus, etc.</p> <p>5 Oh, that I could all invite
 This saving truth to prove;
 Show the length, the breadth, the height
 And depth of Jesus' love!
 Fain I would to sinners show
 The blood by faith alone applied:
 Only Jesus, etc.</p> |
|--|--|

CHAS. WESLEY.

Ariel. C. V. M.

The image shows a musical score for 'Ariel. C. V. M.' consisting of three systems of music. Each system has a vocal line on a treble clef staff and a piano accompaniment on a bass clef staff. The key signature is one flat (B-flat) and the time signature is 3/4. The music is written in a style typical of 19th-century hymnals, with clear note heads and stems, and some ornaments or grace notes in the vocal line.

225 O Love Divine.

- 1 O LOVE divine, how sweet thou art!
When shall I find my willing heart
All taken up by thee?
I thirst, I faint, I die to prove
The greatness of redeeming love,
The love of Christ to me.
- 2 Stronger his love than death or hell;
Its riches are unsearchable;
The first-born sons of light
Desire in vain its depths to see;
They cannot reach the mystery,
The length, the breadth, the height.
- 3 God only knows the love of God;
O that it now were shed abroad
In this poor stony heart!
For love I sigh, for love I pine;
This only portion, Lord, be mine;
Be mine this better part.
- 4 O that I could forever sit
With Mary at the Master's feet!
Be this my happy choice;
My only care, delight, and bliss,
My joy, my heaven on earth, be this,
To hear the Bridegroom's voice.
- 5 O that I could, with favored John,
Recline my weary head upon
The dear Redeemer's breast!

From care, and sin, and sorrow free,
Give me, O Lord, to find in thee
My everlasting rest.

226 O could I Speak.

- 1 O COULD I speak the matchless worth,
O could I sound the glories forth,
Which in my Saviour shine,
I'd soar and touch the heavenly strings,
And vie with Gabriel while he sings
In notes almost divine.
- 2 I'd sing the precious blood he spilt,
My ransom from the dreadful guilt
Of sin, and wrath divine;
I'd sing his glorious righteousness,
In which all-perfect, heavenly dress
My soul shall ever shine.
- 3 I'd sing the characters he bears,
And all the forms of love he wears,
Exalted on his throne;
In loftiest songs of sweetest praise,
I would to everlasting days
Make all his glories known.
- 4 Well, the delightful day will come
When my dear Lord will bring me
And I shall see his face; [home,
Then with my Saviour, Brother, Friend,
A blest eternity I'll spend,
Triumphant in his grace.

Jesus, the Name.

C. WESLEY.

Tune, CORONATION. C. M.

1. Je - sus! the name high o - ver all, In hell, or earth, or sky;
2. Je - sus! the name to sin - ners dear, The name to sin - ners given;

An - gels and men be - fore it fall, And dev - ils fear and fly.
It scat - ters all their guilt - y fear; It turns their hell to heaven.

An - gels and men be - fore it fall, And dev - ils fear and fly.
It scat - ters all their guilt - y fear; It turns their hell to heaven.

3 Jesus the prisoner's fetters breaks,
And bruises Satan's head;
Power into strengthless souls he speaks,
And life into the dead.

4 O that the world might taste and see
The riches of his grace!
The arms of love that compass me
Would all mankind embrace.

5 His only righteousness I show
His saving truth proclaim:
'Tis all my business here below,
To cry, "Behold the Lamb!"

6 Happy, if with my latest breath
I may but gasp his name;
Preach him to all, and cry in death,
"Behold, behold the Lamb!"

Crown Him Lord of All.

C. M.

1 All hail the power of Jesus' name!
Let angels prostrate fall;
Bring forth the royal diadem,
And crown him Lord of all.

2 Crown him, ye morning stars of light,
Who fixed this earthly ball;
Now hail the strength of Israel's might,
And crown him Lord of all.

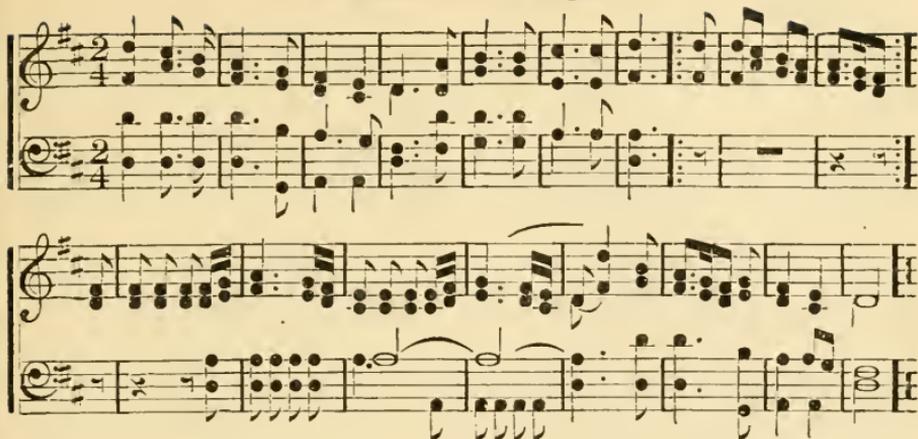
3 Ye chosen seed of Israel's race,
Ye ransomed from the fall,
Hail him who saves you by his grace,
And crown him Lord of all.

4 Sinners, whose love can ne'er forget
The wormwood and the gall,
Go, spread your trophies at his feet,
And crown him Lord of all.

5 Let every kindred, every tribe,
On this terrestrial ball,
To him all majesty ascribe,
And crown him Lord of all.

6 O that with yonder sacred throng
We at his feet may fall!
We'll join the everlasting song,
And crown him Lord of all.

Antioch. C. M.



229 O for a thousand tongues.

- 1 O FOR a thousand tongues, to sing
My great Redeemer's praise;
The glories of my God and King,
The triumphs of his grace!
- 2 My gracious Master and my God,
Assist me to proclaim,
To spread through all the earth abroad,
The honors of thy name.
- 3 Jesus! the name that charms our fears,
That bids our sorrows cease;
'Tis music in the sinner's ears,
'Tis life, and health, and peace.
- 4 He breaks the power of canceled sin,
He sets the prisoner free;
His blood can make the foulest clean;
His blood availed for me.
- 5 He speaks, and, listening to his voice,
New life the dead receive;
The mournful, broken hearts rejoice;
The humble poor believe.

- 6 Hear him, ye deaf; his praise, ye dumb,
Your loosened tongues employ;
Ye blind, behold your Saviour come;
And leap, ye lame, for joy.

230 Joy to the world!

- 1 Joy to the world! the Lord is come;
Let earth receive her King;
Let every heart prepare him room,
And heaven and nature sing.
- 2 Joy to the world! the Saviour reigns;
Let men their songs employ;
While fields and floods, rocks, hills and
Repeat the sounding joy. [plains,
- 3 No more let sin and sorrow grow,
Nor thorns infest the ground;
He comes to make his blessings flow
Far as the curse is found.
- 4 He rules the world with truth and grace,
And makes the nations prove
The glories of his righteousness,
And wonders of his love.

231

The Lord's Prayer.

Reverently.



1. Our Father which art in heaven, hallowed | be thy | name, || Thy kingdom come,
thy will be done in | earth, as-it | is in | heaven.
2. Give us this day our | daily | bread, || And forgive us our trespasses, as we for-
give | them that | trespass a- | gainst us.
3. And lead us not into temptation, but deliver | us from | evil; || For thine is the
kingdom, and the power and the | glory for- | ever and | ever. || A - | men.

Luther. S. M.

Vigoroso.

The image shows a musical score for the hymn 'Luther. S. M.'. It consists of two systems of music. Each system has a treble clef staff on top and a bass clef staff on the bottom. The music is written in a 2/2 time signature and a key signature of one flat (B-flat). The notation includes various note values (quarter, eighth, and sixteenth notes), rests, and bar lines. The first system ends with a double bar line, and the second system continues the melody and accompaniment.

232 I love Thy kingdom

- 1 I LOVE thy kingdom, Lord,
The house of thine abode,
The Church our blest Redeemer saved
With his own precious blood.
- 2 I love thy Church, O God!
Her walls before thee stand,
Dear as the apple of thine eye,
And graven on thy hand.
- 3 For her my tears shall fall,
For her my prayers ascend:
To her my cares and toils be given,
Till toils and cares shall end.
- 4 Beyond my highest joy
I prize her heavenly ways,
Her sweet communion, solemn vows,
Her hymns of love and praise.
- 5 Sure as thy truth shall last,
To Zion shall be given
The brightest glories earth can yield,
And brighter bliss of heaven.

233 Grace!

- 1 GRACE! 'tis a charming sound,
Harmonious to the ear;
Heaven with the echo shall resound,
And all the earth shall hear.
- 2 Grace first contrived a way
To save rebellious man;
And all the steps that grace display,
Which drew the wondrous plan.
- 3 Grace taught my roving feet
To tread the heavenly road;
And new supplies each hour I meet,
While pressing on to God.
- 4 Grace all the work shall crown
Through everlasting days;
It lays in heaven the topmost stone,
And well deserves our praise.

234 Stand up, and bless.

- 1 STAND up, and bless the Lord,
Ye people of his choice;
Stand up, and bless the Lord your God,
With heart, and soul, and voice.
- 2 Though high above all praise,
Above all blessing high,
Who would not fear his holy name,
And laud, and magnify?
- 3 O for the living flame
From his own altar brought
To touch our lips, our souls inspire,
And wing to heaven our thought!
- 4 God is our strength and song,
And his salvation ours;
Then be his love in Christ proclaimed
With all our ransomed powers.
- 5 Stand up, and bless the Lord;
The Lord your God adore;
Stand up, and bless his glorious name,
Henceforth, forevermore.

235 Purity of heart.

- 1 BLEST are the pure in heart,
For they shall see our God;
The secret of the Lord is theirs;
Their soul is his abode.
- 2 Still to the lowly soul
He doth himself impart,
And for his temple and his throne
Selects the pure in heart.
- 3 Lord, we thy presence seek,
May ours this blessing be;
O give the pure and lowly heart,—
A temple meet for thee.

236 Doxology. S. M.

To God, the Father, Son,
And Spirit, One in Three,
Be glory, as it was, is now,
And shall forever be.

Boyleston. S. M.

LOWELL MASON.



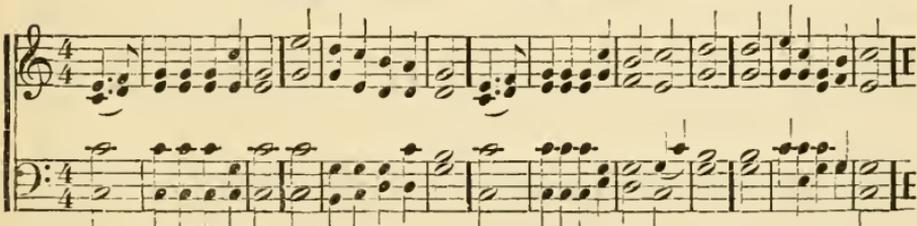
237 And can I yet Delay?

- AND can I yet delay
My little all to give?
To tear my soul from earth away
For Jesus to receive?
- 2 Nay, but I yield, I yield;
I can hold out no more:
I sink, by dying love compelled,
And own thee conquerer.
- 3 Though late, I all forsake;
My friends, my all resign:
Gracious Redeemer, take, oh, take,
And seal me ever thine.
- 4 Come, and possess me whole,
Nor hence again remove;
Settle and fix my wavering soul
With all thy weight of love.

238 A Charge to Keep I Have.

- A CHARGE to keep I have,
A God to glorify;
A never-dying soul to save,
And fit it for the sky.
- 2 To serve the present age,
My calling to fulfill,—
Oh, may it all my powers engage
To do my Master's will.
- 3 Arm me with jealous care,
As in thy sight to live;
And oh, thy servant, Lord, prepare,
A strict account to give.
- 4 Help me to watch and pray,
And on thyself rely,
Assured, if I my trust betray,
I shall forever die.

Laban. S. M.



239 Come, Ye that Love the Lord.

- COME, ye that love the Lord,
And let your joys be known;
Join in a song with sweet accord,
While ye surround his throne.
- 2 Let those refuse to sing
Who never knew our God,
But servants of the heavenly King
May speak their joys abroad.
- 3 The men of grace have found
Glory begun below;
Celestial fruit on earthly ground
From faith and hope may grow:
- 4 Then let our songs abound,
And every tear be dry;
We're marching through Immanuel's
To fairer worlds on high. [ground,

240 My Soul, be on Thy Guard.

- MY soul, be on thy guard,
Ten thousand foes arise,
And hosts of sin are pressing hard
To draw thee from the skies.
- 2 Oh, watch, and fight, and pray,
The battle ne'er give o'er,
Renew it boldly every day,
And help divine implore.
- 3 Ne'er think the victory won,
Nor once at ease sit down;
Thine arduous work will not be done
Till thou hast got the crown.
- 4 Fight on, my soul, till death
Shall bring thee to thy God:
He'll take thee, at thy parting breath,
Up to his blest abode.

When all Thy Mercies.

JOSEPH ADDISON.

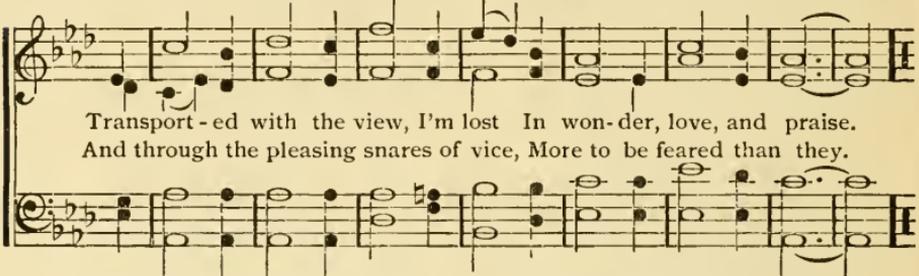
Tune, MANOAH. C. M.



1. When all thy mer-cies, O my God, My ris-ing soul sur-veys,
 2. Through hidden dangers, toils, and deaths, It gently cleared my way;



Transport-ed with the view, I'm lost In won-der, love, and praise.
 And through the pleasing snares of vice, More to be feared than they.



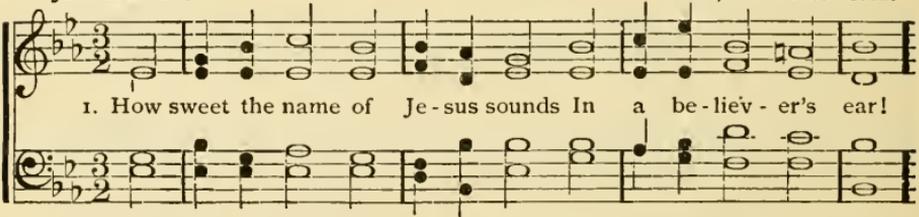
3 Through every period of my life
 Thy goodness I'll pursue;
 And after death, in distant worlds,
 The pleasing theme renew.

4 Through all eternity to thee
 A grateful song I'll raise;
 But oh, eternity's too short
 To utter all thy praise.

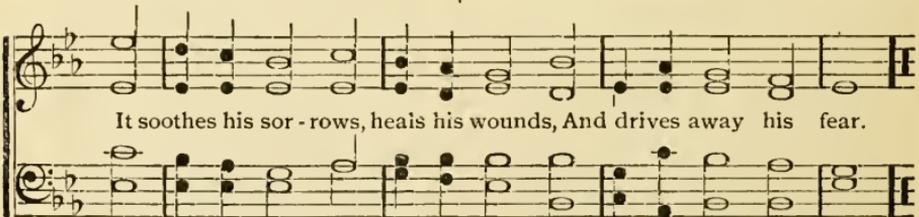
How Sweet the Name.

JOHN NEWTON.

Tune, DOWNS. C. M.



1. How sweet the name of Je-sus sounds In a be-liev-er's ear!



It soothes his sor-rows, heais his wounds, And drives away his fear.

2 It makes the wounded spirit whole,
 And calms the troubled breast;
 'Tis manna to the hungry soul,
 And to the weary, rest.

3 Dear name! the rock on which I build,
 My shield and hiding-place;
 My never-failing treasure, filled
 With boundless stores of grace!

4 Jesus, my Shepherd, Saviour, Friend,
 My Prophet, Priest, and King,
 My Lord, my Life, my Way, my End,
 Accept the praise I bring!

5 I would thy boundless love proclaim
 With every fleeting breath;
 So shall the music of thy name
 Refresh my soul in death.

Arlington. C. M.



243 What Glory Gilds.

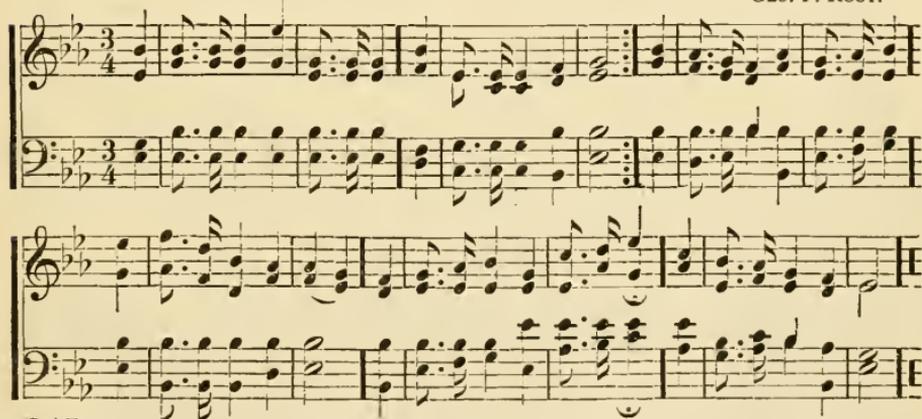
- WHAT glory gilds the sacred page!
Majestic, like the sun,
It gives a light to every age;
It gives, but borrows none.
- 2 The power that gave it still supplies
The gracious light and heat;
Its truths upon the nations rise:
They rise, but never set.
- 3 Lord, everlasting thanks be thine
For such a bright display,
As makes a world of darkness shine
With beams of heavenly day.
- 4 My soul rejoices to pursue
The steps of him I love,
Till glory breaks upon my view
In brighter worlds above.

244 Am I a Soldier of the Cross?

- AM I a soldier of the cross,
A follower of the Lamb,
And shall I fear to own his cause,
Or blush to speak his name?
- 2 Must I be carried to the skies
On flowery beds of ease,
While others fight to win the prize,
And sail through bloody seas?
- 3 Are there no foes for me to face
Must I not stem the flood?
Is this vile world a friend to grace,
To help me on to God?
- 4 Sure I must fight if I would reign—
Increase my courage, Lord:
I'll bear the toil, endure the pain,
Supported by thy word.

Varina. C. M. D.

Geo. F. Root.



245 How Happy every Child of Grace.

- How happy every child of grace,
Who knows his sins forgiven!
"This earth," he cries, "is not my place,
I seek my place in heaven,—
A country far from mortal sight;
Yet oh, by faith I see
The land of rest, the saints' delight,
The heaven prepared for me."
- 2 O what a blessed hope is ours!
While here on earth we stay,
We more than taste the heavenly
And antedate that day; [powers,
- We feel the resurrection near,
Our life in Christ concealed,
And with his glorious presence here
Our earthen vessels filled.
- 3 O would he more of heaven bestow,
And let the vessels break,
And let our ransomed spirits go
To grasp the God we seek;
In rapturous awe on him to gaze,
Who bought the sight for me;
And shout and wonder at his grace
Through all eternity.

Happy Day.

1. { Ohappy day, that fixed my choice On thee, my Saviour and my God! } Happy
 { Well may this glowing heart rejoice, And tell its raptures all abroad. }

Fine. *D. S.*

day, happy day,
 When Jesus washed my sins away! { He taught me how to watch and pray,
 And live rejoicing ev'ry day.

2 O happy bond, that seals my vows
 To him who merits all my love!
 Let cheerful anthems fill his house,
 While to that sacred shrine I move.

3 'Tis done! the great transaction's done!
 I am my Lord's, and he is mine:
 He drew me, and I followed on,
 Charmed to confess that voice divine.

4 Now rest, my long-divided heart;
 Fixed on this blissful center, rest;
 Nor ever from thy Lord depart;
 With him of every good possessed.

5 High heav'n that heard the solemn vow,
 That vow renewed shall daily hear,
 Till in life's latest hour I bow,
 And bless in death a bond so dear.

247 H. E. BLAIR. He Came to Save Me. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. { When Jesus laid his crown aside, He came to save me;
 When on the cross he bled and died, He came to save me.

2. { In my poor heart he deigns to dwell, He came to save me;
 Oh, praise his name, I know it well, He came to save me.

REFRAIN.

I'm so glad, I'm so glad, I'm so glad that Jesus came, And grace is free,
 He came to save me.

3 With gentle hand he leads me still,
 He came to save me;
 And trusting him I fear no ill,
 He came to save me.

4 To him my faith with rapture clings,
 He came to save me;
 To him my heart looks up and sings,
 He came to save me.

Fill Me Now.

Rev. E. H. STORES, D.D.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. Hov-er o'er me, Ho-ly Spir-it; Bathe my trembling heart and brow;
 2. Thou can'st fill me, gracious Spir-it, Tho' I can-not tell thee how;
 3. I am weakness, full of weakness; At thy sa-cred feet I bow;
 4. Cleanse and comfort; bless and save me; Bathe, oh, bathe my heart and brow!

§:

Fine.

Fill me with thy hal-low'd presence, Come, oh, come and fill me now.
 But I need thee, great-ly need thee, Come, oh, come and fill me now.
 Blest, di-vine, e-ter-nal Spir-it, Fill with power, and fill me now.
 Thou art com-fort-ing and sav-ing, Thou art sweet-ly fill-ing now.

D.S. Fill me with thy hal-low'd presence,—Come, oh, come and fill me now.

CHORUS.

D.S.

Fill me now, fill me now, Je-sus, come, and fill me now;
 Fill me now, fill me now, Je-sus, come, and fill me now;

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249 Words arr. by E. M. A.

Slow with dignity.

Doxology.

{	J. R. S.
	W. J. K.
	J. J. H.

Glory be to the Fa-ther, Glory be to the Son, Glory be to the Holy Ghost;

As it was in the beginning, Is now, and ever shall be, World without end. Amen, amen.

I'll Live for Him.

C. R. DUNBAR.

1. My life, my love I give to thee, Thou Lamb of God, who died for me;
 2. I now believe thou dost receive, For thou hast died that I might live;
 3. Oh, thou who died on Cal - va - ry, To save my soul and make me free,

CHO.—I'll live for him who died for me, How happy then my life shall be!

Oh, may I ev - er faith - ful be, My Sav - iour and my God!
 And now henceforth I'll trust in thee, My Sav - iour and my God!
 I con - se - crate my life to thee, My Sav - iour and my God!

I'll live for him who died for me, My Sav iour and my God!

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He is Calling.

Arr. by S. J. VAIL.

1. { There's a wideness in God's mercy, Like the wideness of the sea : } li - berty.
 { There's a kindness in his justice Which is more than }

CHORUS.

He is call - ing, "Come to me!" Lord, I'll glad - ly. haste to thee.

- 2 There is welcome for the sinner,
 And more graces for the good;
 There is mercy with the Saviour;
 There is healing in his blood.
- 3 For the love of God is broader
 Than the measure of man's mind;

- And the heart of the Eternal
 Is most wonderful and kind.
- 4 If our love were but more simple,
 We should take him at his word;
 And our lives would be all sunshine
 In the sweetness of our Lord.

252 I'm Going Home to Die no More.

WM. HUNTER, D. D.

Arranged by Rev. WM. McDONALD.

1. { My heav'nly home is bright and fair; Nor pain, nor death can enter there; }
 { Its glitt'ring tow'rs the sun outshine; That heav'nly mansion shall be mine. }

CHO { I'm go-ing home, I'm go-ing home, I'm going home to die no more! }
 { To die no more, to die no more, I'm going home to die no more! }

2 My Father's house is built on high,
 Far, far above the starry sky:
 When from this earthly prison free,
 That heavenly mansion mine shall be.

3 While here a stranger far from home,
 Affliction's waves may round me foam;
 Although like Lazarus, sick and poor,
 My heavenly mansion is secure.

4 Let others seek a home below,
 Which flames devour, or waves o'erflow;
 Be mine a happier lot to own,
 A heavenly mansion near the throne.

5 Then fail this earth, let stars decline
 And sun and moon refuse to shine,
 All nature sink and cease to be,
 That heavenly mansion stands for me.

253 In the Cross of Christ.

JOHN BOWRING.

Tune, WELLESLEY.

L. S. TOURJEE. By per.

1. In the cross of Christ I glo-ry, Tow'ring o'er the wrecks of time;
 2. When the woes of life o'ertake me, Hopes deceive and fears an- noy,

All the light of sa-cred sto-ry Gathers round its head sublime.
 Nev-er shall the cross for-sake me, Lo! it glows with peace and joy.

3 When the sun of bliss is beaming
 Light and love upon my way,
 From the cross the radiance streaming
 Adds new lustre to the day.

4 Bane and blessing, pain and pleasure
 By the cross are sanctified;
 Peace is there that knows no measure,
 Joys that through all time abide.

Jesus Saves Me.

LOUISE M. ROUSE.

MISS DORA BOOLE.



1. Precious Saviour, thou hast saved me; Thine and on-ly thine I am;
2. Long my yearning heart was trying To en-joy this perfect rest;
3. Trusting, trusting ev'-ry moment; Feeling now the blood applied;
4. Con-se-crat-ed to thy ser-vice, I will live and die to thee:



Oh, the cleansing blood has reached me, Glo-ry, glo-ry to the Lamb!
 But I gave all try-ing o-ver: Simply trust-ing, I was blest.
 Ly-ing at the cleansing fountain; Dwelling in my Saviour's side.
 I will wit-ness to thy glo-ry Of sal-va-tion full and free.



D.S.—Oh, the cleansing blood has reached me, Glo-ry, glo-ry to the Lamb!

REFRAIN.

D.S.

Glo-ry, glo-ry, Je-sus saves me, Glo-ry, glo-ry to the Lamb!



5 Yes, I will stand up for Jesus;
 He has sweetly saved my soul,
 Cleansed me from inbred corruption,
 Sanctified and made me whole.

6 Glory to the blood that bought me,
 Glory to its cleansing power!
 Glory to the blood that keeps me!
 Glory, glory, evermore!

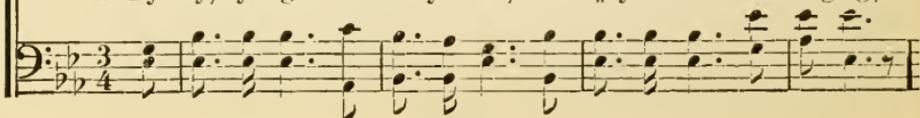
Surrendered.

H. L. G.

DR. H. L. GILMOUR.



1. I have surrendered to the Lord, The world no long-er pleases;
2. How tender-ly he holds my hand! Thro' pastures green he leads me;
3. By day, by night he's always near, Sweet joy and comfort bringing;



Surrendered.—CONCLUDED.

I'm yielding all to his control, Ac-cept-ing on - ly Je - sus.
 My thirsting soul he sat - isfies, With heavenly man - na feeds me.
 Oh, how my soul ex - ults a - new When praise to Je - sus singing.

Copyright, 1885, by John J. Hood.

4 No noonday drought affects my soul,
 In Jesus I'm confiding;
 Oh, constant, sweet companionship,
 With Christ in me abiding.

5 Oh, victory that's always sure!
 Oh, blest emancipation!
 Oh, vanquished tempter of my soul!
 Oh, free and full salvation!

256 Jesus is Mine.

Mrs. CATHARINE J. BONAR.

T. E. PERKINS. By per

1. Fade, fade, each earth - ly joy, Je - sus is mine! Break, ev - 'ry
 2. Tempt not my soul a - way, Je - sus is mine! Here would I
 3. Fare - well, ye dreams of night, Je - sus is mine! Lost in this
 4. Fare - well, mor - tal - i - ty, Je - sus is mine! Wel - come, e -

ten - der tie, Je - sus is mine! Dark is the wil - derness,
 ev - er stay, Je - sus is mine! Per - ish - ing things of clay,
 dawn - ing light, Je - sus is mine! All that my soul has tried
 ter - ni - ty, Je - sus is mine! Wel - come, O loved and blest,

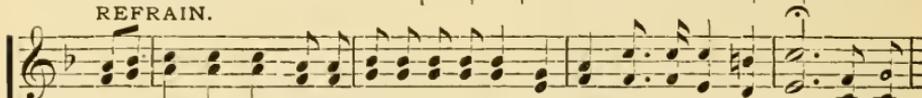
Earth has no resting place, Je - sus alone can bless, Je - sus is mine!
 Born but for one brief day, Pass from my heart away, Je - sus is mine!
 Left but a dismal void, Je - sus has sat - is - fied, Je - sus is mine!
 Welcome, sweet scenes of rest, Welcome, my Saviour's breast, Jesus is mine!



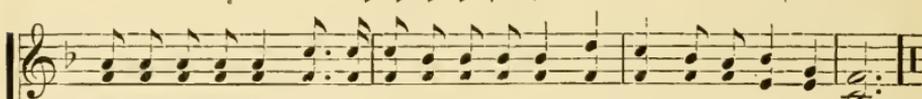
1. { Will you go to Jesus now, dear friend? He is call- ing you to- day ; }
 { Will you seek the bright and better land, By " the true and living way ? " }
 2. { Would you know the Saviour's boundless love, And his mercy rich and free? }
 { Will you seek the saving, cleansing blood, That was shed for you and me? }



REFRAIN.



I will, I will! by the grace of God, I will; I will go to Jesus now; I will



heed the gospel call, For the promise is for all; I will go to Je- sus now.



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- 3 Will you consecrate your life to him,
 To be ever his alone?
 And your loving service freely yield,
 To the King upon his throne?
- 4 Will you follow where the Master
 Choosing only his renown, [leads,
 Will you daily bear the cross for him'
 Till he bids you wear the crown?'

Tune, "Pleyel's Hymn," on opposite page.

258 Depth of Mercy!

- DEPTH of mercy! can there be
 Mercy still reserved for me?
 Can my God his wrath forbear,—
 Me, the chief of sinners, spare?
- 2 I have long withstood his grace;
 Long provoked him to his face;
 Would not hearken to his calls;
 Grieved him by a thousand falls.
- 3 Now incline me to repent;
 Let me now my sins lament;
 Now my foul revolt deplore,
 Weep, believe, and sin no more.
- 4 There for me the Saviour stands,
 Shows his wounds and spreads his
 God is love! I know, I feel; [hands;
 Jesus weeps, and loves me still.

259 Hasten, Sinner, to be Wise.

- HASTEN, sinner, to be wise;
 Stay not for the morrow's sun;
 Wisdom if you still despise,
 Harder is it to be won.
- 2 Hasten mercy to implore,
 Stay not for the morrow's sun,
 Lest thy season should be o'er,
 Ere this evening's course be run.
- 3 Hasten, sinner, to return,
 Stay not for the morrow's sun,
 Lest thy lamp should cease to burn
 Ere salvation's work is done.
- 4 Hasten, sinner, to be blest,
 Stay not for the morrow's sun,
 Lest perdition thee arrest,
 Ere the morrow is begun.

Hide Thou Me.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

"Thou art my hiding place."—Ps. xxxii. 7. ROBERT LOWRY. By per.

1. In thy cleft, O Rock of a - ges, Hide thou me; When the fitful tempest
 2. From the snare of sinful pleasure, Hide thou me; Thou, my soul's eternal
 3. In the lonely night of sorrow, Hide thou me; Till in glory dawns the

ra - ges, Hide thou me; Where no mortal arm can sev - er From my
 trea - sure, Hide thou me; When the world its power is wielding, And my
 mor - row, Hide thou me; In the sight of Jordan's bil - low, Let thy

heart thy love forev - er, Hide me, O thou Rock of a - ges, Safe in thee.
 heart is almost yielding, Hide me, O thou Rock of a - ges, Safe in thee.
 bo - som be my pillow; Hide me, O thou Rock of a - ges, Safe in thee.

Plevel's Hymn. 7s.

IGNACE PLEVEL.

Heaven is My Home.

SCOTCH MELODY.

mf Adagio e Legato. *f*

1. { I'm but a stranger here, Heav'n is my home; } Danger and sorrow stand
 Earth is a desert drear, Heav'n is my home; }

2. { What tho' the tempest rage? Heav'n is my home; } Time's cold and wintry
 Short is my pilgrimage, Heav'n is my home; } blast

P

Round me on ev'ry hand; Heav'n is my Fatherland, Heav'n is my home.
 Soon will be o-verpast; I shall reach home at last; Heav'n is my home.

P

3 Peace! O my troubled soul,
 Heav'n is my home;
 I soon shall reach the goal;
 Heav'n is my home;
 Swiftly the race I'll run,
 Yield up my crown to none;
 Forward! the prize is won;
 Heav'n is my home.

4 There, at my Saviour's side,
 Heav'n is my home;
 I shall be glorified;
 Heav'n is my home;
 There are the good and blest,
 Those I loved most and best,
 There, too, I soon shall rest,
 Heav'n is my home.

Tune, "Gould," on opposite page.

263

Saviour, Pilot Me.

JESUS, Saviour, pilot me
 Over life's tempestuous sea;
 Unknown waves before me roll,
 Hiding rock and treacherous shoal;
 Chart and compass came from thee:
 Jesus, Saviour, pilot me.

2 As a mother stills her child
 Thou canst hush the ocean wild;
 Boisterous waves obey thy will
 When thou say'st to them "Be still,"
 Wondrous Sovereign of the sea,
 Jesus, Saviour, pilot me.

3 When at last I near the shore,
 And the fearful breakers roar
 'Twi'x me and the peaceful rest,
 Then, while leaning on thy breast,
 May I hear thee say to me,
 "Fear not, I will pilot thee."

264

Till He Come.

"TILL he come!" oh, let the words
 Linger on the trembling chords;
 Let the little while between
 In their golden light be seen;
 Let us think how heaven and home
 Lie beyond that—"Till he come."

2 When the weary ones we love
 Enter on their rest above,
 Seems the earth so poor and vast,
 All our life-joy overcast?
 Hush, be every murmur dumb;
 It is only—"Till he come."

3 See, the feast of love is spread,
 Drink the wine, and break the bread;
 Sweet memorials,—till the Lord
 Calls us round his heavenly board;
 Some from earth, from glory some,
 Severed only—"Till he come."

BONAR.

REV. T. C. NEAL.

Moderato.

1. When I shall wake in that fair morn of morns, Af - ter whose dawning
 2. When I shall see thy glo - ry face to face, When in thine arms thou
 3. When I shall meet with those that I have loved, Clasp in my eag - er
 4. When I shall gaze up - on the face of him Who for me died, with

never night returns, And with whose glory day eternal burns, I shall be satis - fied.
 wilt thy child embrace, When thou shalt open all thy stores of grace, I shall be satisfied.
 arms the long removed, And find how faithful thou to me hast proved, I shall be satisfied.
 eye no longer dim, And praise him with the everlasting hymn, I shall be satisfied.

CHORUS. *rit.*

I shall be satisfied, I shall be satisfied, I shall be sat-is-fied, By and by.

J. E. GOULD.

Fine.

D. C.

I'll be There.

ISAAC WATTS.

Adapted by WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. { There is a land of pure delight, Where saints immortal reign : }
 In - fi - nite day ex - cludes the night, And pleasures ban - ish pain. }

2. { There ev - er - last - ing spring abides, And nev - er - with 'ring flowers, }
 Death, like a narrow sea, divides This heavenly land from ours. }

REFRAIN.

I'll be there, I'll be there, When the first trumpet sounds I'll be there, I'll be there,

I'll be there, I'll be there, When the first trumpet sounds I'll be there.

- 3 Sweet fields beyond the swelling flood
 Stand dressed in living green ;
 So to the Jews old Canaan stood,
 While Jordan rolled between.
- 4 Could we but climb where Moses stood,
 And view the landscape o'er, [flood
 Not Jordan's stream, nor death's cold
 Should fright us from the shore.

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Lord, Dismiss Us. *Tune, "Greenville," opposite page.*

- LORD, dismiss us with thy blessing,
 Fill our hearts with joy and peace ;
 Let us each, thy love possessing,
 Triumph in redeeming grace :
 Oh, refresh us,
 Traveling through this wilderness.
- 2 Thanks we give, and adoration,
 For thy gospel's joyful sound ;
 May the fruits of thy salvation
- In our hearts and lives abound ;
 May thy presence
 With us evermore be found.
- 3 So, whene'er the signal's given
 Us from earth to call away,
 Borne on angel's wings to heaven,
 Glad the summons to obey,
 May we ever
 Reign with Christ in endless day.

Come, Ye Sinners.

Tune,
GREENVILLE, 8, 7, 4.

JOSEPH HART.

*Fine.**D. C.*

COME, ye sinners, poor and needy,
Weak and wounded, sick and sore ;
Jesus ready stands to save you,
Full of pity, love, and power :
He is able,
He is willing : doubt no more.

2 Now, ye needy, come and welcome ;
God's free bounty glorify ;
True belief and true repentance,
Every grace that brings you nigh,
Without money,
Come to Jesus Christ and buy.

3 Let not conscience make you linger,
Nor of fitness fondly dream ;
All the fitness he requireth
Is to feel your need of him,
This he gives you ;
'Tis the Spirit's glimmering beam.

4 Come, ye weary, heavy-laden,
Bruised and mangled by the fall ;
If you tarry till you're better,
You will never come at all ;
Not the righteous—
Sinners Jesus came to call.

5 Agonizing in the garden,
Your Redeemer prostrate lies ;
On the bloody tree behold him !
Hear him cry, before he dies,
"It is finished !"
Sinners, will not this suffice ?

6 Lo ! the incarnate God, ascending,
Pleads the merit of his blood :
Venture on him, venture freely ;
Let no other trust intrude :
None but Jesus
Can do helpless sinners good.

270

Turn to the Lord. 8, 7.

JEREMIAH INGALLS.

Fine.

1. { Come, ye sinners, poor and needy, Weak and wounded, sick and sore ;
Je - sus read - y stands to save you, Full of pity, love, and pow'r : }

D. C.—Glo - ry, hon - or, and sal - vation, Christ the Lord is come to reign.

CHORUS.

D. C.

Turn to the Lord, and seek sal - vation, Sound the praise of his dear name ;

J. L.

JOHN LANE.

1. When you start for the land of heaven - ly rest, Keep close to
 2. Never mind the storms or trials as you go, Keep close to
 3. To be safe from the darts of the e - vil one, Keep close to
 4. We shall reach our home in heaven by and bye, Keep close to

Jesus all the way; For he is the Guide, and he knows the way best,
 Jesus all the way; 'Tis a com- fort and joy his fa - vor to know,
 Jesus all the way; Take the shield of faith till the victo - ry is won,
 Jesus all the way; Where to those we love we'll never say good-bye,

CHORUS.

Keep close to Je - sus all the way. Keep close to Je - sus,

Keep close to Je - sus, Keep close to Je - sus all the way; By

day or by night never turn from the right, Keep close to Jesus all the way.

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